THE COKESBURY HYMNAL

The Cokesbury Hymnal

For General Use In Religious Meetings

PRINTED IN ROUND AND SHAPED NOTES
WITH ORCHESTRATION

MUSIC EDITOR
HAROLD HART TODD

PRICES

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$25.00 per 100, transportation extra.
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"More Than One Million Copies of the Cokesbury Hymnal Are Now in Use."

Published by

The Cokesbury Press
Nashville, Tenn.

PREFACE

THIS book is an attempt to bring back the old hymns and tunes that people really *love* to sing.

Inspired by that purpose, the publishers asked for suggestions from over 250 preachers, song leaders, and Christian workers, requesting them to name those hymns that are nearest to the heart of the great mass of Christian people. In every case the old, familiar songs were predominant.

Two hundred and eighty-nine of those submitted were accepted, representing the best hymns and songs from the best books of the foremost song publishers of the world. With great difficulty and expense permission to use these copyrights was obtained. Many of the selections have never been published under the same cover before. As a result, this book contains the *best* and most *popular* selections, covering every subject of Divine worship and comprising both hymns and revival songs.

A number of responsive readings have been included. They have been selected from both the Old and New Testaments, many chosen for use on special occasions, while all are appropriate for regular use in the weekly Church Service.

Special attention is called to the complete index arranged by name, by subject, and by the wording of the first line.

The publishers acknowledge with grateful appreciation the assistance rendered by the hundreds of Christian leaders whose help has made this book possible. It is published with a firm conviction that Churches everywhere will proclaim it the best book of its kind that has ever been published.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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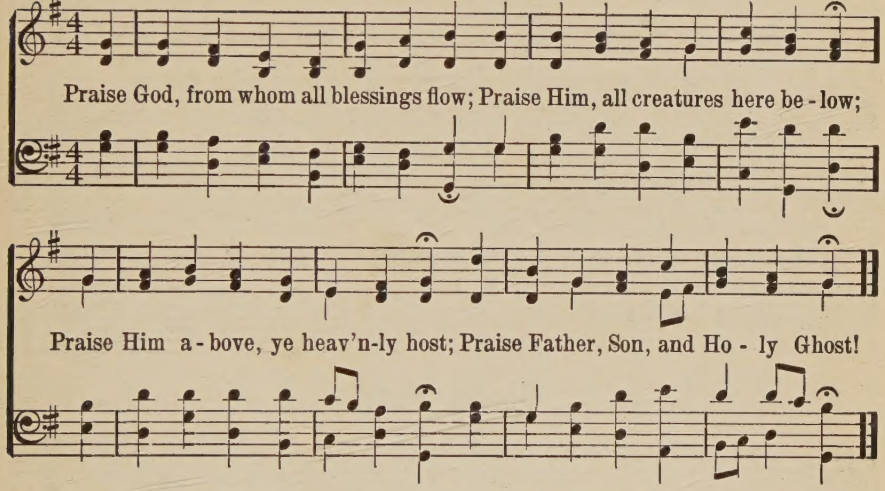
THE COKESBURY HYMNAL

1 Doxology

THOS. KEN

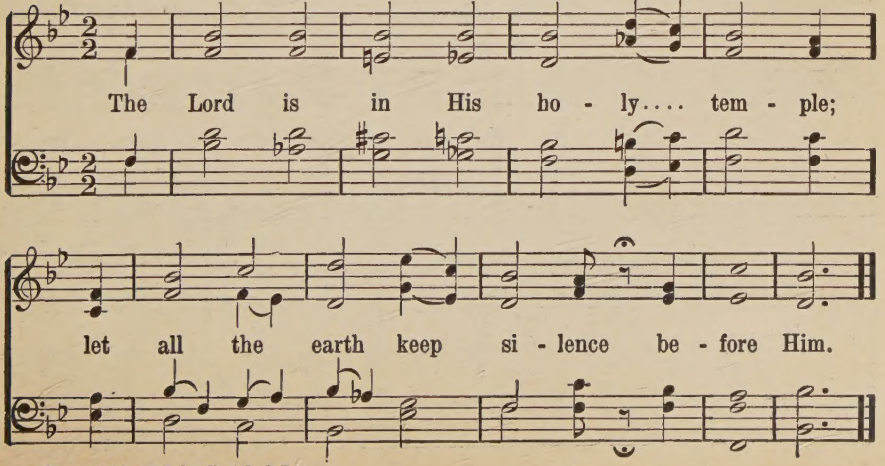
G. FRANC


Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be - low;
Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost!

2 Invocation Sentence

IN UNISON OR HARMONY

KARL P. HARRINGTON



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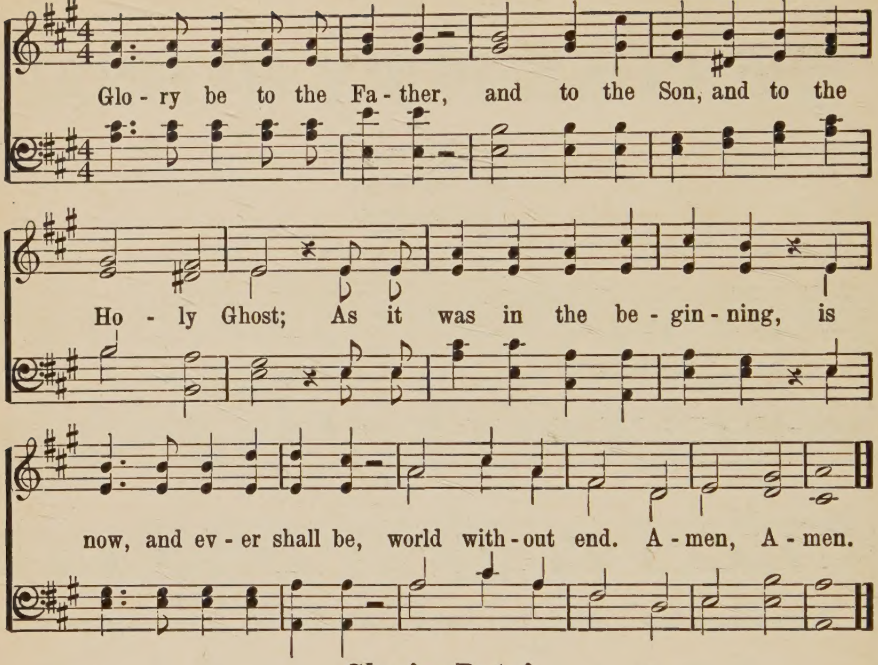
Gloria Patri

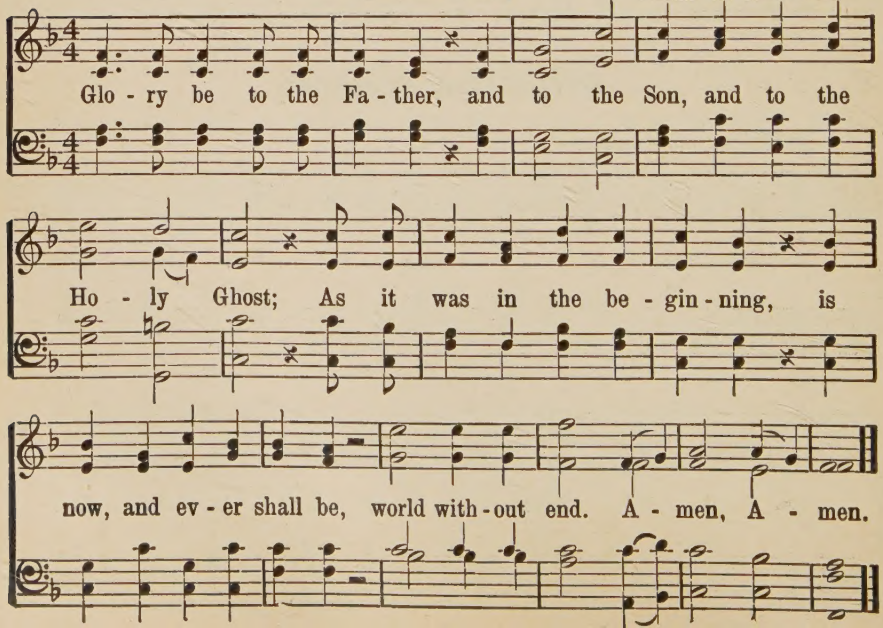
CHARLES MEINEKE


Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the
Ho - ly Ghost; As it was in the be - gin - ning, is
now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - men, A - men.

Gloria Patri

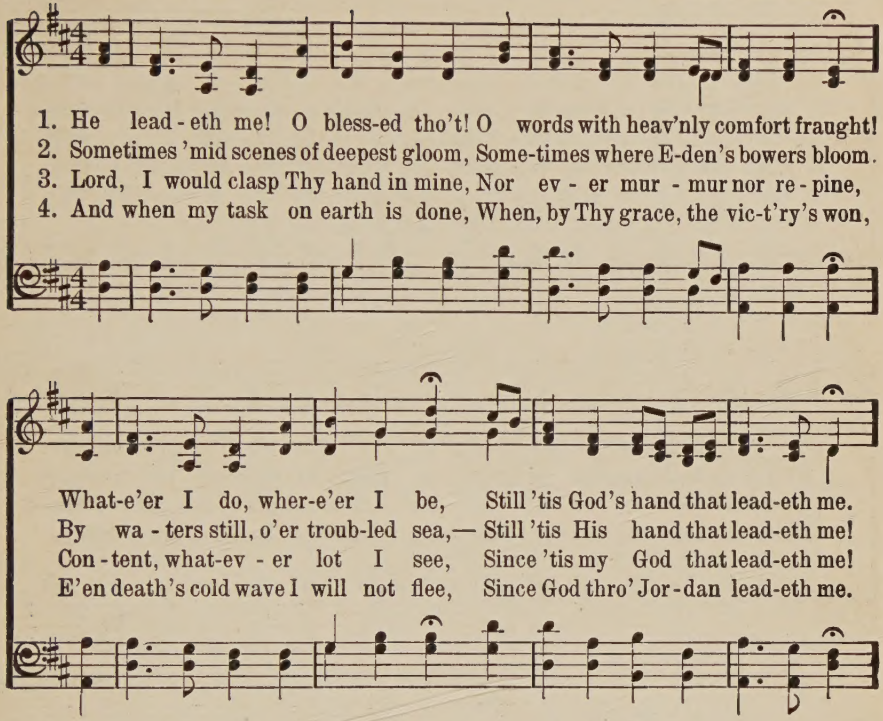
[*Second Tune*]

HENRY W. GREATOREX

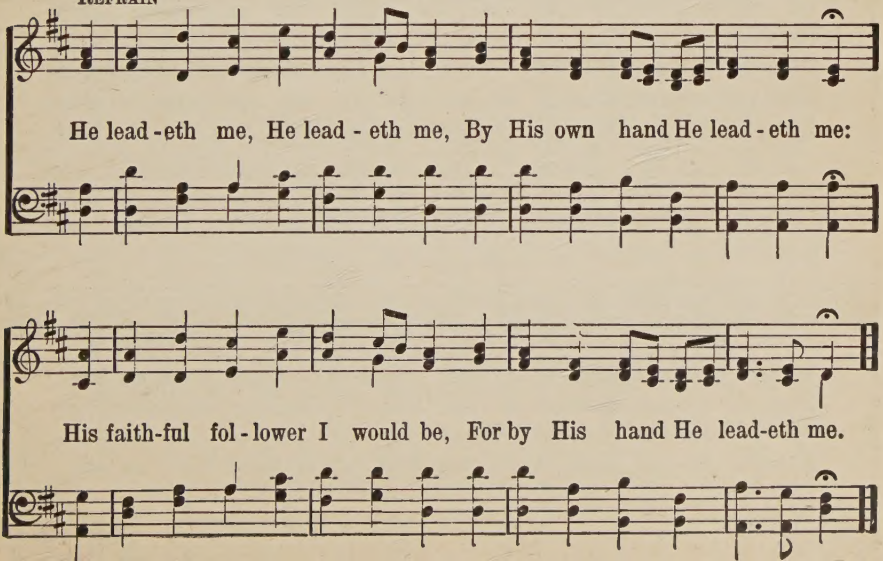

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the
Ho - ly Ghost; As it was in the be - gin - ning, is
now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - men, A - men.

He Leadeth Me

JOSEPH H. GILMORE — WILLIAM B. BRADBURY


1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed tho't! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Some-times where E-den's bowers bloom.
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur nor re-pine,
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic-t'ry's won,
What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
By wa-ters still, o'er troub-led sea,— Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me!
Con-tent, what-ev-er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me!
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead-eth me.

REFRAIN



Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us

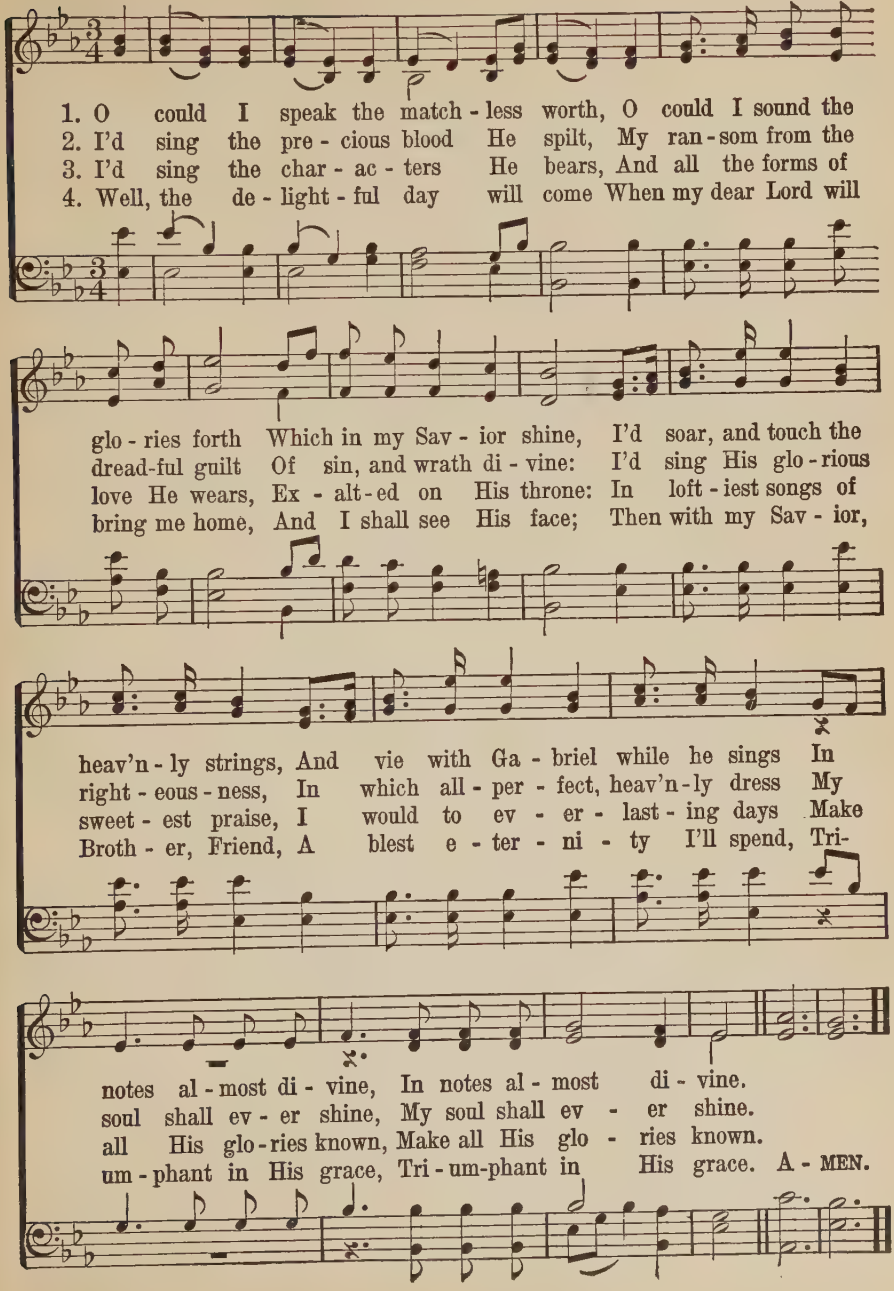
Anonymous

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

1. Sav - ior, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy ten-der care;
2. We are Thine; do Thou be - friend us, Be the Guardian of our way;
3. Thou hast promised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin-ful though we be;
4. Ear - ly let us seek Thy fa - vor; Ear - ly let us do Thy will;
In Thy pleas-ant pas-tures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre-pare:
Keep Thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray:
Thou hast mer - cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free:
Bless-ed Lord and on - ly Sav - ior, With Thy love our bos-oms fill:
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Hear Thy chil-dren when they pray;
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Ear - ly let us turn to Thee;
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still;
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Hear Thy chil-dren when they pray.
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Ear - ly let us turn to Thee.
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still.

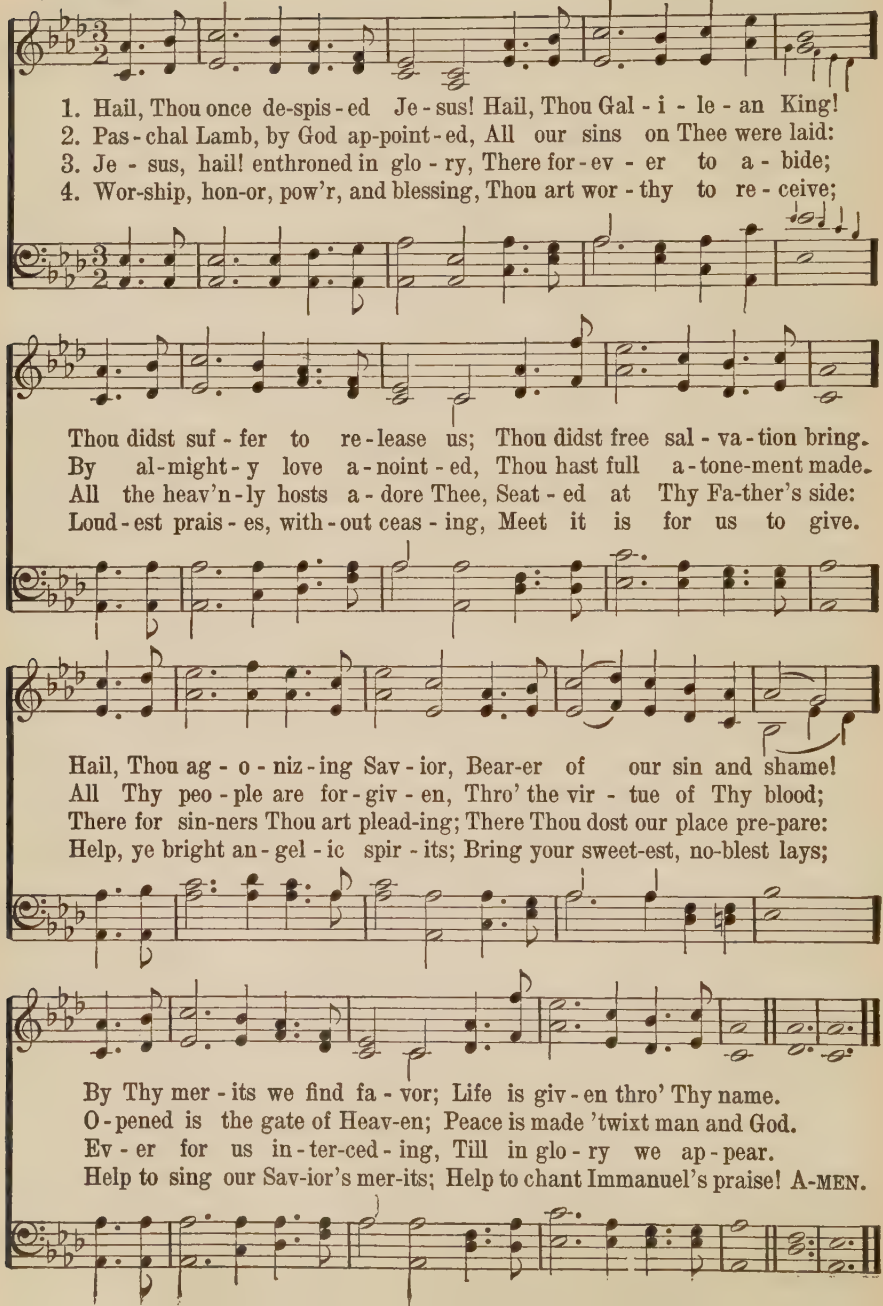
O Could I Speak

SAMUEL MEDLEY — DR. LOWELL MASON


1. O could I speak the match - less worth, O could I sound the
2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood He spilt, My ran - som from the
3. I'd sing the char - ac - ters He bears, And all the forms of
4. Well, the de - light - ful day will come When my dear Lord will
glo - ries forth Which in my Sav - ior shine, I'd soar, and touch the
dread-ful guilt Of sin, and wrath di - vine: I'd sing His glo - rious
love He wears, Ex - alt - ed on His throne: In loft - iest songs of
bring me home, And I shall see His face; Then with my Sav - ior,
heav'n - ly strings, And vie with Ga - briel while he sings In
right - eous - ness, In which all - per - fect, heav'n - ly dress My
sweet - est praise, I would to ev - er - last - ing days Make
Broth - er, Friend, A blest e - ter - ni - ty I'll spend, Tri-
notes al - most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.
soul shall ev - er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.
all His glo - ries known, Make all His glo - ries known.
um - phant in His grace, Tri - um - phant in His grace. A - MEN.

Hail, Thou Once Despised

JOHN BAKEWELL — LOUIS VON ESCH


1. Hail, Thou once de-spis-ed Je-sus! Hail, Thou Gal-i-le-an King!
2. Pas-chal Lamb, by God ap-point-ed, All our sins on Thee were laid:
3. Je-sus, hail! enthroned in glo-ry, There for-ev-er to a-bide;
4. Wor-ship, hon-or, pow'r, and blessing, Thou art wor-thy to re-ceive;
Thou didst suf-fer to re-lease us; Thou didst free sal-va-tion bring.
By al-might-y love a-noint-ed, Thou hast full a-tone-ment made.
All the heav'n-ly hosts a-dore Thee, Seat-ed at Thy Fa-ther's side:
Loud-est prais-es, with-out ceas-ing, Meet it is for us to give.
Hail, Thou ag-o-niz-ing Sav-ior, Bear-er of our sin and shame!
All Thy peo-ple are for-giv-en, Thro' the vir-tue of Thy blood;
There for sin-ners Thou art plead-ing; There Thou dost our place pre-pare:
Help, ye bright an-gel-ic spir-its; Bring your sweet-est, no-blest lays;
By Thy mer-its we find fa-vor; Life is giv-en thro' Thy name.
O-pened is the gate of Heav-en; Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
Ev-er for us in-ter-ced-ing, Till in glo-ry we ap-pear.
Help to sing our Sav-ior's mer-its; Help to chant Immanuel's praise! A-MEN.

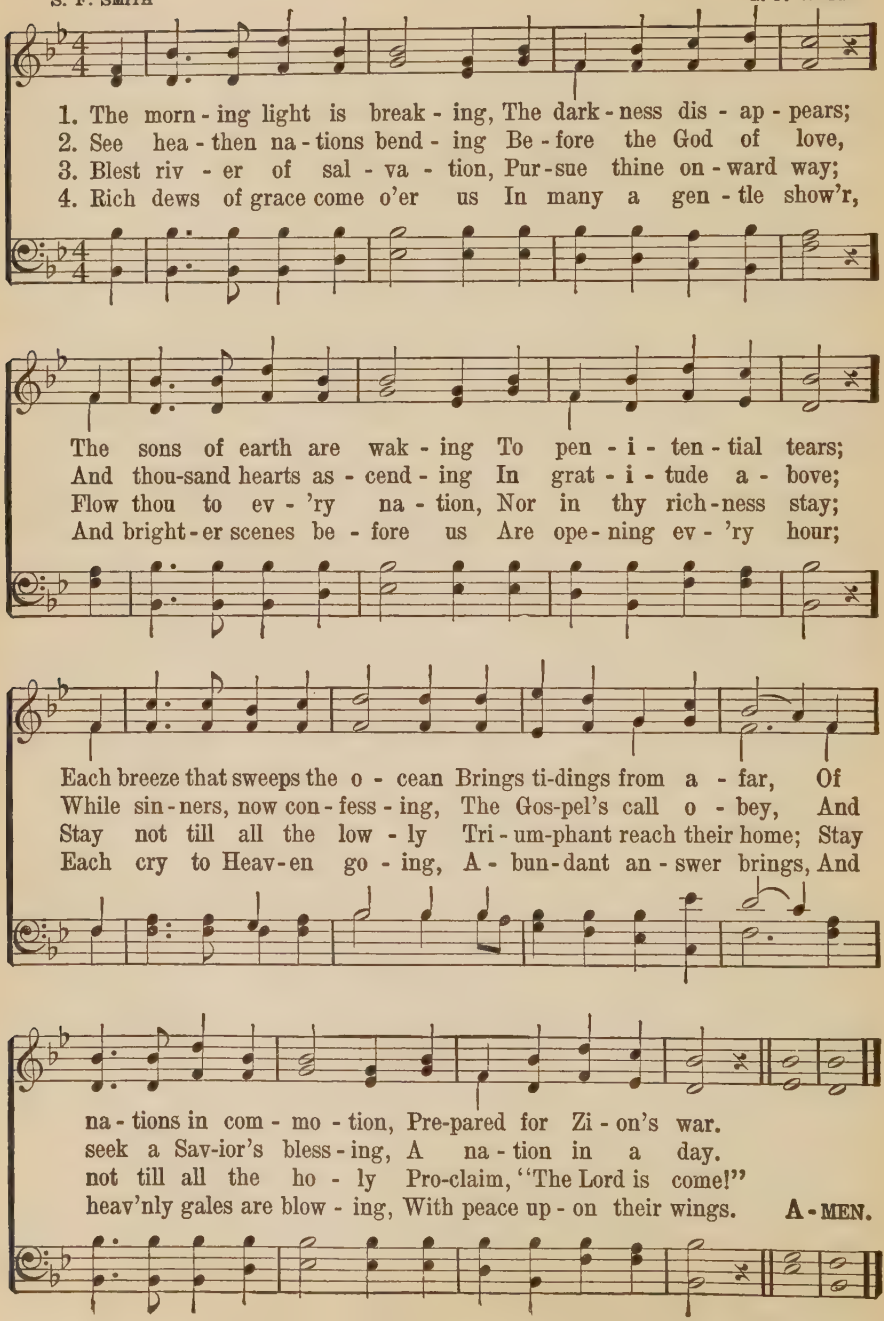
From Greenland's Icy Mountains

REGINALD HEBER — LOWELL MASON

1. From Green-land's i - cy moun-tains, From In-dia's cor - al strand;
2. What tho' the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey-lon's isle;
3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis-dom from on high,
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,
Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand:
Though ev - 'ry pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile?
Shall we to men be - night - ed The lamp of life de - ny?
Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole:
From man-y an an-cient riv - er, From man-y a palm-y plain,
In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strown;
Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
Till o'er our ran-somed na - ture The Lamb for sin - ners slain,
They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
The hea-then in his blind - ness Bows down to wood and stone.
Till earth's re-mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes-si - ah's name.
Re - deem-er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign. A-MEN.

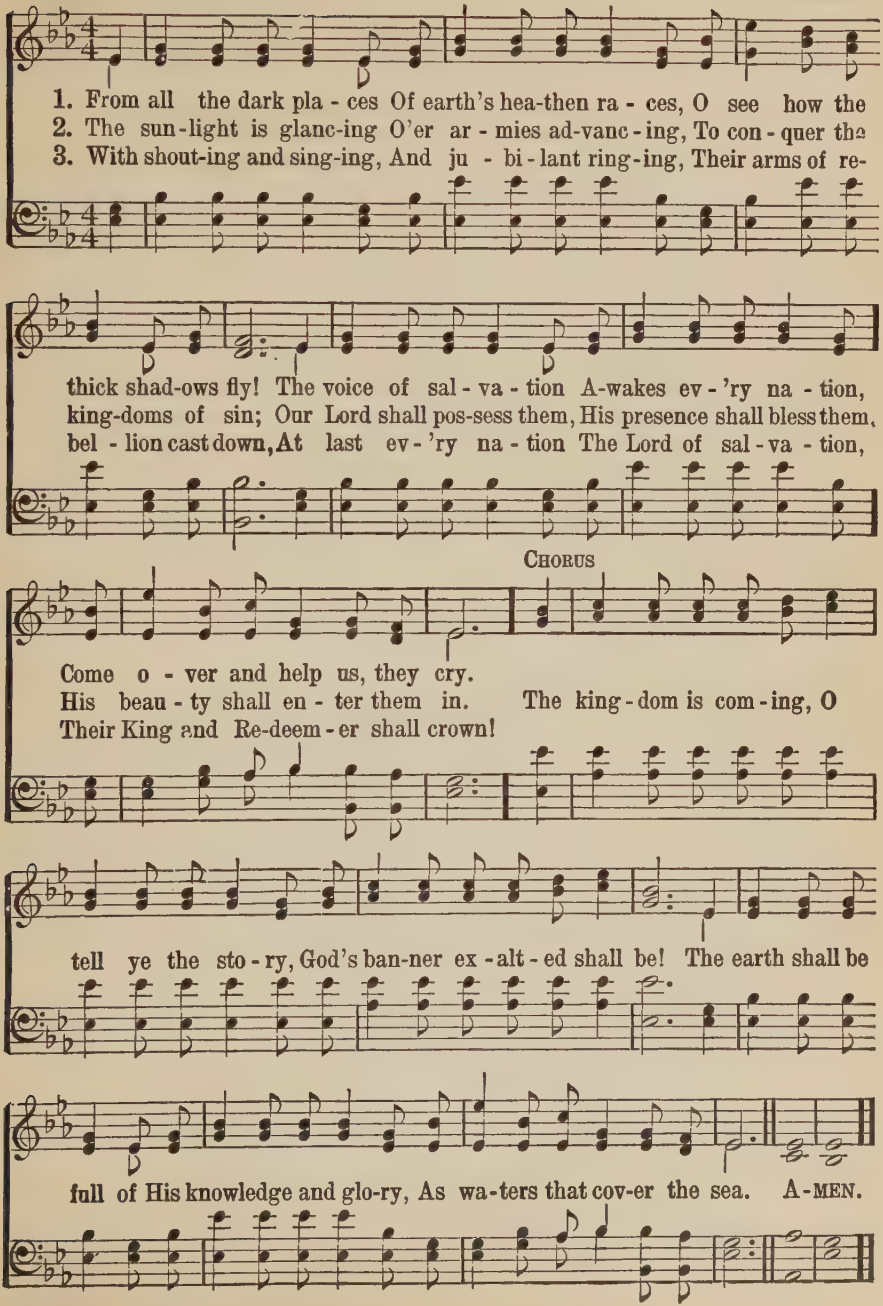
The Morning Light is Breaking

S. F. SMITH — G. J. WEBB


1. The morn - ing light is break - ing, The dark - ness dis - ap - pears;
2. See hea - then na - tions bend - ing Be - fore the God of love,
3. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion, Pur - sue thine on - ward way;
4. Rich dews of grace come o'er us In many a gen - tle show'r,
The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears;
And thou-sand hearts as - cend - ing In grat - i - tude a - bove;
Flow thou to ev - 'ry na - tion, Nor in thy rich - ness stay;
And bright - er scenes be - fore us Are ope - ning ev - 'ry hour;
Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings ti-dings from a - far, Of
While sin - ners, now con - fess - ing, The Gos-pel's call o - bey, And
Stay not till all the low - ly Tri - um-phant reach their home; Stay
Each cry to Heav - en go - ing, A - bun - dant an - swer brings, And
na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre-pared for Zi - on's war.
seek a Sav-ior's bless - ing, A na - tion in a day.
not till all the ho - ly Pro-claim, "The Lord is come!"
heav'nly gales are blow - ing, With peace up - on their wings. A - MEN.

The Kingdom Coming

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE — R. M. McINTOSH


1. From all the dark pla - ces Of earth's hea-then ra - ces, O see how the
2. The sun-light is glanc-ing O'er ar - mies ad-vanc - ing, To con - quer the
3. With shout-ing and sing-ing, And ju - bi - lant ring-ing, Their arms of re-
thick shad-ows fly! The voice of sal - va - tion A-wakes ev - 'ry na - tion,
king-doms of sin; Our Lord shall pos-sess them, His presence shall bless them,
bel - lion cast down, At last ev - 'ry na - tion The Lord of sal - va - tion,
CHORUS
Come o - ver and help us, they cry.
His beau - ty shall en - ter them in. The king - dom is com - ing, O
Their King and Re-deem - er shall crown!
tell ye the sto - ry, God's ban-ner ex - alt - ed shall be! The earth shall be
full of His knowledge and glo-ry, As wa-ters that cov-er the sea. A-MEN.

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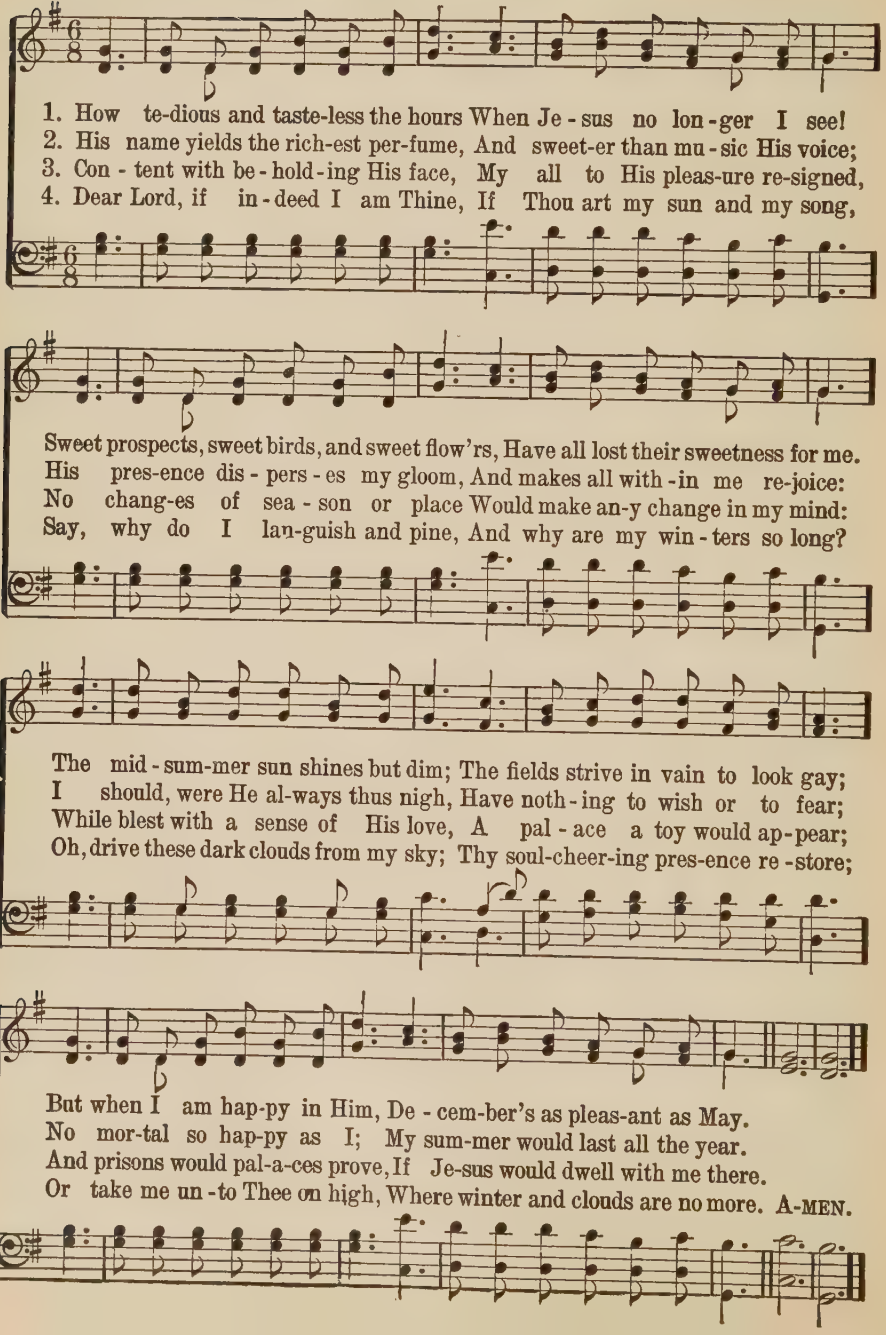
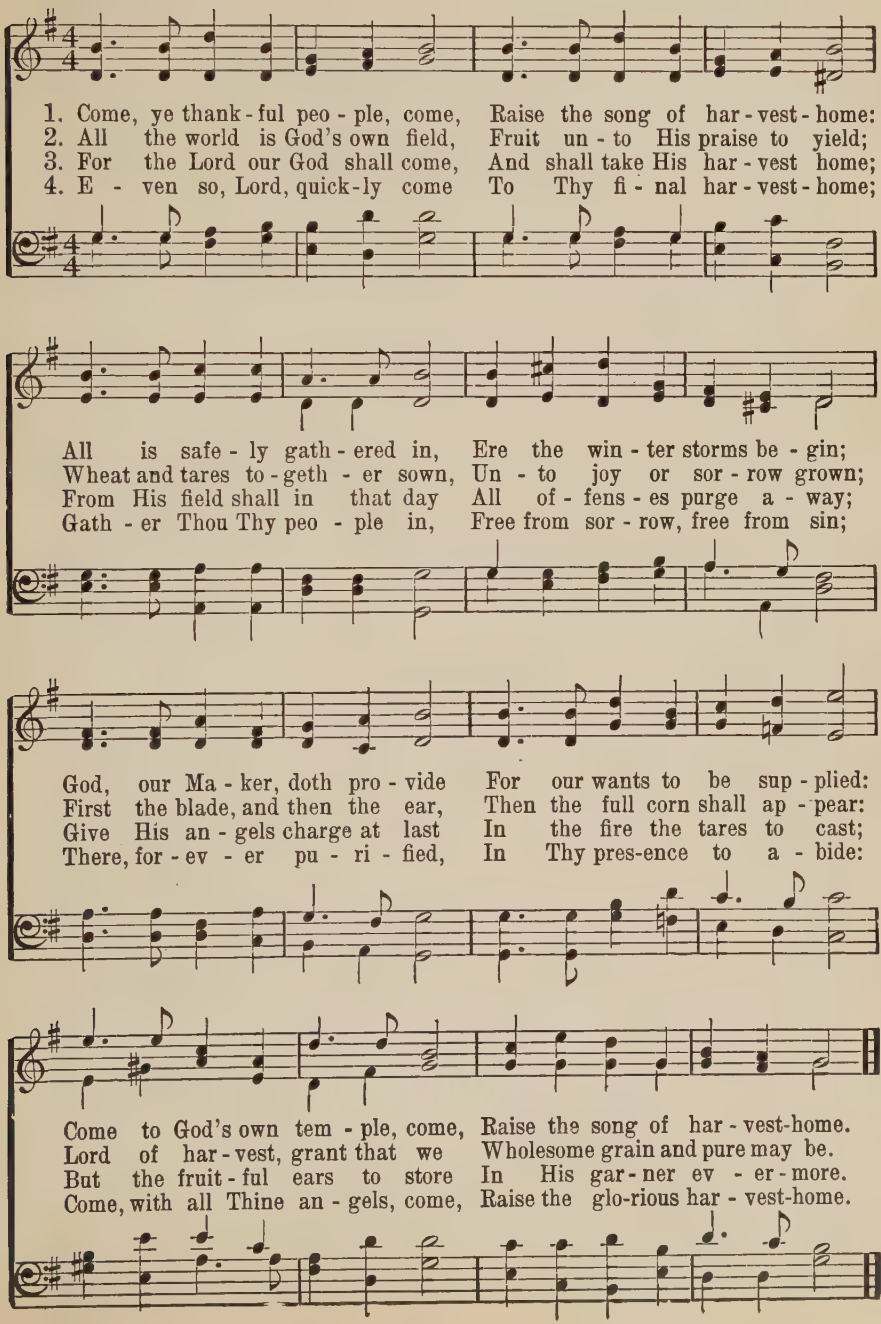
11 How Tedious and Tasteless

JOHN NEWTON LEWIS EDSON


1. How te-dious and taste-less the hours When Je-sus no lon-ger I see!
2. His name yields the rich-est per-fume, And sweet-er than mu-sic His voice;
3. Con-tent with be-hold-ing His face, My all to His pleas-ure re-signed,
4. Dear Lord, if in-deed I am Thine, If Thou art my sun and my song,
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness for me.
His pres-ence dis-pers-es my gloom, And makes all with-in me re-joice:
No chang-es of sea-son or place Would make an-y change in my mind:
Say, why do I lan-guish and pine, And why are my win-ters so long?
The mid-sum-mer sun shines but dim; The fields strive in vain to look gay;
I should, were He al-ways thus nigh, Have noth-ing to wish or to fear;
While blest with a sense of His love, A pal-ace a toy would ap-pear;
Oh, drive these dark clouds from my sky; Thy soul-cheer-ing pres-ence re-store;
But when I am hap-py in Him, De-cem-ber's as pleas-ant as May.
No mor-tal so hap-py as I; My sum-mer would last all the year.
And prisons would pal-a-ces prove, If Je-sus would dwell with me there.
Or take me un-to Thee on high, Where winter and clouds are no more. A-MEN.

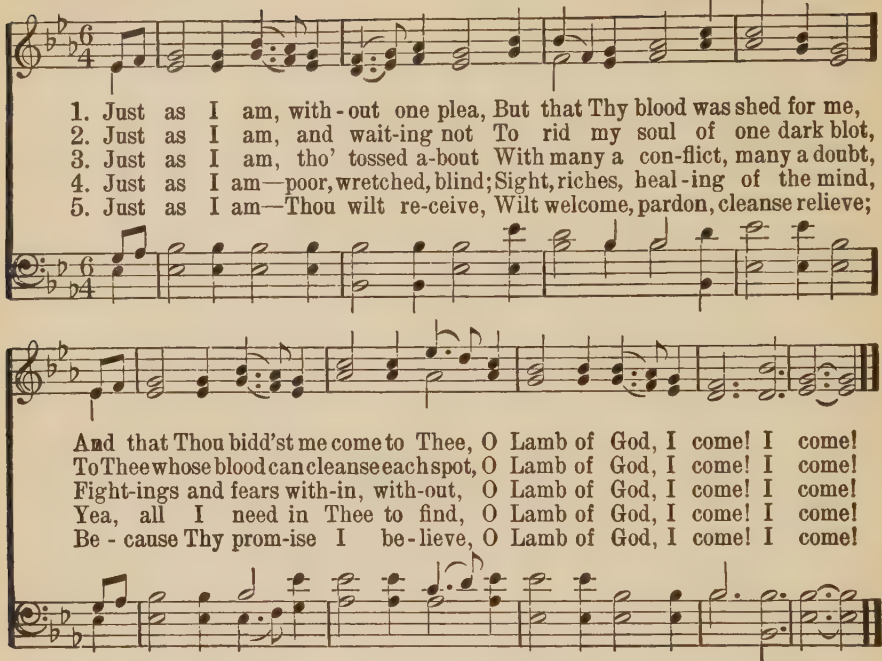
Come, Ye Thankful People

HENRY ALFORD — GEORGE J. ELVEY


1. Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest-home:
2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit un-to His praise to yield;
3. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take His har-vest home;
4. E-ven so, Lord, quick-ly come To Thy fi-nal har-vest-home;
All is safe-ly gath-ered in, Ere the win-ter storms be-gin;
Wheat and tares to-geth-er sown, Un-to joy or sor-row grown;
From His field shall in that day All of-fens-es purge a-way;
Gath-er Thou Thy peo-ple in, Free from sor-row, free from sin;
God, our Ma-ker, doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied:
First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap-pear:
Give His an-gels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast;
There, for-ev-er pu-ri-fied, In Thy pres-ence to a-bide:
Come to God's own tem-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest-home.
Lord of har-vest, grant that we Wholesome grain and pure may be.
But the fruit-ful ears to store In His gar-ner ev-er-more.
Come, with all Thine an-gels, come, Raise the glo-rious har-vest-home.

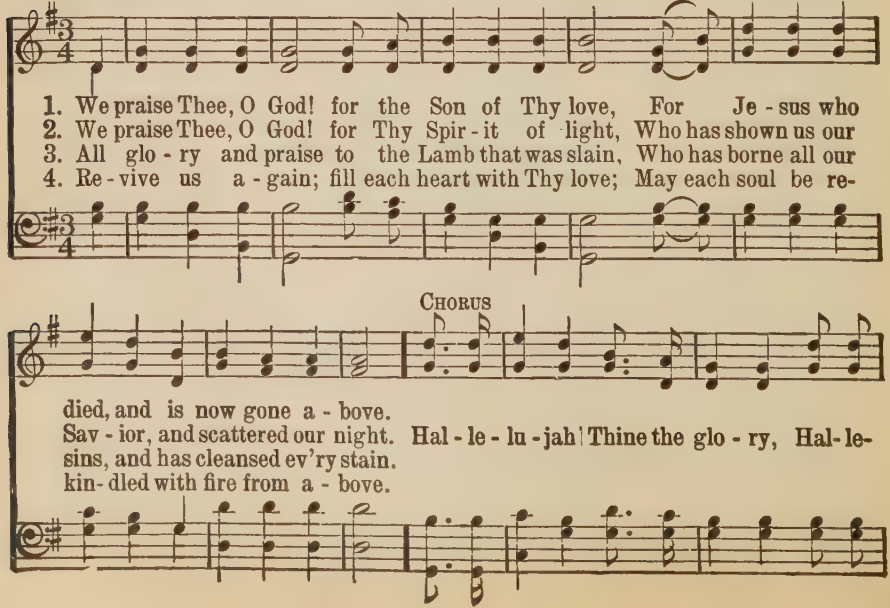
13 Just As I Am

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT — WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

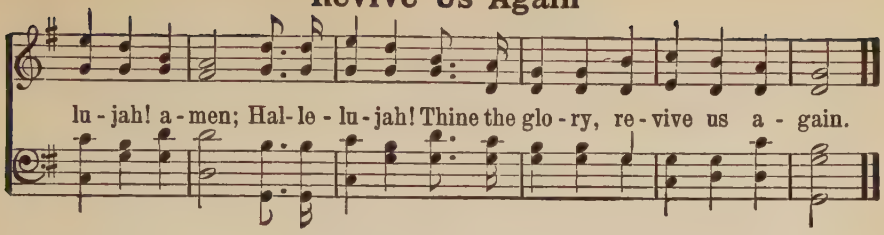

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, heal-ing of the mind,
5. Just as I am—Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse relieve;
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Fight-ings and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

14 Revive Us Again

WM. P. MACKAY — JOHN J. HUSBAND

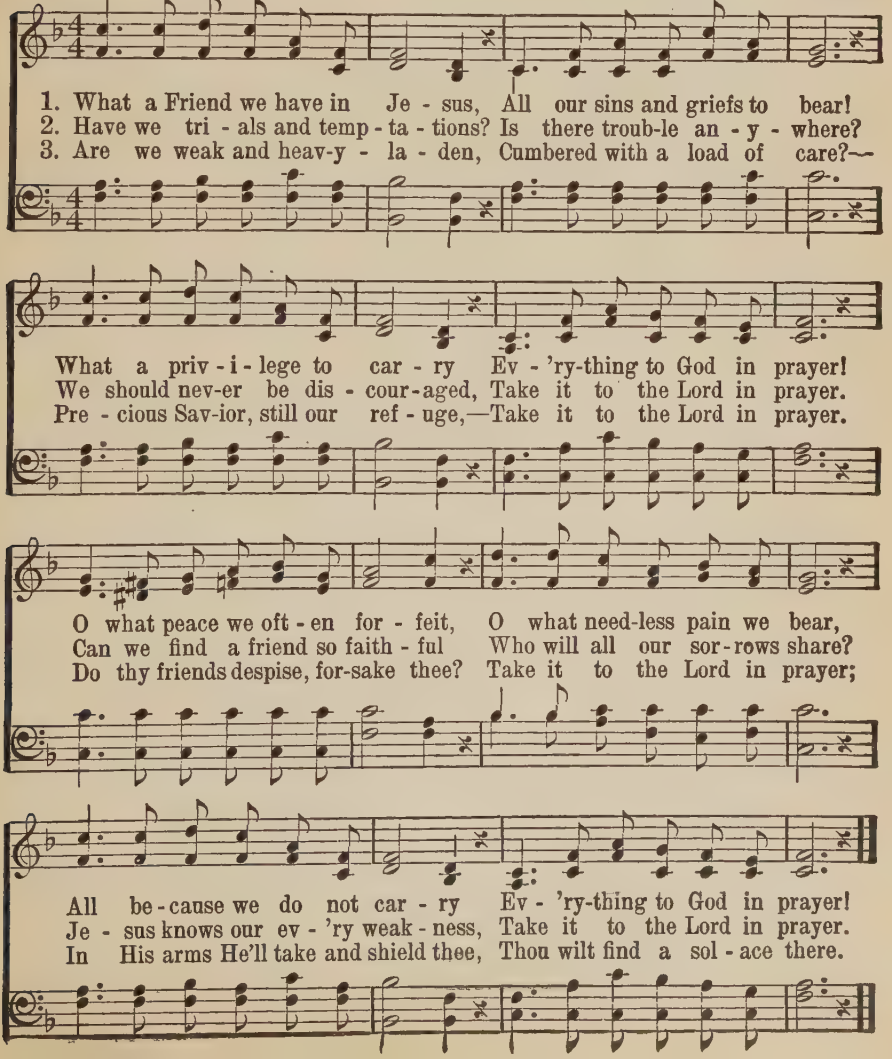

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je-sus who
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir-it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo-ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. Re-vive us a-gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-
CHORUS
died, and is now gone a-bove.
Sav-ior, and scattered our night. Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glo-ry, Hal-le-
sins, and has cleansed ev'ry stain.
kin-dled with fire from a-bove.

Revive Us Again



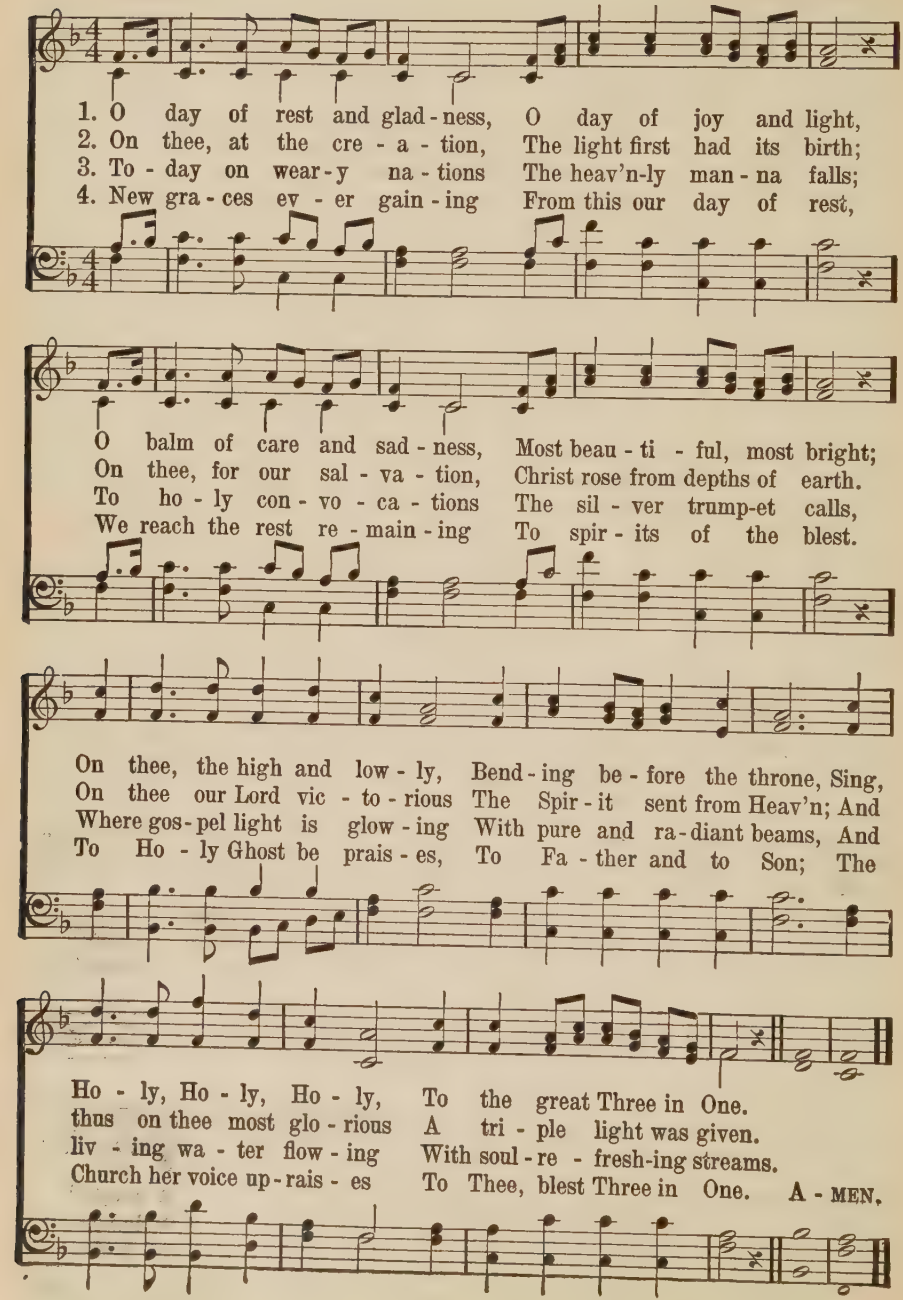
15 What a Friend

JOSEPH SCRIVEN — CHARLES C. CONVERSE


1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there troub-le an - y - where?
3. Are we weak and heav-y - la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?—
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
We should nev-er be dis - cour-aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre - cious Sav-ior, still our ref - uge,—Take it to the Lord in prayer.
O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith - ful Who will all our sor - rows share?
Do thy friends despise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;
All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

O Day of Rest and Gladness

C. WORDSWORTH — Arr. by L. MASON


1. O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light,
2. On thee, at the cre - a - tion, The light first had its birth;
3. To - day on wear - y na - tions The heav'n-ly man - na falls;
4. New gra - ces ev - er gain - ing From this our day of rest,
O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright;
On thee, for our sal - va - tion, Christ rose from depths of earth.
To ho - ly con - vo - ca - tions The sil - ver trump-et calls,
We reach the rest re - main - ing To spir - its of the blest.
On thee, the high and low - ly, Bend - ing be - fore the throne, Sing,
On thee our Lord vic - to - rious The Spir - it sent from Heav'n; And
Where gos - pel light is glow - ing With pure and ra - diant beams, And
To Ho - ly Ghost be prais - es, To Fa - ther and to Son; The
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, To the great Three in One.
thus on thee most glo - rious A tri - ple light was given.
liv - ing wa - ter flow - ing With soul - re - fresh-ing streams.
Church her voice up - rais - es To Thee, blest Three in One. A - MEN.

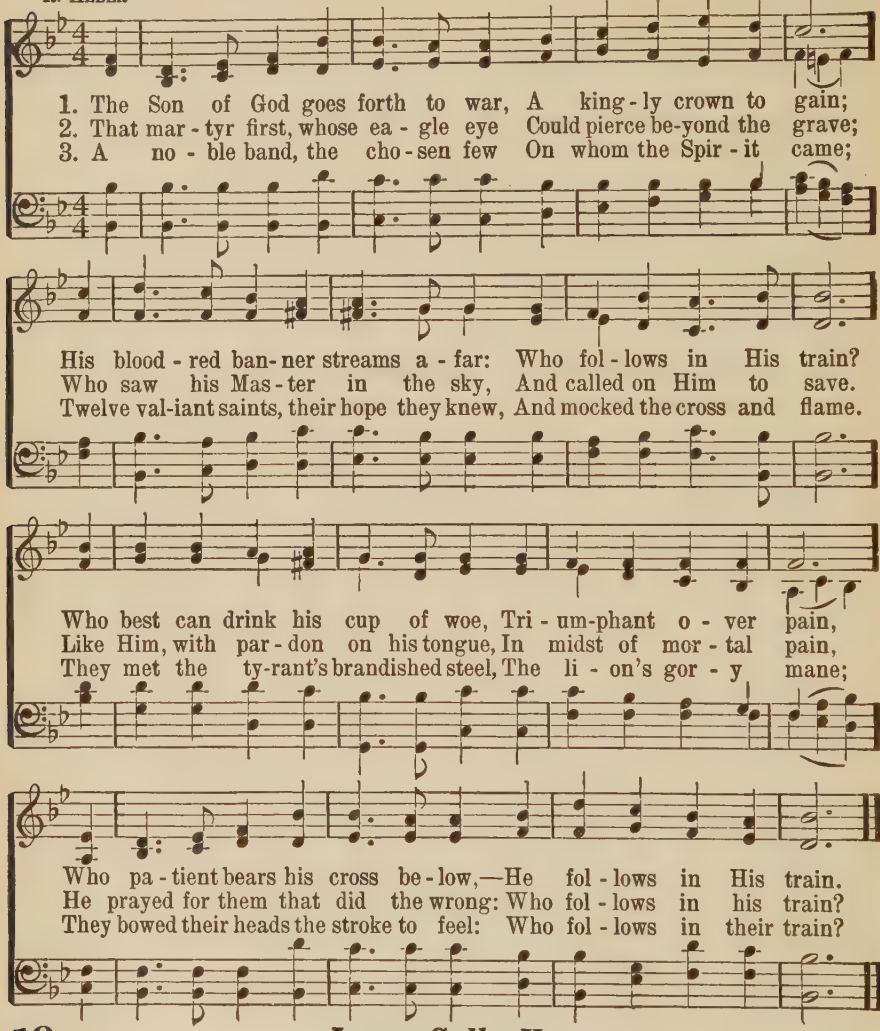
17 Safely Through Another Week

JOHN NEWTON — LOWELL MASON

1. Safe - ly through an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way;
2. While we pray for par-d'ning grace, Thro' the dear Re-deem-er's name,
3. Here we come Thy name to praise, Let us feel Thy pres-ence near;
4. May Thy gos - pel's joy - ful sound Con - quer sin - ners, com-fort saints;
Let us now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in His courts to - day;
Show Thy rec - on - cil - ed face; Take a - way our sin and shame:
May Thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear:
Make the fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief for all com - plaints:
Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest: Day of
From our world-ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee: From our
Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast: Here af-
Thus may all our Sab-baths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove: Thus may
all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.
world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee.
ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.
all our Sab-baths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove. A - MEN.

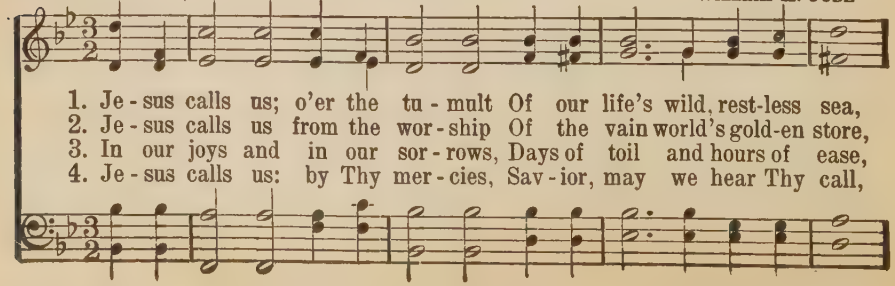
18 The Son of God Goes Forth to War

R. Heber — H. S. Cutler

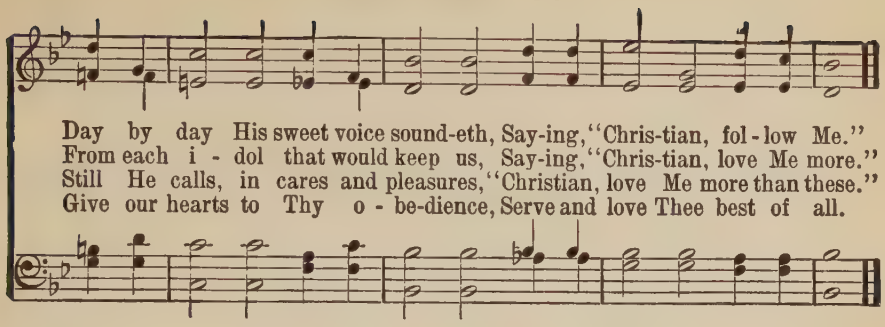

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain;
2. That mar-tyr first, whose ea-gle eye Could pierce be-yond the grave;
3. A no-ble band, the cho-sen few On whom the Spir-it came;
His blood-red ban-ner streams a-far: Who fol-lows in His train?
Who saw his Mas-ter in the sky, And called on Him to save.
Twelve val-iant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame.
Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-um-phant o-ver pain,
Like Him, with par-don on his tongue, In midst of mor-tal pain,
They met the ty-rant's brandished steel, The li-on's gor-y mane;
Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low,—He fol-lows in His train.
He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol-lows in his train?
They bowed their heads the stroke to feel: Who fol-lows in their train?

19 Jesus Calls Us

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander — William H. Jude


1. Je-sus calls us; o'er the tu-mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea,
2. Je-sus calls us from the wor-ship Of the vain world's gold-en store,
3. In our joys and in our sor-rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Je-sus calls us: by Thy mer-cies, Sav-ior, may we hear Thy call,

Jesus Calls Us


Day by day His sweet voice sound-eth, Say-ing, "Chris-tian, fol-low Me."
From each i-dol that would keep us, Say-ing, "Chris-tian, love Me more."
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures, "Christian, love Me more than these."
Give our hearts to Thy o-be-dience, Serve and love Thee best of all.

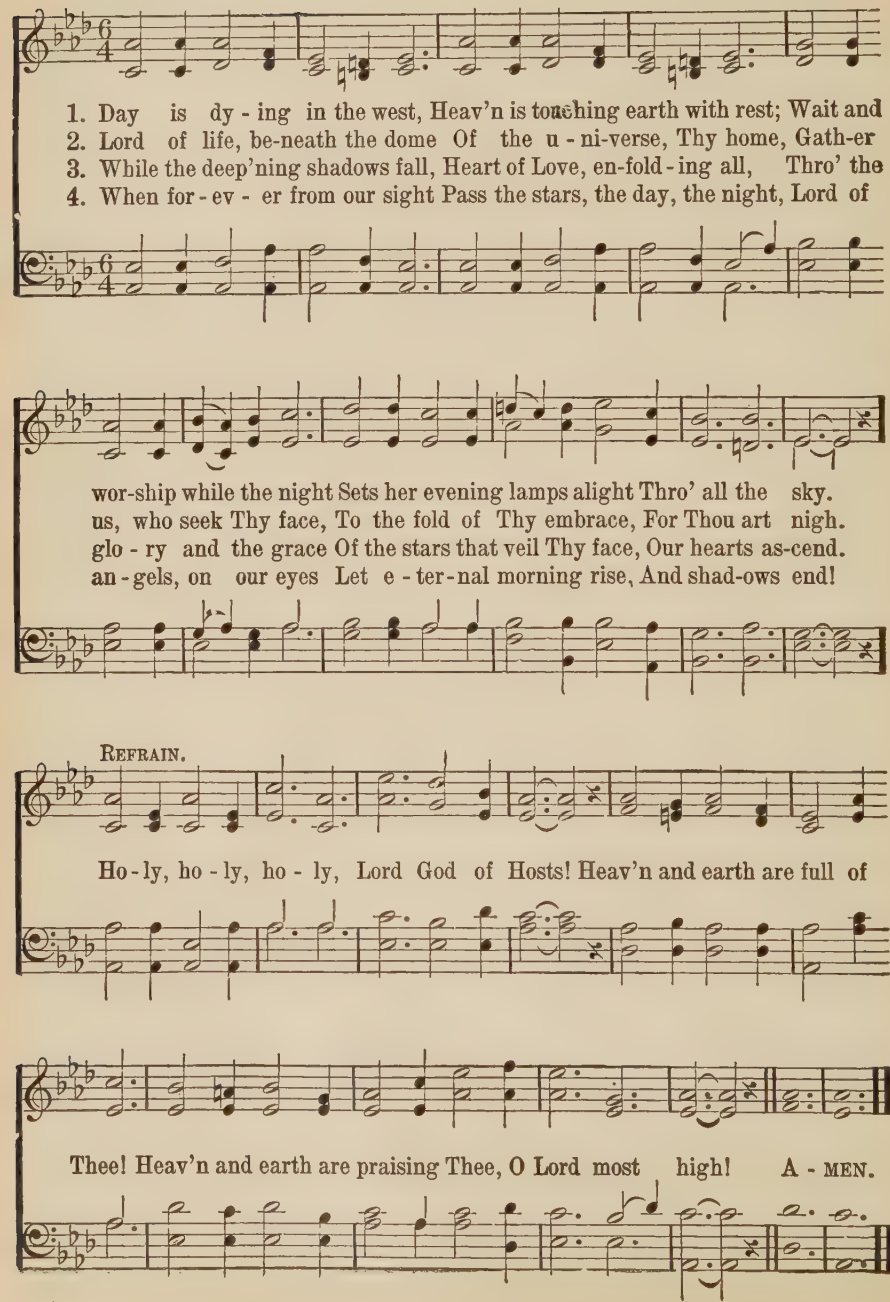
20 Break Thou the Bread of Life

MARY ANN LATHBURY — WILLIAM F. SHERWIN

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me— to me— As Thou didst
3. Thou art the bread of life, O Lord, to me, Thy ho-ly
4. O send Thy Spir-it, Lord, Now un-to me, That He may
break the loaves Be-side the sea; Be-yond the sa-cred page
bless the bread By Gal-i-lee; Then shall all bond-age cease,
Word the truth That sav-eth me; Give me to eat and live
touch my eyes, And make me see: Show me the truth con-cealed
I seek Thee, Lord; My spir-it pants for Thee, O liv-ing Word.
All fet-ters fall; And I shall find my peace, My All in all.
With Thee a-bove; Teach me to love Thy truth, For Thou art love.
With-in Thy Word, And in Thy book re-vealed I see the Lord.

21 Day is Dying in the West

MARY A. LATHBURY — WILLIAM F. SHERWIN


1. Day is dy - ing in the west, Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and
2. Lord of life, be-neath the dome Of the u - ni-verse, Thy home, Gath-er
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of Love, en-fold - ing all, Thro' the
4. When for - ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of
wor-ship while the night Sets her evening lamps alight Thro' all the sky.
us, who seek Thy face, To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art nigh.
glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as-cend.
an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter - nal morning rise, And shad-ows end!
REFRAIN.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of
Thee! Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high! A - MEN.

Love Divine

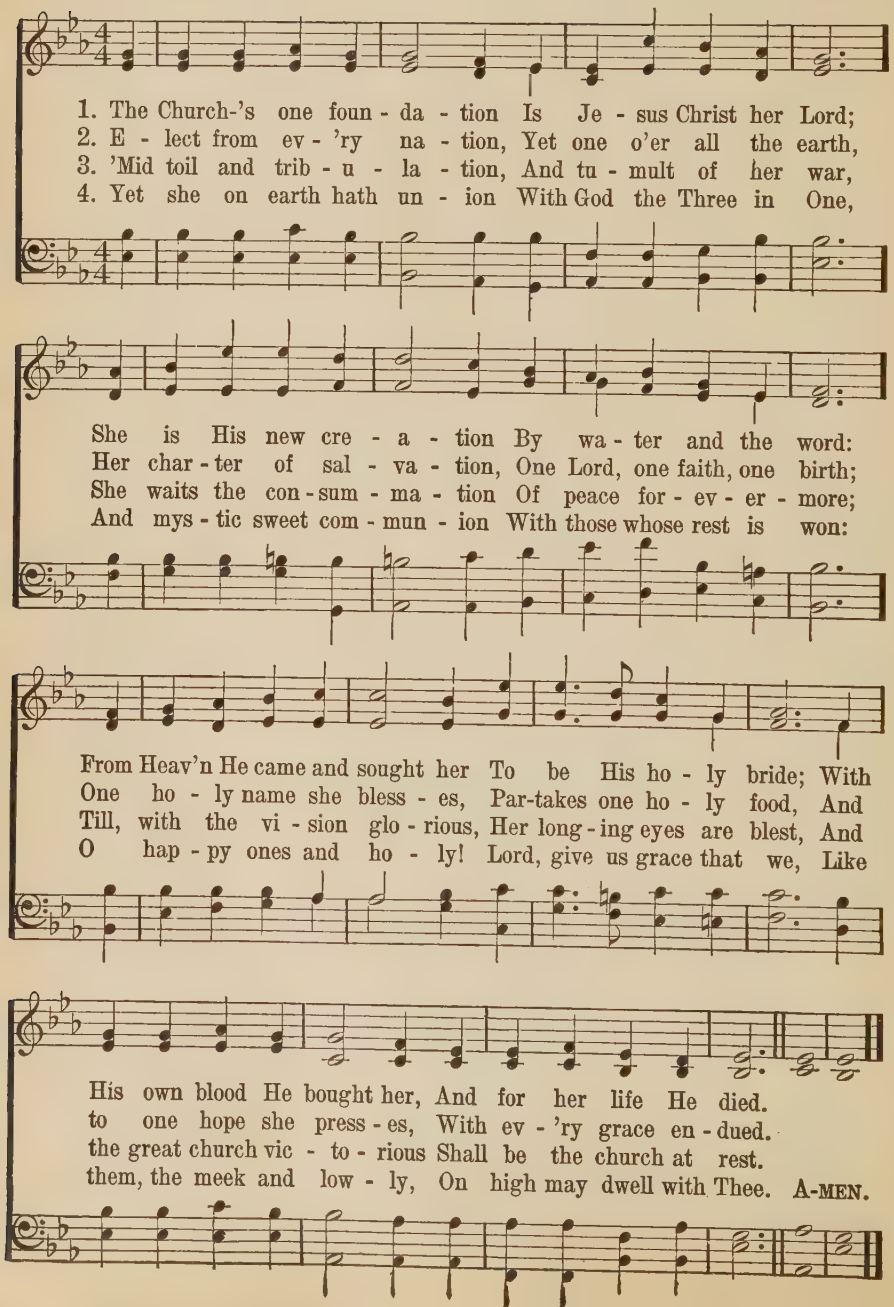
CHARLES WESLEY

JOHN ZUNDEL

1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cel-ling, Joy of Heav'n, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov-ing Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry troub - led breast!
3. Come, Al-might - y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy life re - ceive;
4. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and spot - less let us be;
Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing; All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find that sec - ond rest.
Sud-den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er - more Thy tem - ples leave:
Let us see Thy great sal - va - tion, Per - fect - ly re-stored in Thee:
Je - sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;
Take a - way our bent to sin-ning, Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
Thee we would be al - ways blessing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a - bove,
Changed from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, Till in Heav'n we take our place,
Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion; En - ter ev - 'ry trem - bling heart.
End of faith, as its be - gin-ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
Pray, and praise Thee with - out ceas - ing, Glo - ry in Thy per - fect love.
Till we cast our crowns be - fore Thee, Lost in won-der, love, and praise.

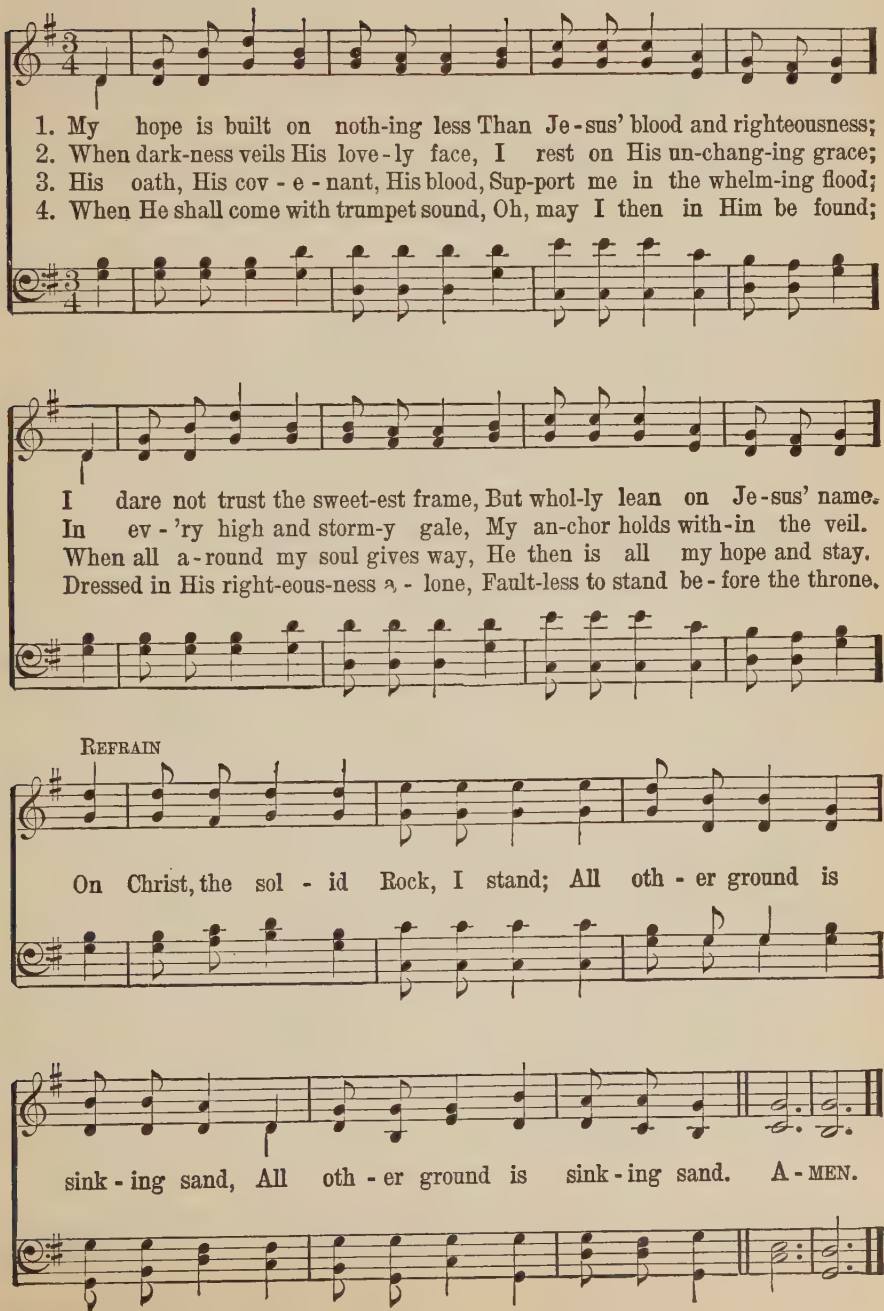
The Church's One Foundation

SAMUEL J. STONE — SAMUEL S. WESLEY


1. The Church-'s one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
2. E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,
3. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tu - mult of her war,
4. Yet she on earth hath un - ion With God the Three in One,
She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word:
Her char - ter of sal - va - tion, One Lord, one faith, one birth;
She waits the con - sum - ma - tion Of peace for - ev - er - more;
And mys - tic sweet com - mun - ion With those whose rest is won:
From Heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride; With
One ho - ly name she bless - es, Par-takes one ho - ly food, And
Till, with the vi - sion glo - rious, Her long - ing eyes are blest, And
O hap - py ones and ho - ly! Lord, give us grace that we, Like
His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
to one hope she press - es, With ev - 'ry grace en - dued.
the great church vic - to - rious Shall be the church at rest.
them, the meek and low - ly, On high may dwell with Thee. A-MEN.

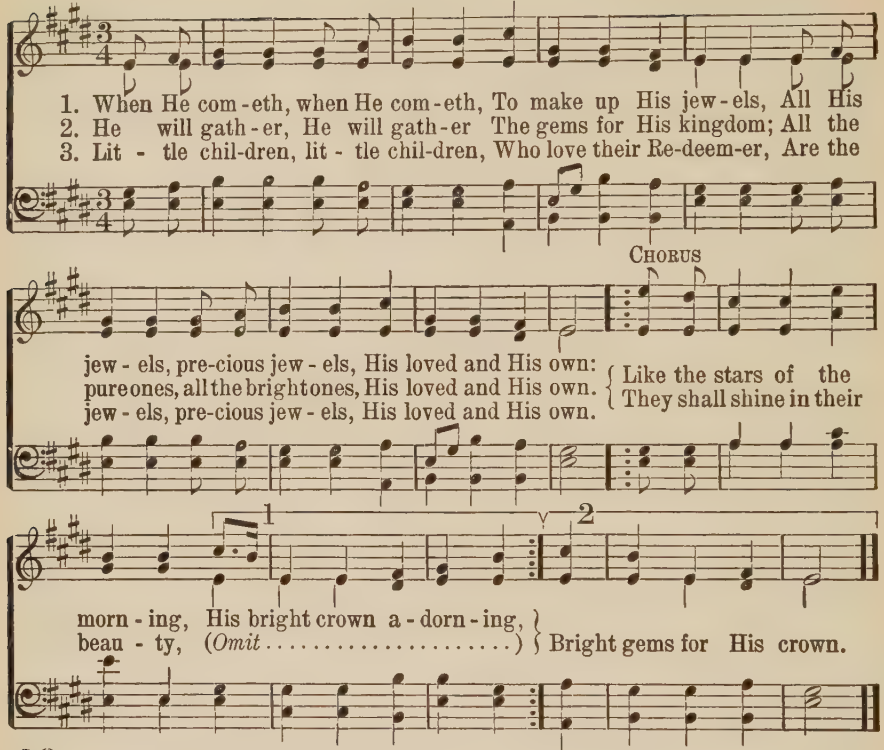
My Hope is Built

EDWARD MOTE — WILLIAM B. BRADBURY


1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness;
2. When dark-ness veils His love-ly face, I rest on His un-chang-ing grace;
3. His oath, His cov-e-nant, His blood, Sup-port me in the whelm-ing flood;
4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, Oh, may I then in Him be found;
I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name.
In ev-'ry high and storm-y gale, My an-chor holds with-in the veil.
When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
Dressed in His right-eous-ness a-lone, Fault-less to stand be-fore the throne.
REFRAIN
On Christ, the sol-id Rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is
sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand. A-MEN.

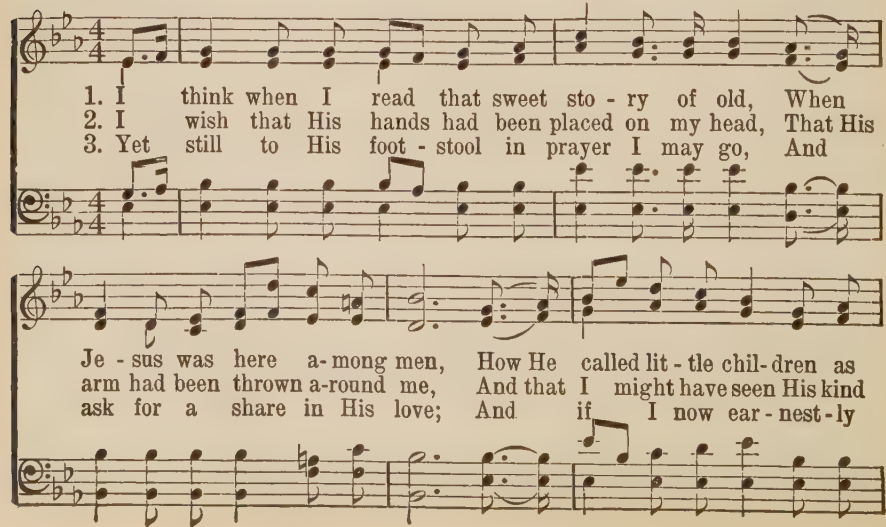
25 When He Cometh

W. O. CUSHING — Dr. GEO. F. ROOT

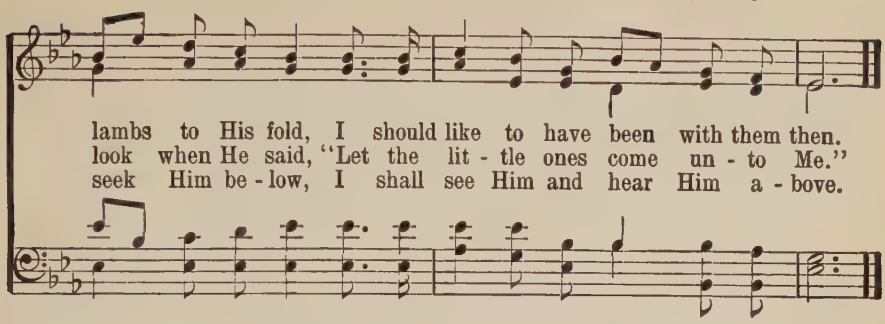

1. When He com-eth, when He com-eth, To make up His jew-els, All His
2. He will gath-er, He will gath-er The gems for His kingdom; All the
3. Lit-tle chil-dren, lit-tle chil-dren, Who love their Re-deem-er, Are the
CHORUS
jew-els, pre-cious jew-els, His loved and His own:
pure ones, all the bright tones, His loved and His own.
jew-els, pre-cious jew-els, His loved and His own.
Like the stars of the
They shall shine in their
1
2
morn-ing, His bright crown a-dorn-ing,
bean-ty, (Omit .....)
Bright gems for His crown.

26 I Think When I Read That Sweet Story

Mrs. JEMINA LUKE — Arr. by WILLIAM B. BRADBURY


1. I think when I read that sweet sto-ry of old, When
2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His
3. Yet still to His foot-stool in prayer I may go, And
Je-sus was here a-mong men, How He called lit-tle chil-dren as
arm had been thrown a-round me, And that I might have seen His kind
ask for a share in His love; And if I now ear-nest-ly

I Think When I Read That Sweet Story


lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.
look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me."
seek Him be - low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove.

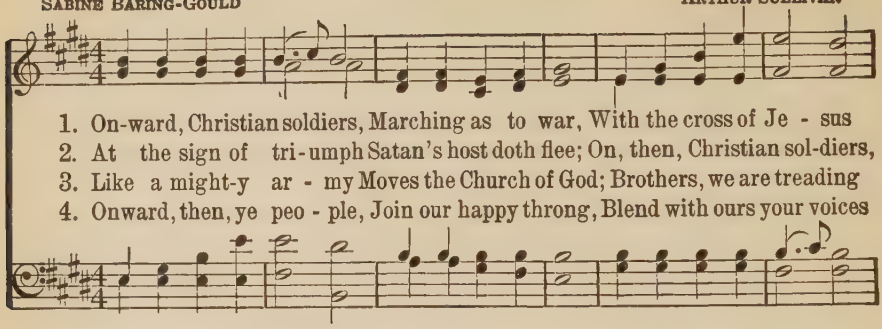
27 Silent Night! Holy Night!

JOSEPH MOHR — FRANZ GRUBER

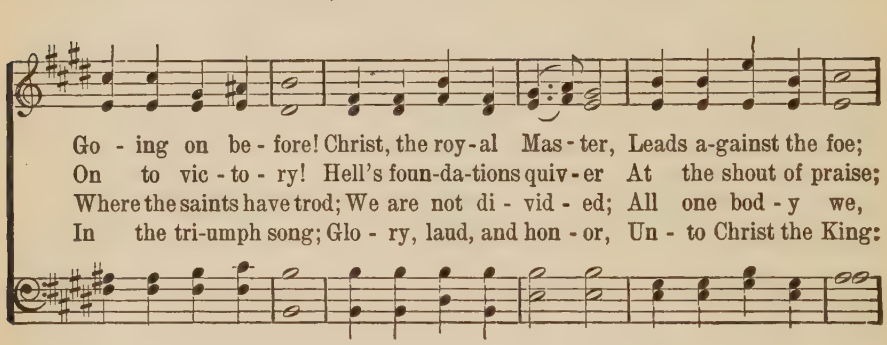
1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is dark, save the light
2. Si - lent night! Peace - ful night! Dark - ness flies, all is light;
3. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Guid - ing Star, lend thy light!
4. Si - lent night! Ho - li - est night! Won - drous Star, lend thy light!
Yon - der, where they sweet vig - ils keep, O'er the Babe who in si - lent sleep
Shepherds hear the an - gels sing, "Al - le - lu - ia! hail the King!
See the East - ern wise men bring Gifts and hom - age to our King!
With the an - gels let us sing Al - le - lu - ia to our King!
Rests in heav - en - ly peace, Rests in heav - en - ly peace.
Christ the Sav - ior is born, Je - sus the Sav - ior is born."
Christ the Sav - ior is born, Je - sus the Sav - ior is born!
Christ the Sav - ior is born, Je - sus the Sav - ior is born!

Onward, Christian Soldiers

SABINE BARING-GOULD — ARTHUR SULLIVAN

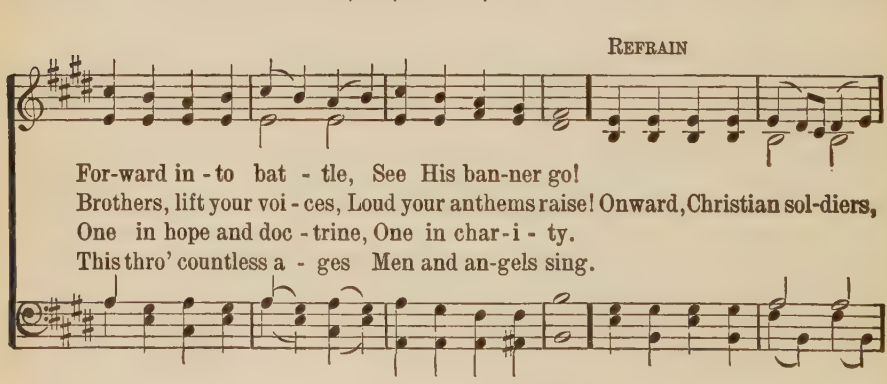


1. On-ward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri-umph Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian sol-diers,
3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices

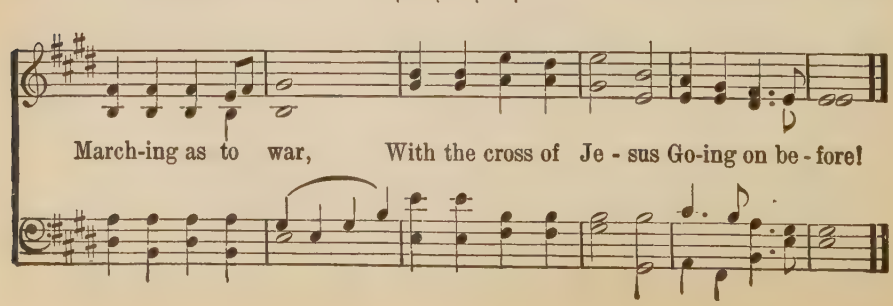


Go - ing on be - fore! Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun-da-tions quiv-er At the shout of praise;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we,
In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King:

REFRAIN



For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ner go!
Brothers, lift your voi - ces, Loud your anthems raise! Onward, Christian sol-diers,
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char-i - ty.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an-gels sing.



March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore!

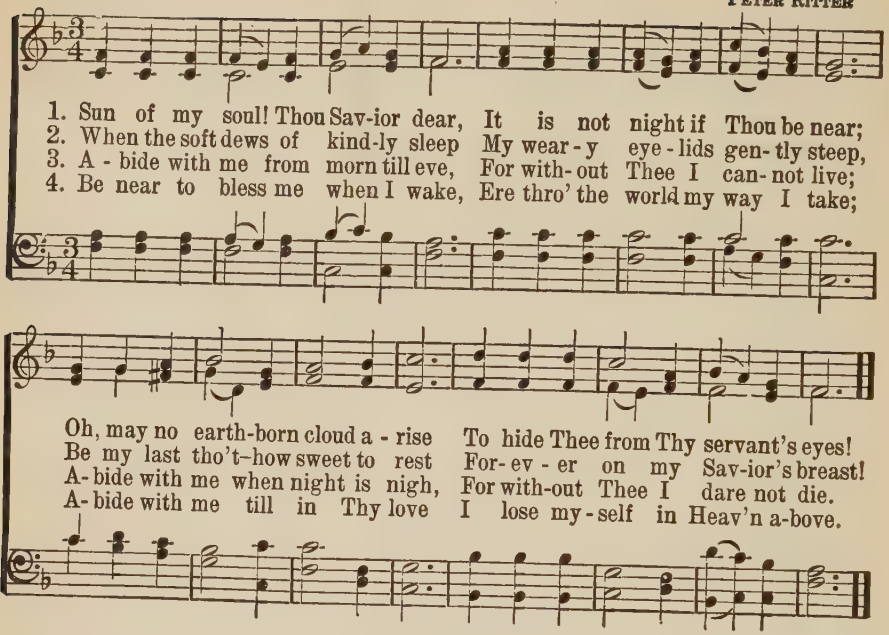
There is a Fountain

WILLIAM COWPER — LOWELL MASON

1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;
2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day;
3. Dear dy-ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev-er lose its pow'r,
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply,
5. Then in a no-bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,
And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains:
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way:
Till all the ran-somed church of God Be saved, to sin no more:
Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die:
When this poor lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave:
Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains; And
Wash all my sins a-way, Wash all my sins a-way; And
Be saved, to sin no more, Be saved, to sin no more; Till
And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die; Re-
Lies si-lent in the grave, Lies si-lent in the grave; When
sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
all the ran-somed church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
this poor lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave. A-MEN.

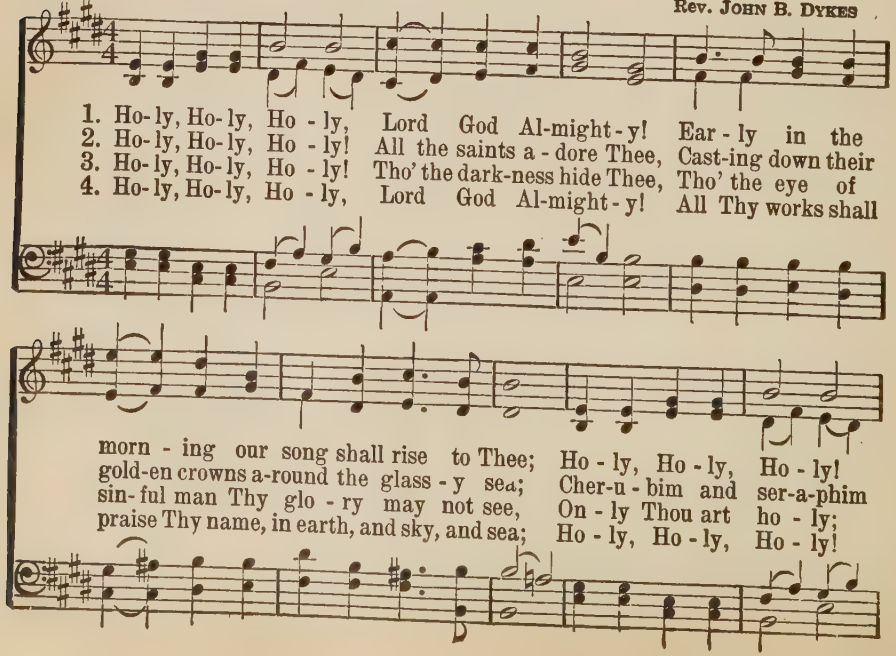
30 Sun of My Soul

JOHN KEBLE — PETER RITTER

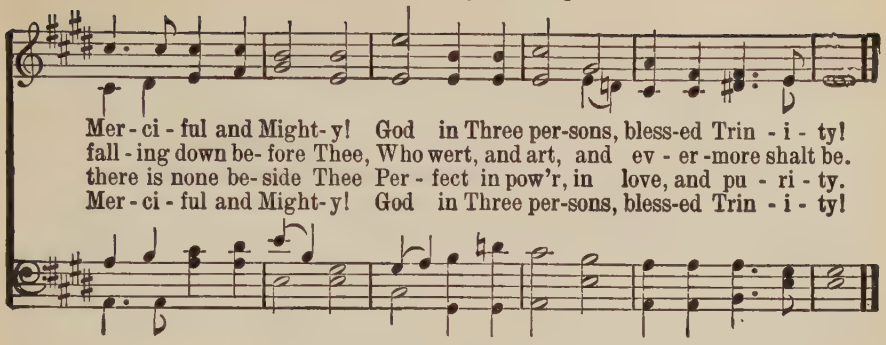

1. Sun of my soul! Thou Sav-ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wear-y eye-lids gen-tly steep,
3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can-not live;
4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere thro' the world my way I take;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!
Be my last tho't—how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast!
A-bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
A-bide with me till in Thy love I lose my-self in Heav'n a-bove.

31 Holy, Holy, Holy

REGINALD HEBER — Rev. JOHN B. DYKES


1. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the
2. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! All the saints a-dore Thee, Cast-ing down their
3. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! Tho' the dark-ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! All Thy works shall
morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly!
gold-en crowns a-round the glass-y sea; Cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim
sin-ful man Thy glo-ry may not see, On-ly Thou art ho-ly;
praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly!

Holy, Holy, Holy


Mer - ci - ful and Might - y! God in Three per-sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Who wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
there is none be - side Thee Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
Mer - ci - ful and Might - y! God in Three per-sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!

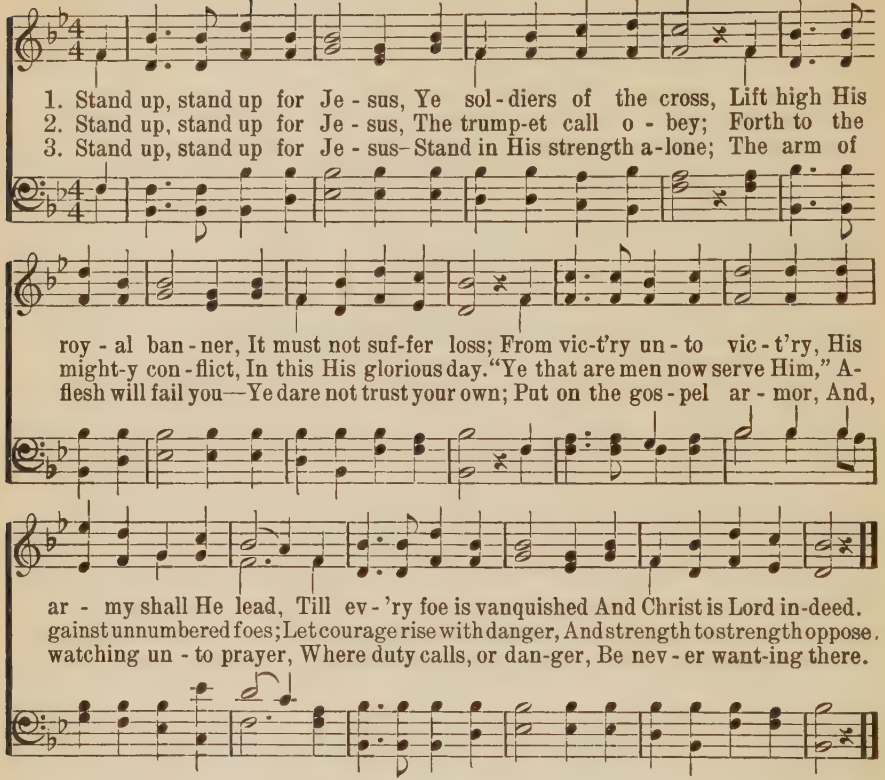
32 Come, Thou Almighty King

Anonymous — Felice De Giardini

1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
2. Come, Thou In - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword,
3. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear
4. To the great One in Three E - ter - nal prais - es be
Help us to praise: Fa - ther, all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic-
Our prayer at - tend: Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
In this glad hour: Thou who al - might - y art, Now rule in
Hence ev - er - more. His sov-'reign maj - es - ty May we in
to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days.
word suc-cess: Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend.
ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r.
glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

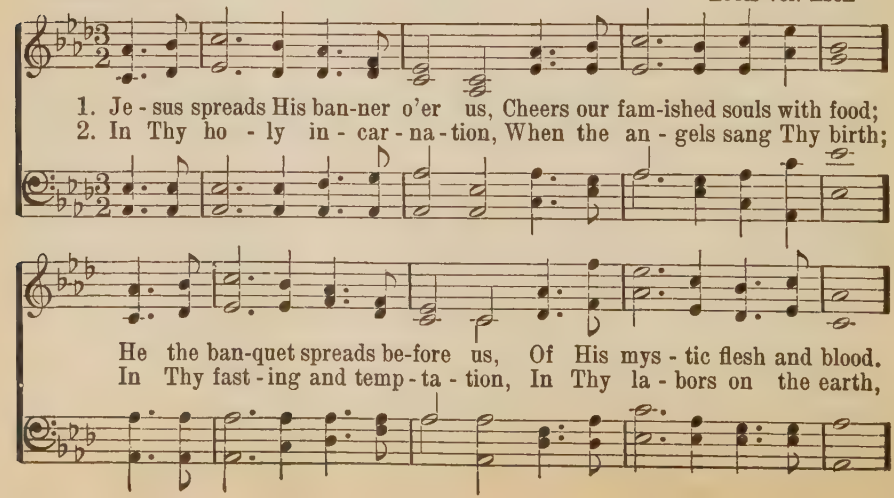
33 Stand Up For Jesus

G. DUFFIELD — G. J. WEBB

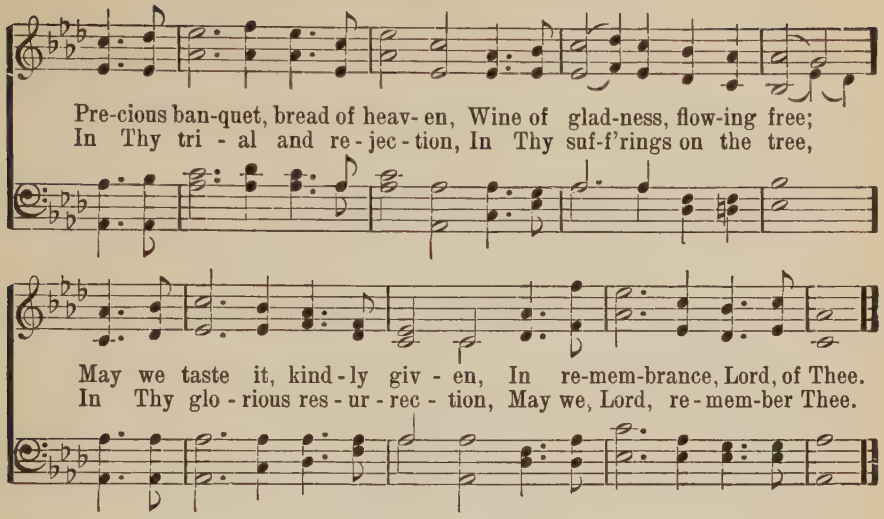

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross, Lift high His
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trump-et call o - bey; Forth to the
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus– Stand in His strength a-lone; The arm of
roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf-fer loss; From vic-t'ry un - to vic - t'ry, His
might-y con - flict, In this His glorious day. "Ye that are men now serve Him," A-
flesh will fail you—Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, And,
ar - my shall He lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord in-deed.
gainst unnumbered foes; Let courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose.
watching un - to prayer, Where duty calls, or dan-ger, Be nev - er want-ing there.

34 Jesus Spreads His Banner O'er Us

ROSWELL PARK — LOUIS VON ESCH

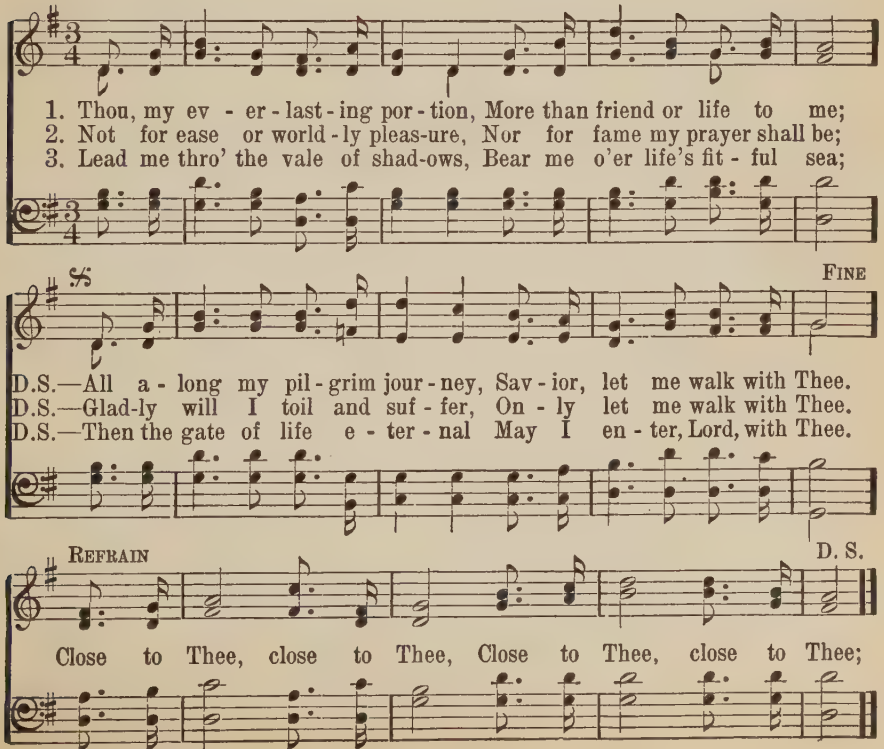

1. Je - sus spreads His ban-ner o'er us, Cheers our fam-ished souls with food;
2. In Thy ho - ly in - car - na - tion, When the an - gels sang Thy birth;
He the ban-quet spreads be-fore us, Of His mys - tic flesh and blood.
In Thy fast - ing and temp - ta - tion, In Thy la - bors on the earth,

Jesus Spreads His Banner


Pre-cious ban-quet, bread of heav- en, Wine of glad-ness, flow-ing free;
In Thy tri - al and re - jec - tion, In Thy suf-f'rings on the tree,
May we taste it, kind - ly giv - en, In re-mem-brance, Lord, of Thee.
In Thy glo - rious res - ur - rec - tion, May we, Lord, re - mem-ber Thee.

35 Close to Thee

FANNY J. CROSBY SILAS J. VAIL


1. Thou, my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me;
2. Not for ease or world - ly pleas-ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad-ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea;
FINE
D.S.—All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - ior, let me walk with Thee.
D.S.—Glad-ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
D.S.—Then the gate of life e - ter - nal May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.
REFRAIN
D. S.
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee;

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36 Have Thine Own Way, Lord

A. A. P. GEO. C. STEBBINS

Slowly

1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!.. Thou art the
2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!.. Search me and
3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!.. Wound-ed and
4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!.. Hold o'er my
Pot - ter; I am the clay... Mould me and make me Aft - er Thy
try me, Mas-ter, to - day!... Whit - er than snow, Lord, Wash me just
wea - ry, Help me, I pray!. Pow - er—all pow - er—Sure - ly is
be - ing Ab - so - lute sway!. Fill with Thy Spir - it Till all shall
will,... While I am wait - ing, Yield - ed and still...
now,... As in Thy pres - ence Hum - bly I bow...
Thine! Touch me and heal me, Sav - ior di - vine!..
see.... Christ on - ly, al - ways, Liv - ing in me!....

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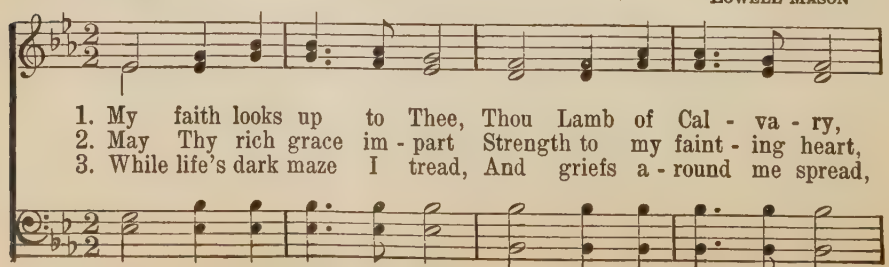
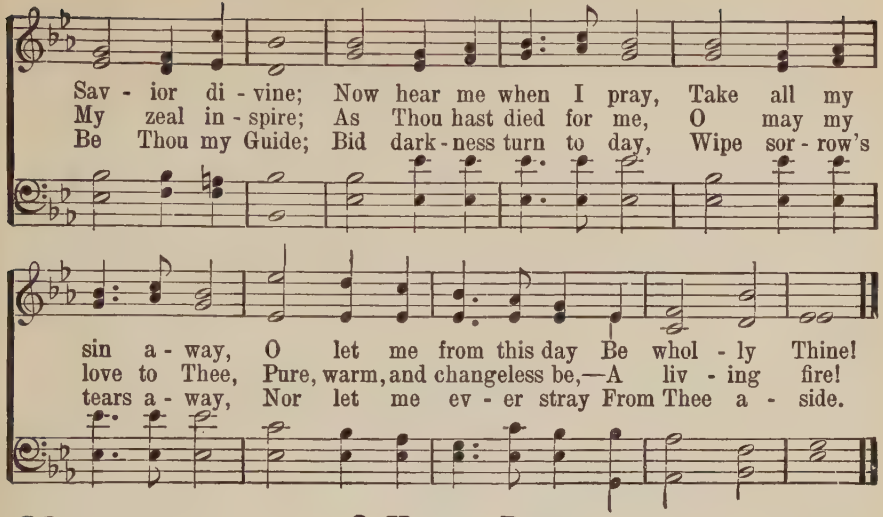
37 My Faith Looks Up to Thee

RAY PALMER LOWELL MASON

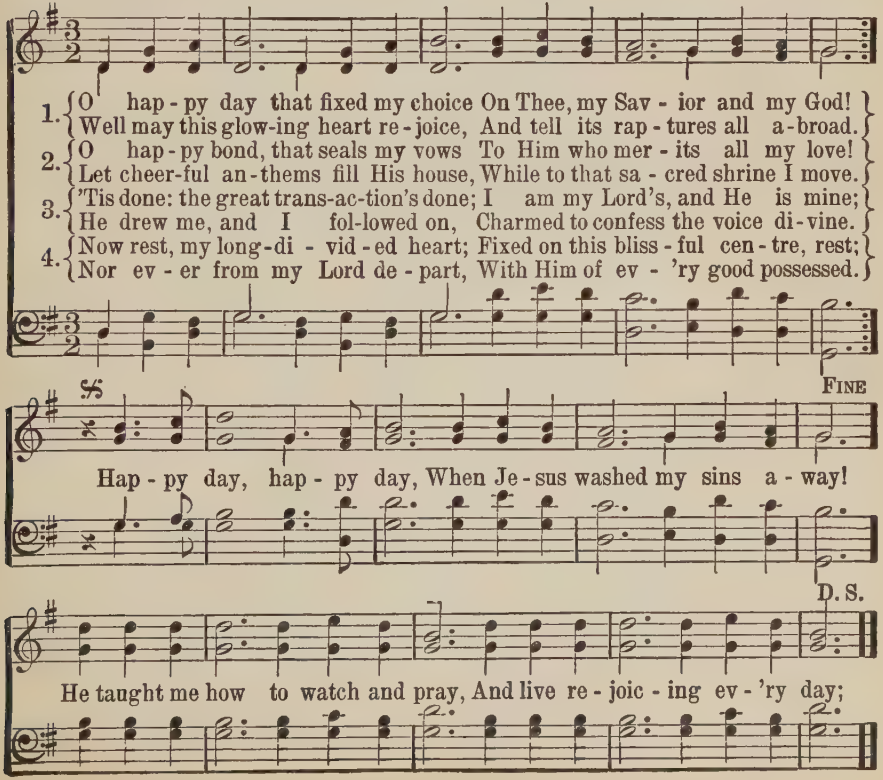

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,

My Faith Looks Up to Thee


Sav - ior di - vine; Now hear me when I pray, Take all my
My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my
Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's
sin a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be,—A liv - ing fire!
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.

38 O Happy Day

PHILIP DODDRIDGE — E. F. RIMBAULT


1. O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - ior and my God!
Well may this glow-ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a-broad.
2. O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love!
Let cheer-ful an-thems fill His house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move.
3. 'Tis done: the great trans-ac-tion's done; I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I fol-lowed on, Charmed to confess the voice di-vine.
4. Now rest, my long-di - vid - ed heart; Fixed on this bliss - ful cen - tre, rest;
Nor ev - er from my Lord de - part, With Him of ev - 'ry good possessed.
FINE
Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way!
D. S.
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day;

39 Take the Name of Jesus With You

Mrs. Lydia Baxter — W. H. Doane

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev-'ry snare;
3. O the precious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing pros-trate at His feet,
It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it, then, wher-e'er you go.
If temp - ta-tions round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in prayer.
When His lov - ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues em-ploy!
King of kings in Heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour - ney is com-plete.
Chorus
Pre-cious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n;
Precious name, O how sweet!
Pre-cious name, O how sweet!... Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n.
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

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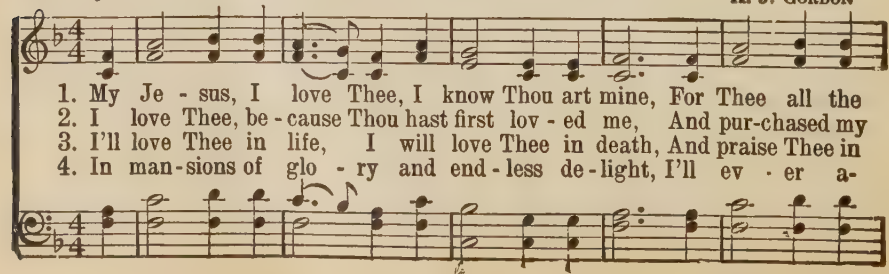
40 My Jesus, I Love Thee

Anonymous — A. J. Gordon

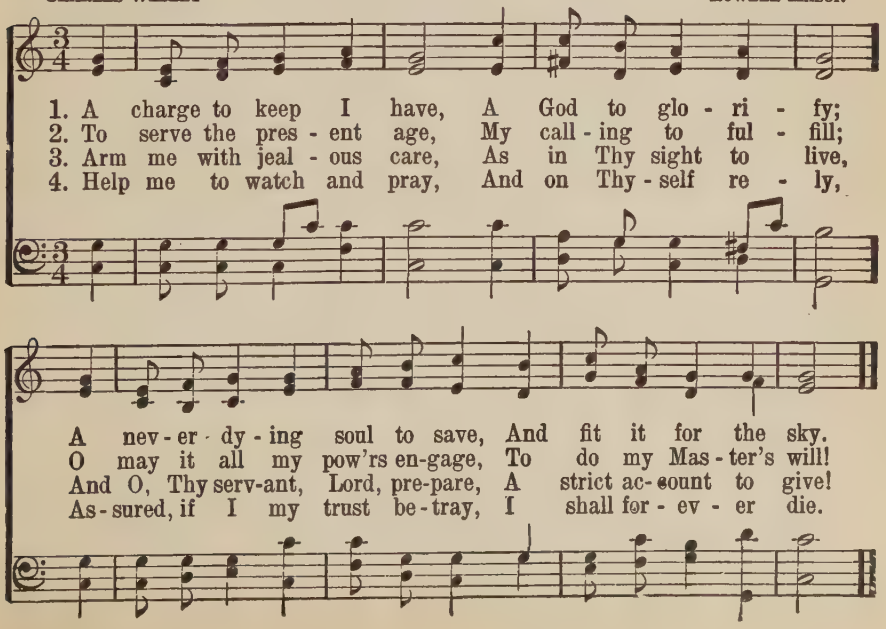

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And pur-chased my
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee in
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de-light, I'll ev - er a-

My Jesus, I Love Thee

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death-dew lies
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing
Sav - ior art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on Thy brow: If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

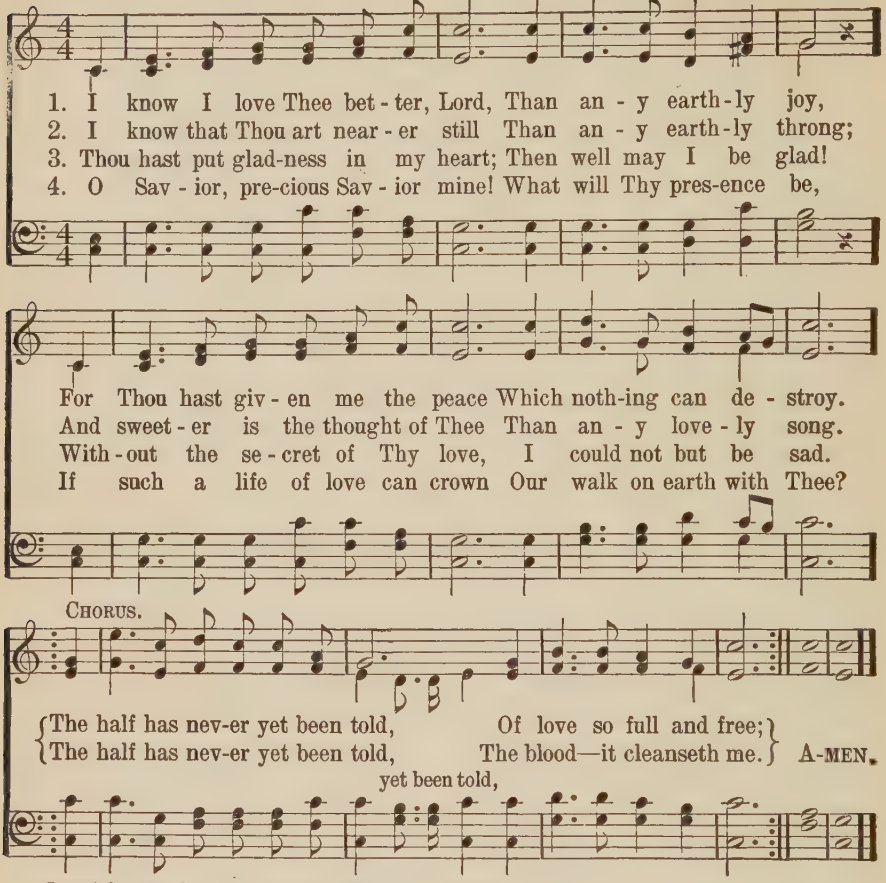
41 A Charge to Keep

CHARLES WESLEY — LOWELL MASON


1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy;
2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill;
3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in Thy sight to live,
4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy - self re - ly,
A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
O may it all my pow'rs en-gage, To do my Mas - ter's will!
And O, Thy serv-ant, Lord, pre-pare, A strict ac-count to give!
As - sured, if I my trust be-tray, I shall for - ev - er die.

42 The Half Has Never Been Told

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL — R. E. HUDSON


1. I know I love Thee bet - ter, Lord, Than an - y earth - ly joy,
2. I know that Thou art near - er still Than an - y earth - ly throng;
3. Thou hast put glad-ness in my heart; Then well may I be glad!
4. O Sav - ior, pre-cious Sav - ior mine! What will Thy pres-ence be,
For Thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth-ing can de - stroy.
And sweet - er is the thought of Thee Than an - y love - ly song.
With - out the se - cret of Thy love, I could not but be sad.
If such a life of love can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?
CHORUS.
The half has nev-er yet been told, Of love so full and free;
The half has nev-er yet been told, The blood—it cleanseth me.
A-MEN.
yet been told,

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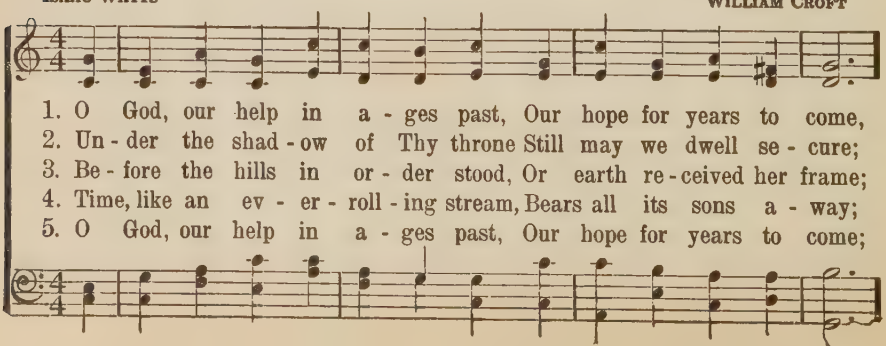
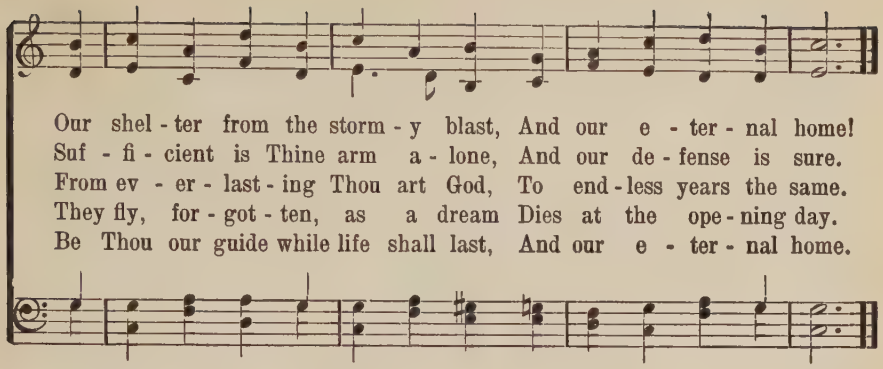
43 O God, Our Help

ISAAC WATTS — WILLIAM CROFT

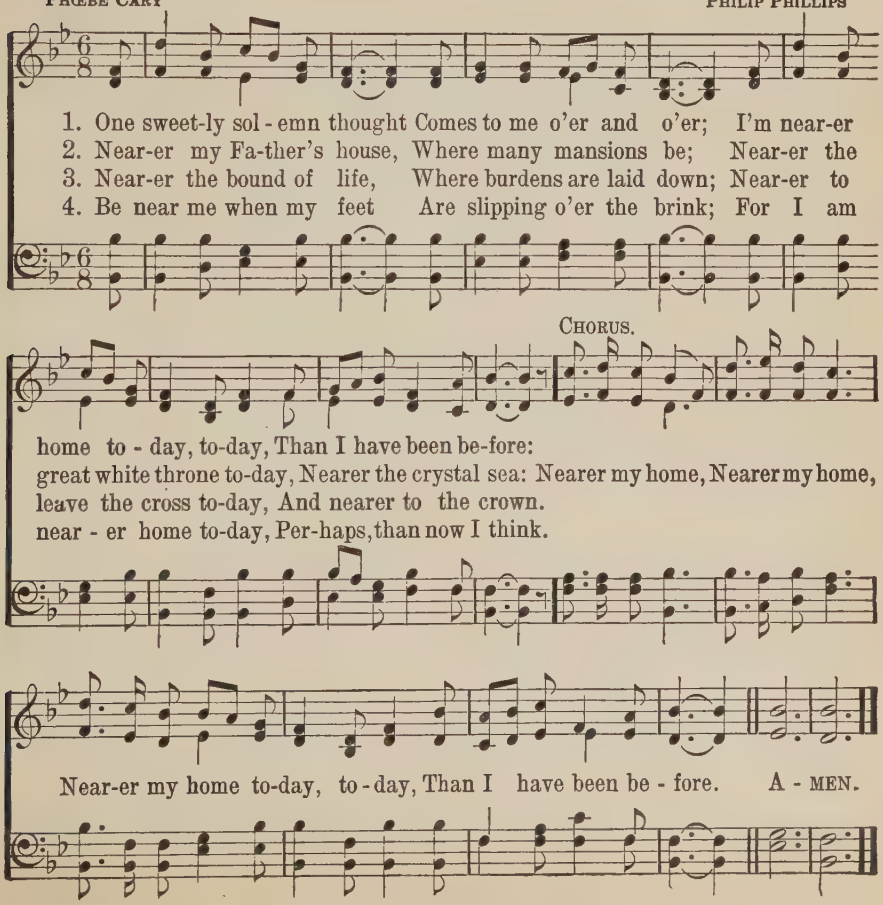

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
2. Un - der the shad - ow of Thy throne Still may we dwell se - cure;
3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceived her frame;
4. Time, like an ev - er - roll - ing stream, Bears all its sons a - way;
5. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come;

O God, Our Help


Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home!
Suf - fi - cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de - fense is sure.
From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To end - less years the same.
They fly, for - got - ten, as a dream Dies at the ope - ning day.
Be Thou our guide while life shall last, And our e - ter - nal home.

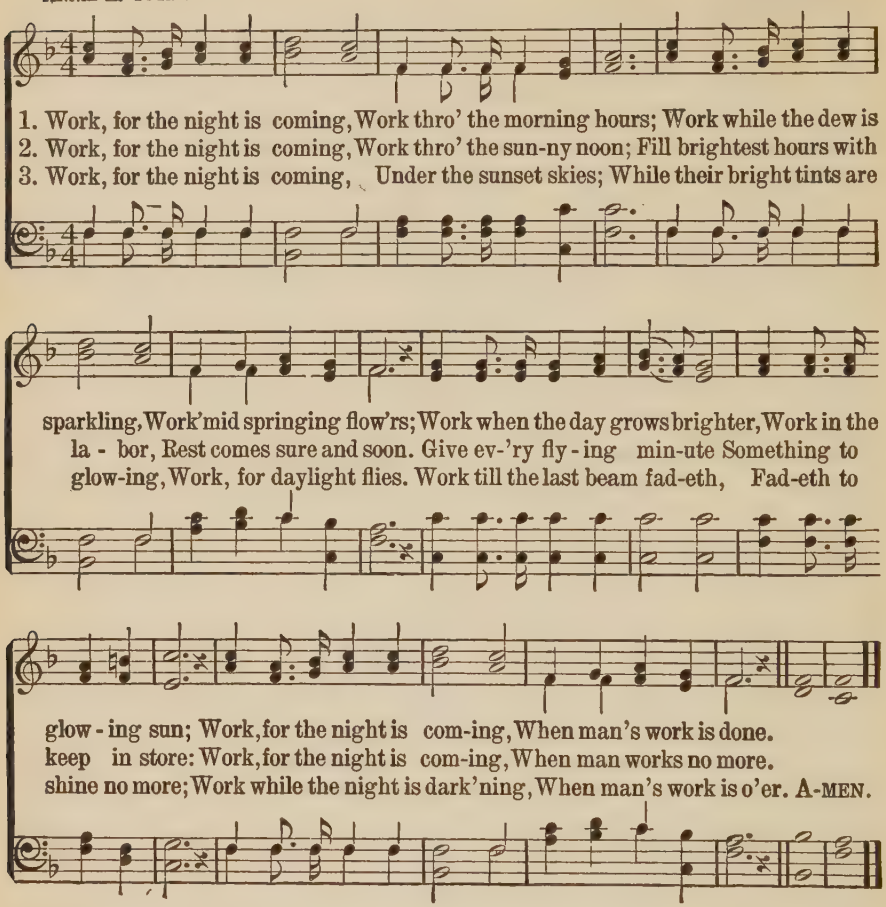
44 One Sweetly Solemn Thought

PHŒBE CARY PHILIP PHILLIPS


1. One sweet-ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm near-er
2. Near-er my Fa-ther's house, Where many mansions be; Near-er the
3. Near-er the bound of life, Where burdens are laid down; Near-er to
4. Be near me when my feet Are slipping o'er the brink; For I am
CHORUS.
home to - day, to-day, Than I have been be-fore:
great white throne to-day, Nearer the crystal sea: Nearer my home, Nearer my home,
leave the cross to-day, And nearer to the crown.
near - er home to-day, Per-haps, than now I think.
Near-er my home to-day, to - day, Than I have been be - fore. A - MEN.

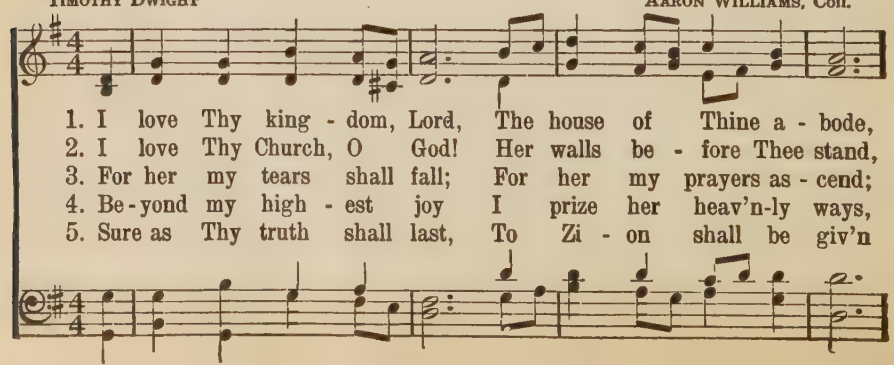
45 Work, For the Night is Coming

ANNIE L. COGHILL — LOWELL MASON

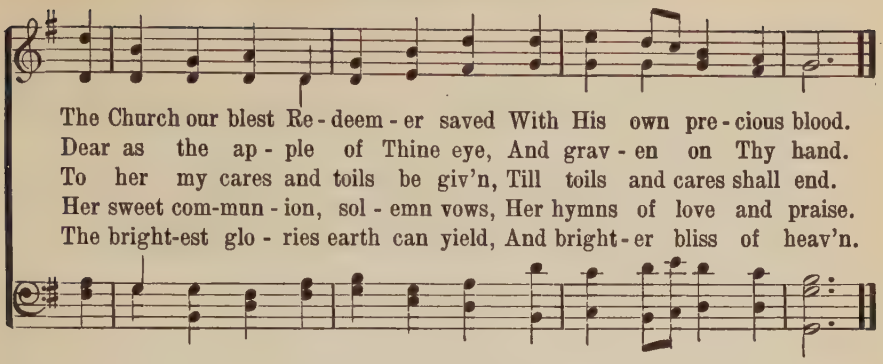

1. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours; Work while the dew is
2. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the sun-ny noon; Fill brightest hours with
3. Work, for the night is coming, Under the sunset skies; While their bright tints are
sparkling, Work 'mid springing flow'rs; Work when the day grows brighter, Work in the
la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon. Give ev-'ry fly - ing min-ute Something to
glow-ing, Work, for daylight flies. Work till the last beam fad-eth, Fad-eth to
glow - ing sun; Work, for the night is com-ing, When man's work is done.
keep in store: Work, for the night is com-ing, When man works no more.
shine no more; Work while the night is dark'ning, When man's work is o'er. A-MEN.

46 I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord

TIMOTHY DWIGHT — AARON WILLIAMS, Coll.

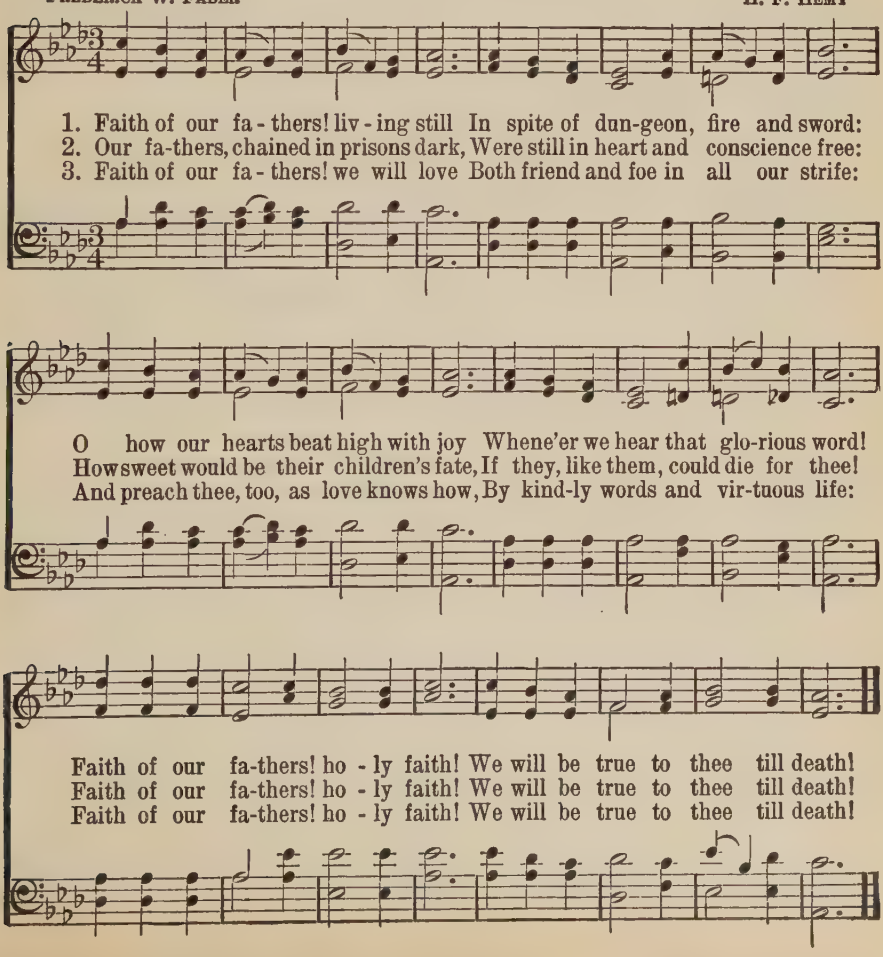

1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,
2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
3. For her my tears shall fall; For her my prayers as - cend;
4. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav'n-ly ways,
5. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be giv'n

I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord


The Church our blest Re - deem - er saved With His own pre - cious blood.
Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And grav - en on Thy hand.
To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
Her sweet com-mun - ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
The bright-est glo - ries earth can yield, And bright - er bliss of heav'n.

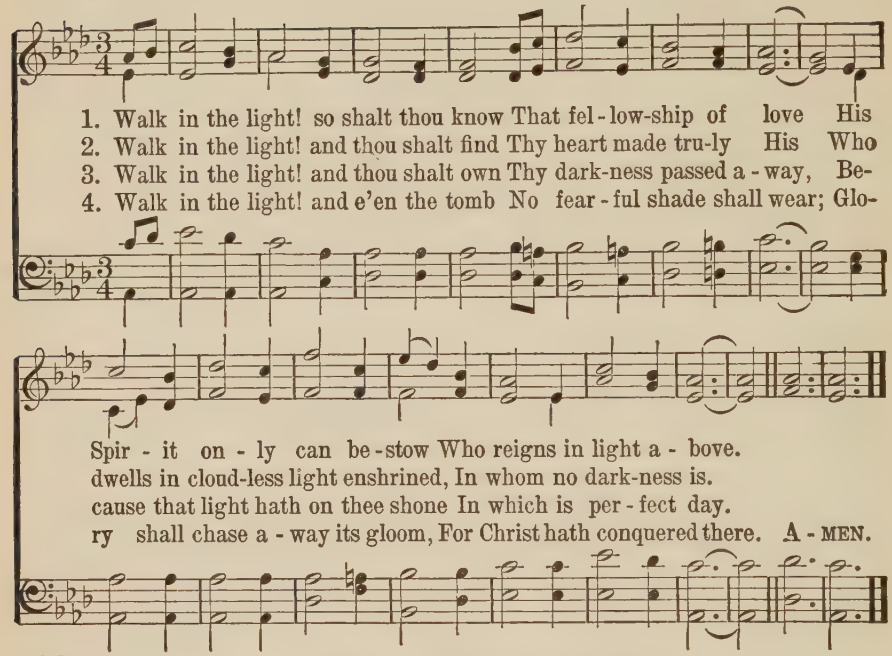
47 Faith of Our Fathers

FREDERICK W. FABER H. F. HEMY


1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire and sword:
2. Our fa-thers, chained in prisons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free:
3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife:
O how our hearts beat high with joy Whene'er we hear that glo-rious word!
How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir-tuous life:
Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!

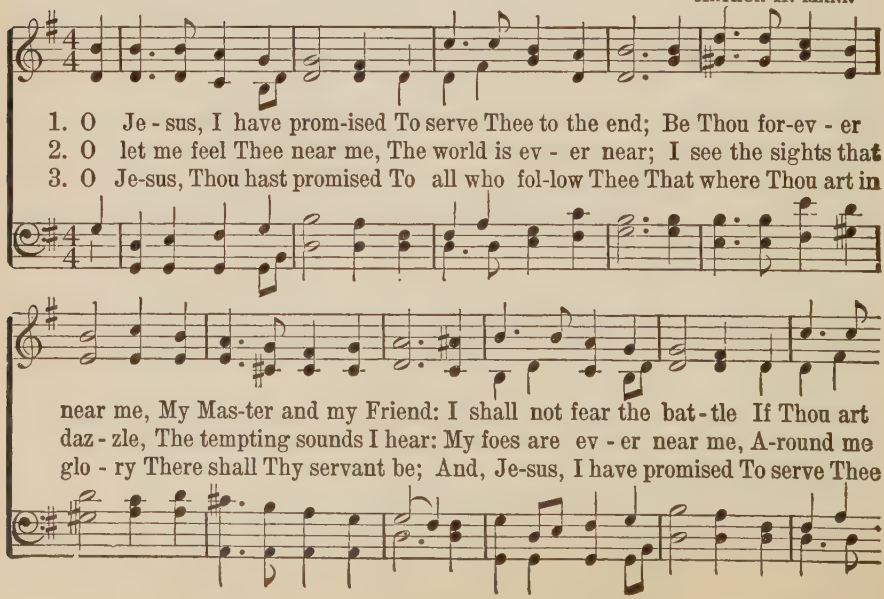
Walk in the Light

BERNARD BARTON — FROM FRANCIS J. HAYDN

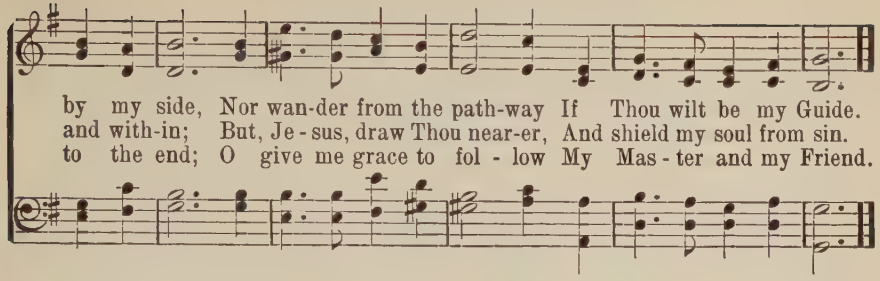

1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fel - low-ship of love His
2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt find Thy heart made tru-ly His Who
3. Walk in the light! and thou shalt own Thy dark-ness passed a - way, Be-
4. Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb No fear - ful shade shall wear; Glo-
Spir - it on - ly can be - stow Who reigns in light a - bove.
dwells in cloud-less light enshrined, In whom no dark-ness is.
cause that light hath on thee shone In which is per - fect day.
ry shall chase a - way its gloom, For Christ hath conquered there. A - MEN.

49 O Jesus, I Have Promised

JOHN E. BODE — ARTHUR H. MANN


1. O Je - sus, I have prom-ised To serve Thee to the end; Be Thou for-ev - er
2. O let me feel Thee near me, The world is ev - er near; I see the sights that
3. O Je-sus, Thou hast promised To all who fol-low Thee That where Thou art in
near me, My Mas-ter and my Friend: I shall not fear the bat - tle If Thou art
daz - zle, The tempting sounds I hear: My foes are ev - er near me, A-round me
glo - ry There shall Thy servant be; And, Je-sus, I have promised To serve Thee

O Jesus, I Have Promised


by my side, Nor wan-der from the path-way If Thou wilt be my Guide.
and with-in; But, Je-sus, draw Thou near-er, And shield my soul from sin.
to the end; O give me grace to fol-low My Mas-ter and my Friend.

50 Jesus! the Name High Over All

CHARLES WESLEY — OLIVER HOLDEN

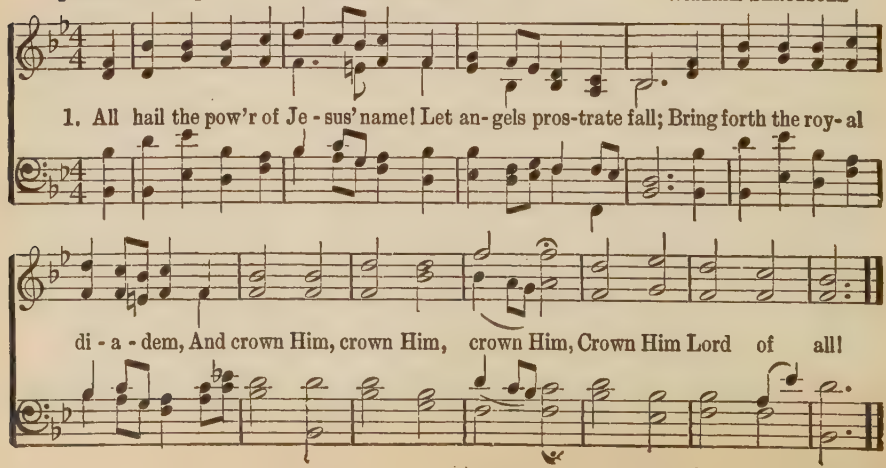
1. Je-sus! the name high o-ver all, In hell, or earth, or sky;
2. Je-sus! the name to sin-ners dear, The name to sin-ners giv'n;
3. Je-sus the pris-'ner's fet-ters breaks, And bruis-es Sa-tan's head;
4. O that the world might taste and see The rich-es of His grace!
5. Hap-py, if with my la-test breath I may but gasp His name;
An-gels and men be-fore it fall, And dev-ils fear and fly;
It scat-ters all their guilt-y fear; It turns their hell to heav'n;
Pow'r in-to strengthless souls He speaks, And life in-to the dead;
The arms of love that com-pass me Would all man-kind em-brace;
Preach Him to all, and cry in death, "Be-hold, be-hold the Lamb!"
An-gels and men be-fore it fall, And dev-ils fear and fly.
It scat-ters all their guilt-y fear; It turns their hell to heav'n.
Pow'r in-to strengthless souls He speaks, And life in-to the dead.
The arms of love that com-pass me Would all man-kind em-brace.
Preach Him to all, and cry in death, "Be-hold, be-hold the Lamb!"

All Hail the Power

OLIVER HOLDEN

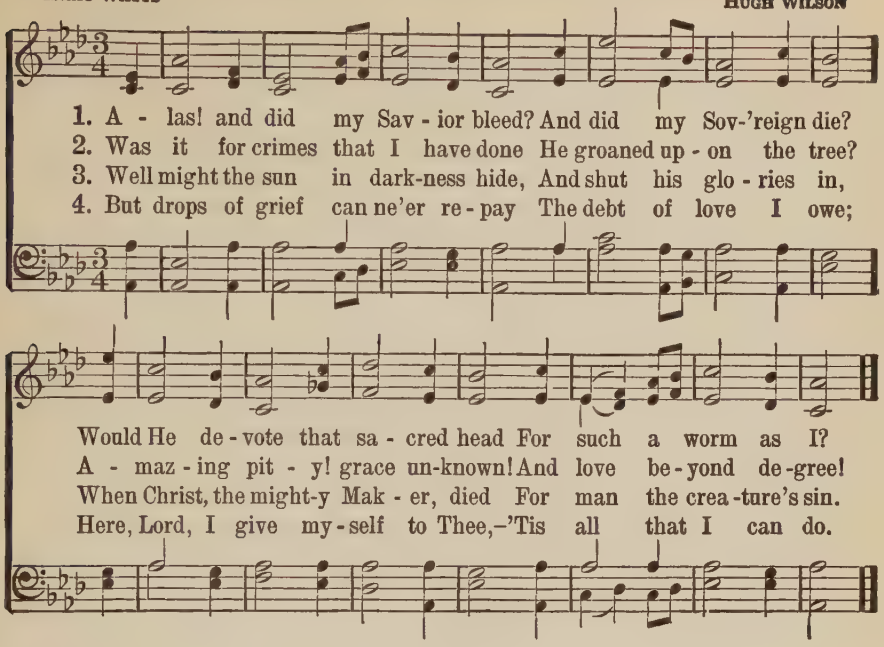
1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball,
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all,
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all,
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all!
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all!

[SECOND TUNE] **Miles' Lane. C. M.** WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE


1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy-al
di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all!

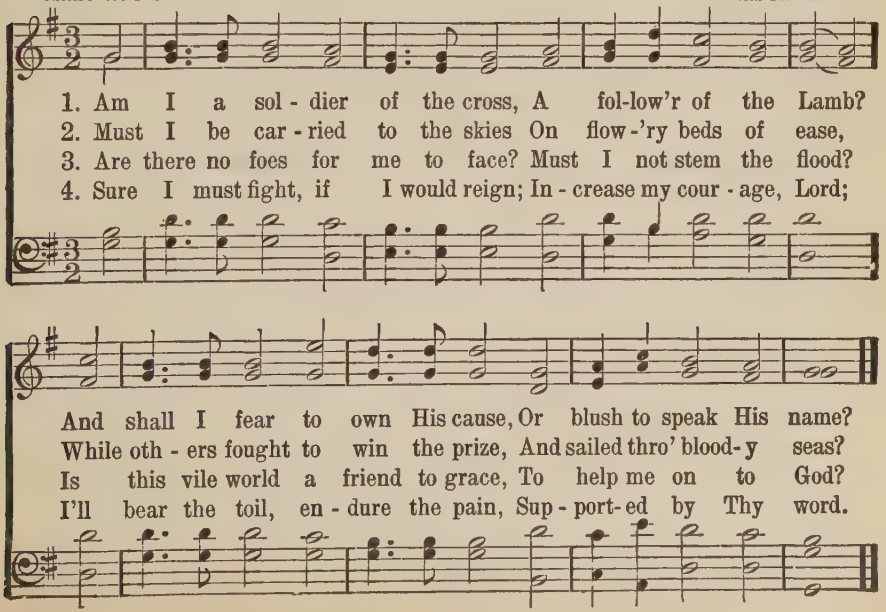
52 Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

ISAAC WATTS — HUGH WILSON


1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov-'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;
Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be - yond de-gree!
When Christ, the might-y Mak - er, died For man the crea-ture's sin.
Here, Lord, I give my - self to Thee,–'Tis all that I can do.

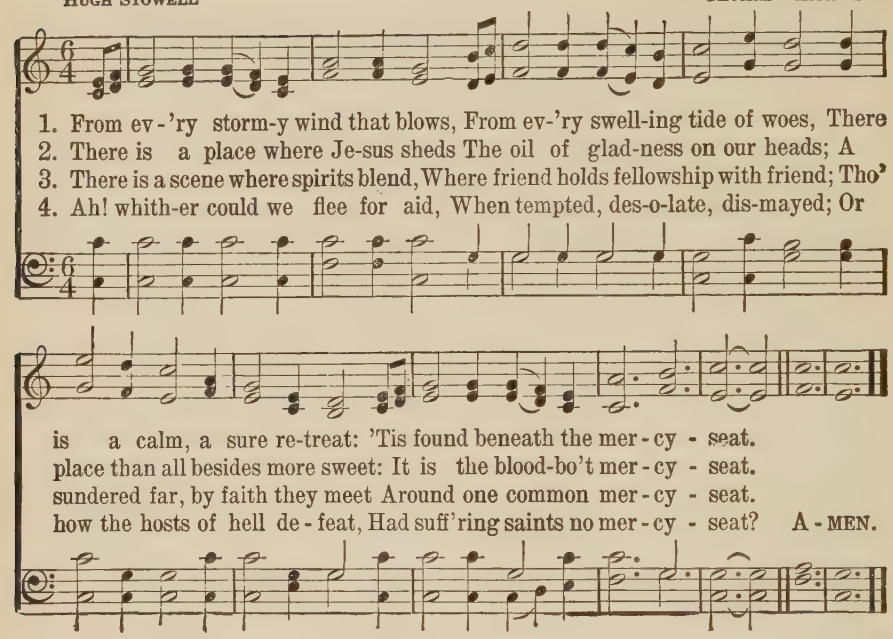
53 Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

ISAAC WATTS — THOMAS A. ARNE


1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol-low'r of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In - crease my cour - age, Lord;
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood-y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port-ed by Thy word.

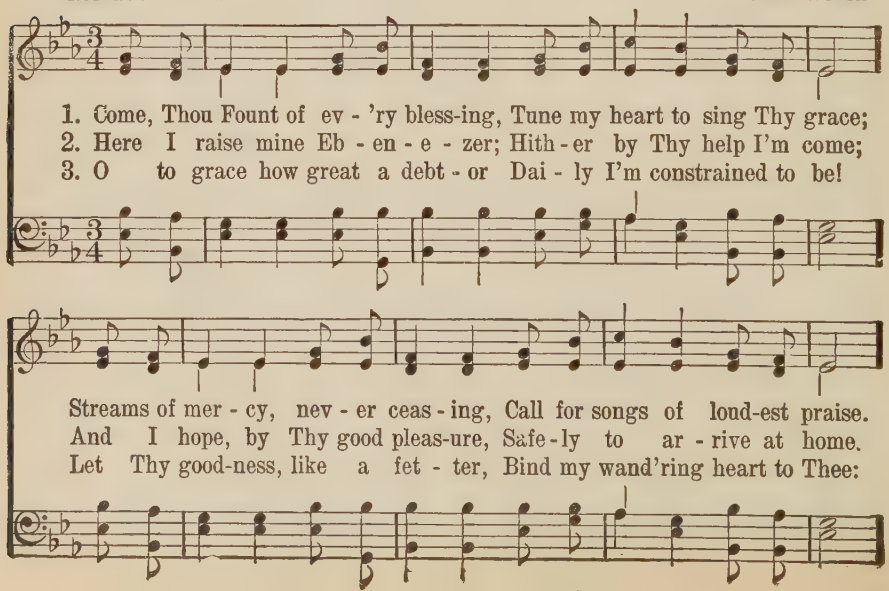
54 From Every Stormy Wind

HUGH STOWELL THOMAS HASTINGS

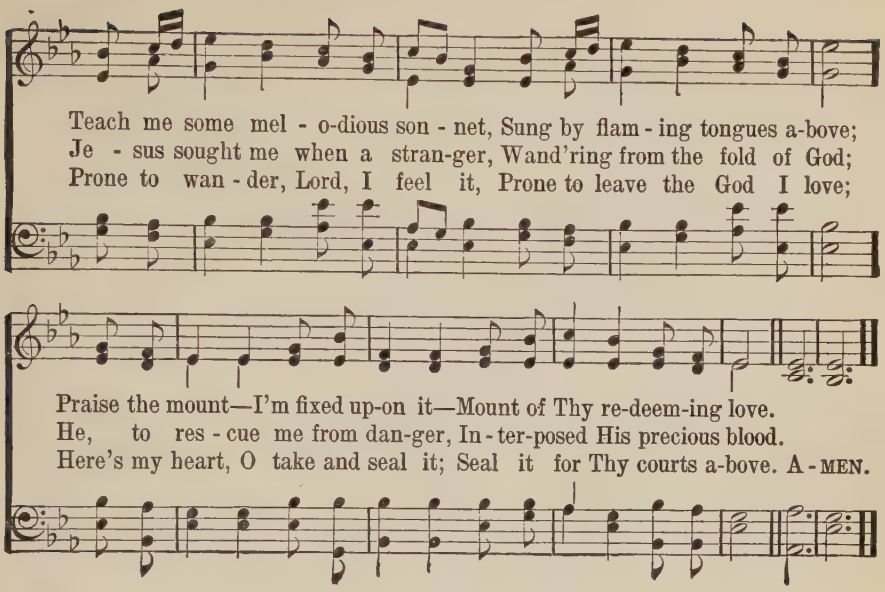

1. From ev-'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swell-ing tide of woes, There
2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads; A
3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend; Tho'
4. Ah! whith-er could we flee for aid, When tempted, des-o-late, dis-mayed; Or
is a calm, a sure re-treat: 'Tis found beneath the mer-cy-seat.
place than all besides more sweet: It is the blood-bo't mer-cy-seat.
sundered far, by faith they meet Around one common mer-cy-seat.
how the hosts of hell de-feat, Had suff'ring saints no mer-cy-seat? A-MEN.

55 Come, Thou Fount

ROBERT ROBINSON JOHN WYETH


1. Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Here I raise mine Eb-en-e-zer; Hith-er by Thy help I'm come;
3. O to grace how great a debt-or Dai-ly I'm constrained to be!
Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.
And I hope, by Thy good pleas-ure, Safe-ly to ar-rive at home.
Let Thy good-ness, like a fet-ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee:

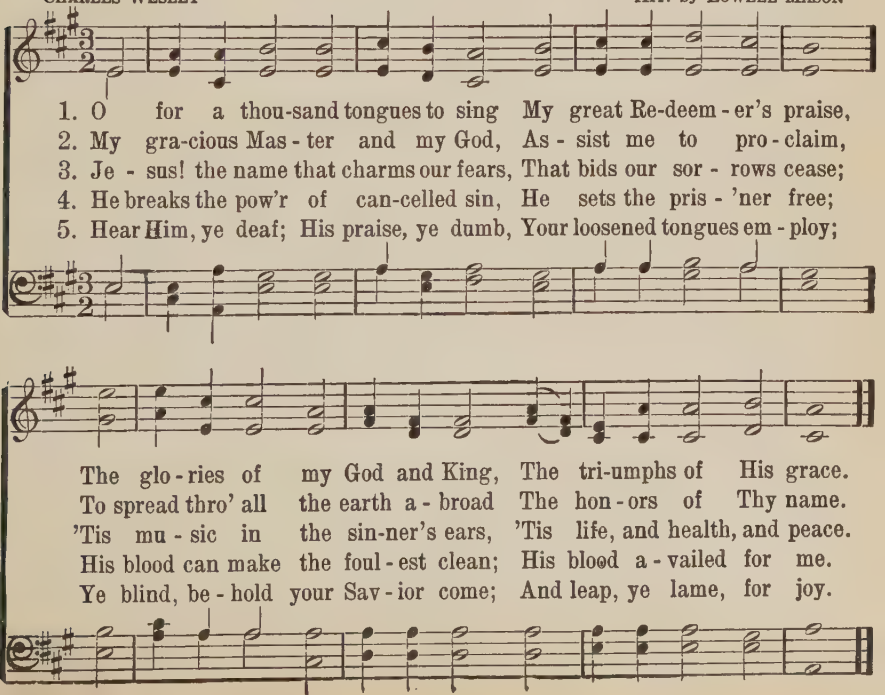
Come, Thou Fount


Teach me some mel - o-dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a-bove;
Je - sus sought me when a stran-ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed up-on it—Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.
He, to res - cue me from dan-ger, In - ter-posed His precious blood.
Here's my heart, O take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a-bove. A - MEN.

56 O For a Thousand Tongues

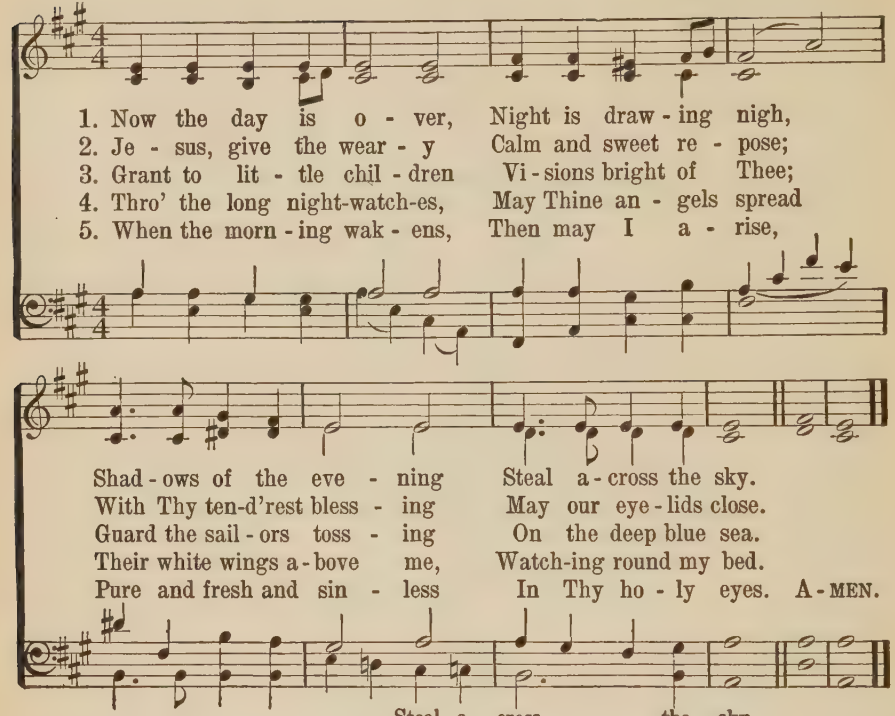
CHARLES WESLEY

CARL G. GLASER
Arr. by LOWELL MASON


1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing My great Re-deem - er's praise,
2. My gra-cious Mas - ter and my God, As - sist me to pro - claim,
3. Je - sus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor - rows cease;
4. He breaks the pow'r of can-celled sin, He sets the pris - 'ner free;
5. Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb, Your loosened tongues em - ploy;
The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace.
To spread thro' all the earth a - broad The hon - ors of Thy name.
'Tis mu - sic in the sin-ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
His blood can make the foul - est clean; His blood a - vailed for me.
Ye blind, be - hold your Sav - ior come; And leap, ye lame, for joy.

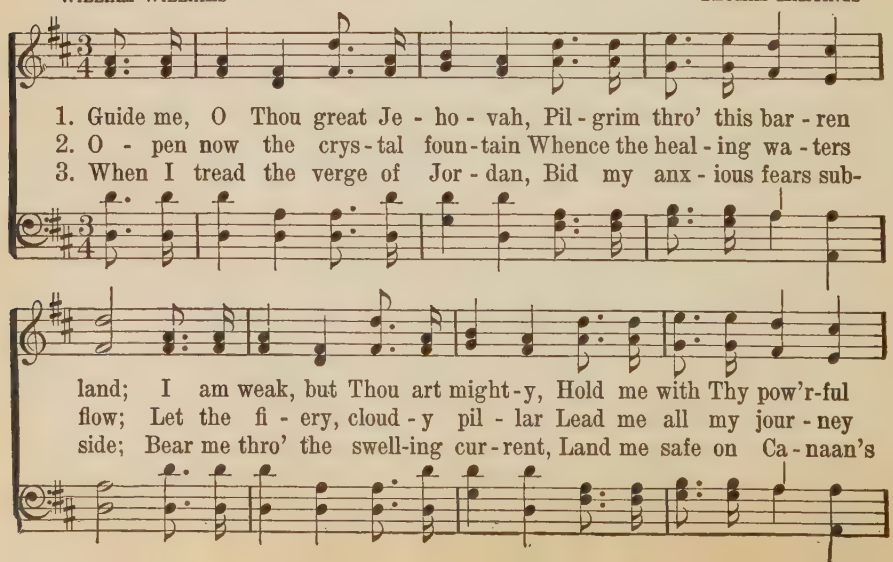
57 Now the Day is Over

SABINE BARING-GOULD — JOSEPH BARNBY


1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wear - y Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vi - sions bright of Thee;
4. Thro' the long night-watch-es, May Thine an - gels spread
5. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise,
Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy ten-d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Guard the sail - ors toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
Their white wings a - bove me, Watch-ing round my bed.
Pure and fresh and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes. A - MEN.
Steal a - cross the sky.

58 Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah

WILLIAM WILLIAMS — THOMAS HASTINGS

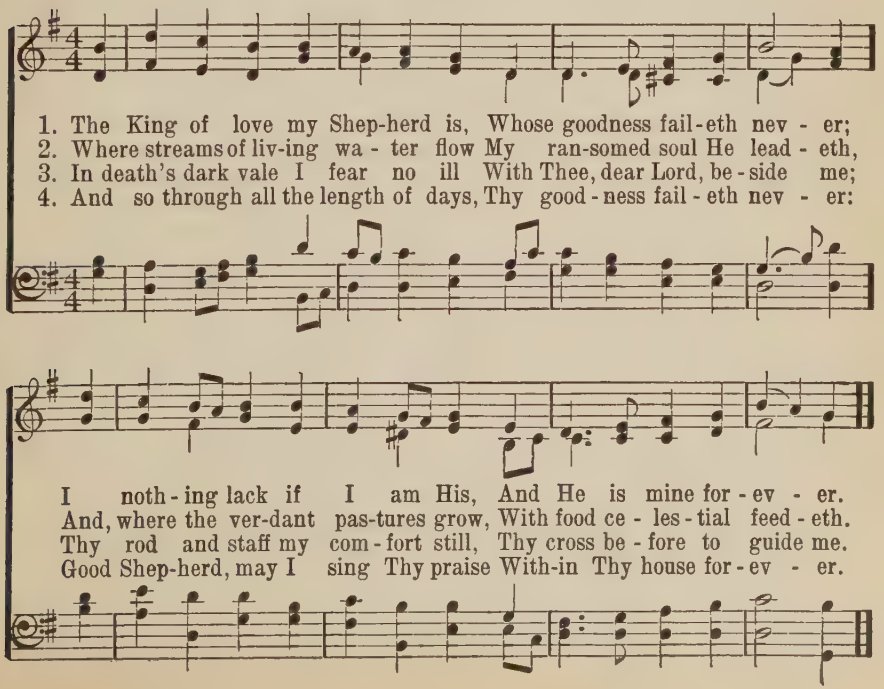

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren
2. O - pen now the crys - tal foun - tain Whence the heal - ing wa - ters
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub -
land; I am weak, but Thou art might - y, Hold me with Thy pow'r-ful
flow; Let the fi - ery, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour - ney
side; Bear me thro' the swell-ing cur - rent, Land me safe on Ca - naan's

Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah

hand; Bread of Heav - en, Feed me till I want no more;
thro'; Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my Strength and Shield;
side: Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee;
Bread of Heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.
Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.
Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee.

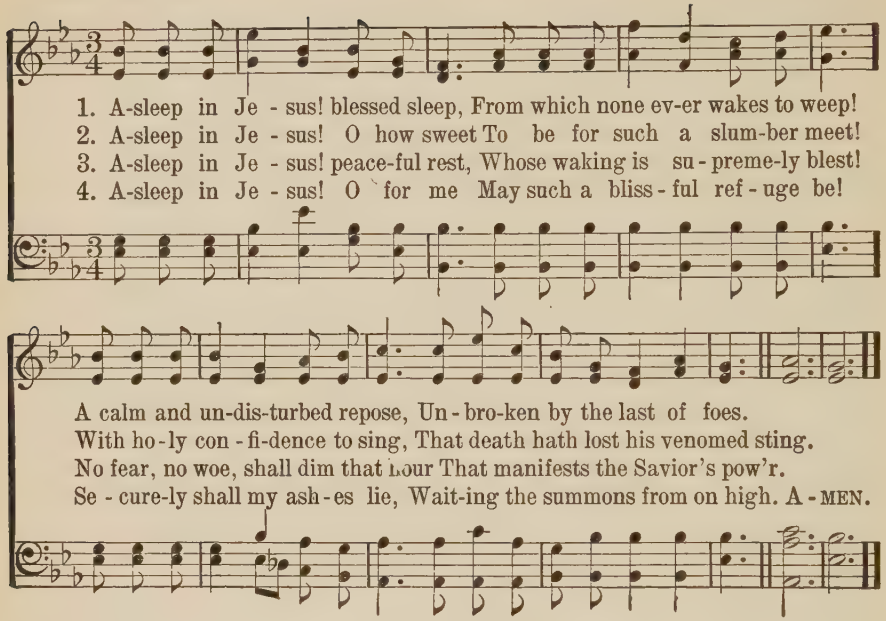
59 The King of Love My Shepherd Is

HENRY W. BAKER J. B. DYKES


1. The King of love my Shep-herd is, Whose goodness fail-eth nev - er;
2. Where streams of liv-ing wa - ter flow My ran-somed soul He lead - eth,
3. In death's dark vale I fear no ill With Thee, dear Lord, be - side me;
4. And so through all the length of days, Thy good - ness fail - eth nev - er:
I noth - ing lack if I am His, And He is mine for - ev - er.
And, where the ver-dant pas-tures grow, With food ce - les - tial feed - eth.
Thy rod and staff my com - fort still, Thy cross be - fore to guide me.
Good Shep-herd, may I sing Thy praise With-in Thy house for - ev - er.

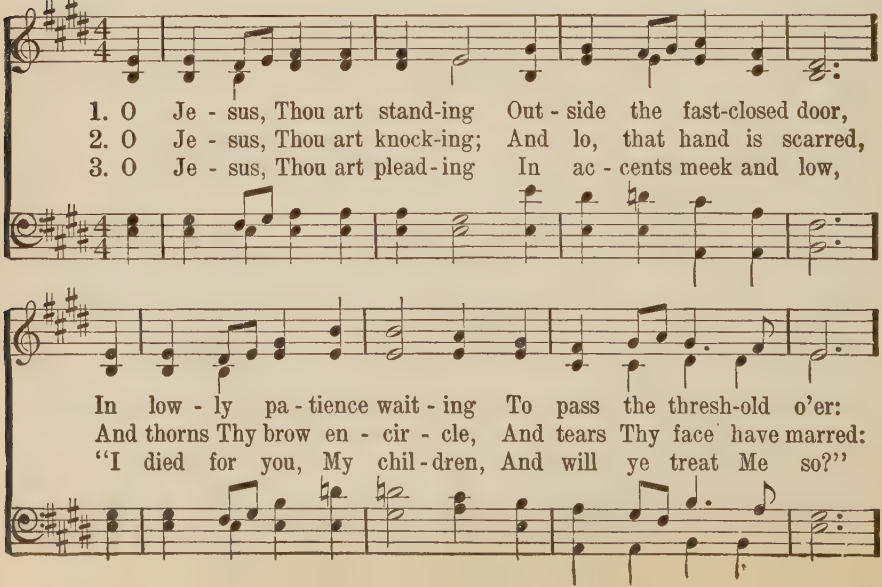
60 Asleep in Jesus

MARGARET MACKAY — WM. B. BRADBURY

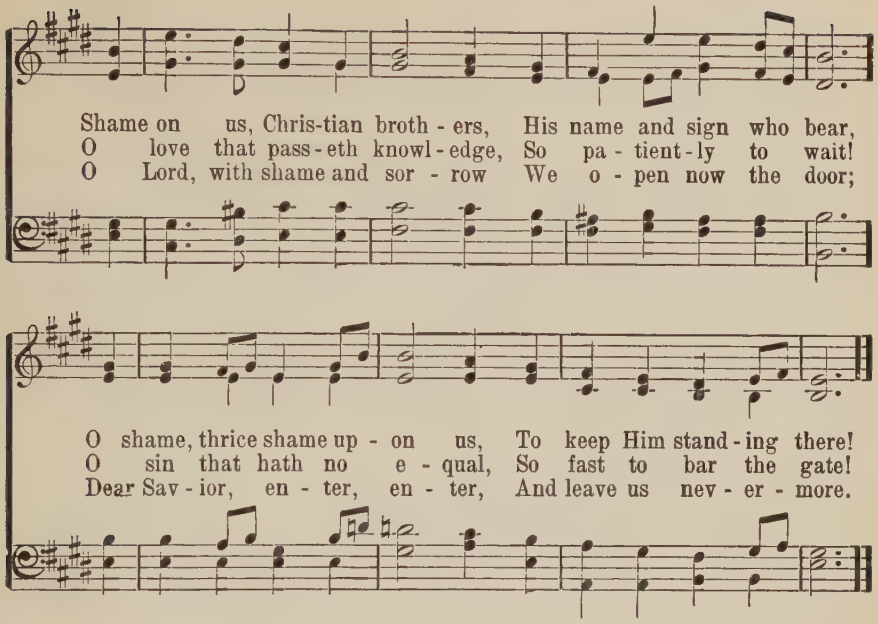

1. A-sleep in Je - sus! blessed sleep, From which none ev-er wakes to weep!
2. A-sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet!
3. A-sleep in Je - sus! peace-ful rest, Whose waking is su - preme-ly blest!
4. A-sleep in Je - sus! O for me May such a bliss - ful ref - uge be!
A calm and un-dis-turbed repose, Un - bro-ken by the last of foes.
With ho-ly con - fi-dence to sing, That death hath lost his venomed sting.
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That manifests the Savior's pow'r.
Se - cure-ly shall my ash-es lie, Wait-ing the summons from on high. A - MEN.

61 O Jesus, Thou Art Standing

WILLIAM W. HOW — JUSTIN H. KNECHT

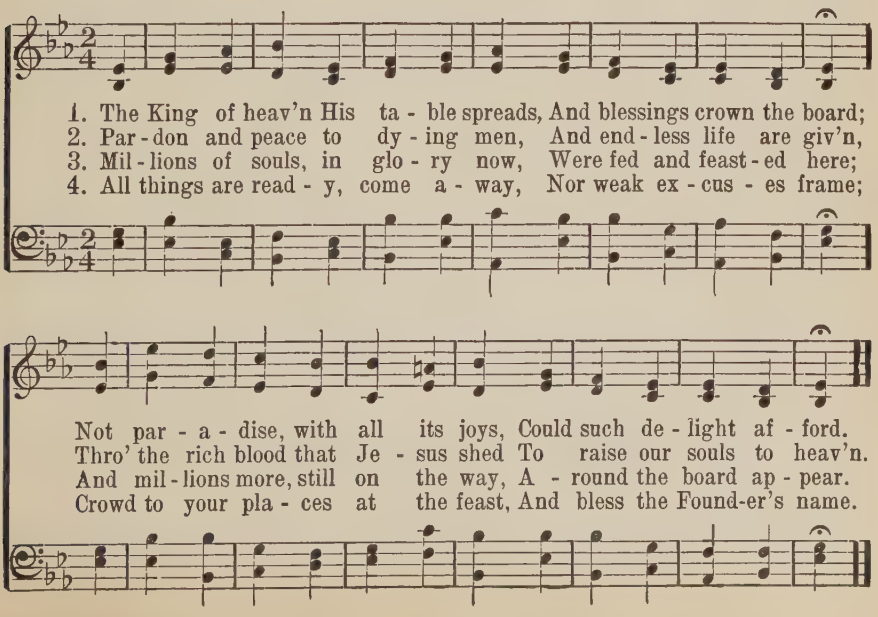

1. O Je - sus, Thou art stand-ing Out - side the fast-closed door,
2. O Je - sus, Thou art knock-ing; And lo, that hand is scarred,
3. O Je - sus, Thou art plead-ing In ac - cents meek and low,
In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the thresh-old o'er:
And thorns Thy brow en - cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marred:
"I died for you, My chil-dren, And will ye treat Me so?"

O Jesus, Thou Art Standing


Shame on us, Chris-tian broth - ers, His name and sign who bear,
O love that pass-eth knowl-edge, So pa - tient-ly to wait!
O Lord, with shame and sor - row We o - pen now the door;
O shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him stand-ing there!
O sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!
Dear Sav - ior, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er - more.

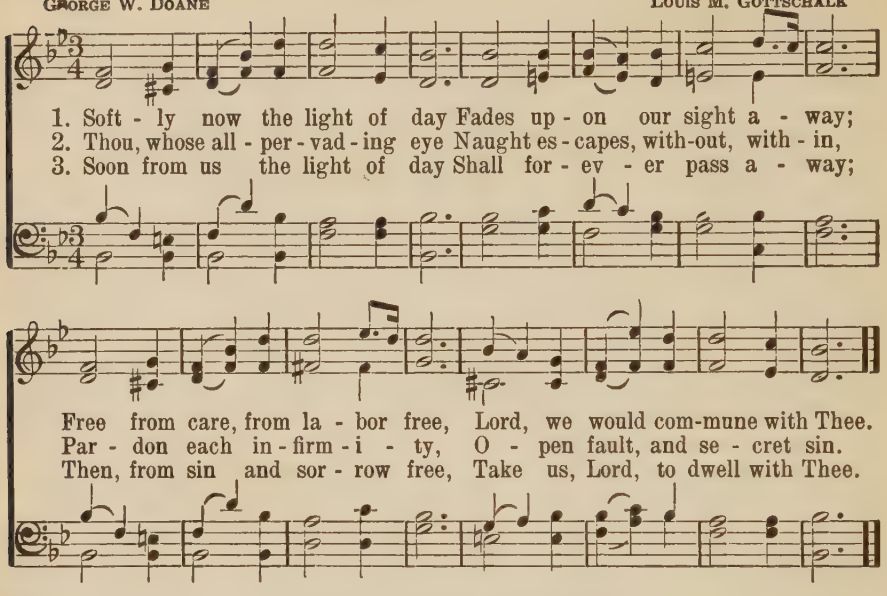
62 The King of Heaven His Table Spreads

PHILIP DODDRIDGE — Scotch Psalter


1. The King of heav'n His ta - ble spreads, And blessings crown the board;
2. Par-don and peace to dy - ing men, And end-less life are giv'n,
3. Mil-lions of souls, in glo - ry now, Were fed and feast-ed here;
4. All things are read - y, come a - way, Nor weak ex - cus - es frame;
Not par - a - dise, with all its joys, Could such de - light af - ford.
Thro' the rich blood that Je - sus shed To raise our souls to heav'n.
And mil-lions more, still on the way, A - round the board ap - pear.
Crowd to your pla - ces at the feast, And bless the Found-er's name.

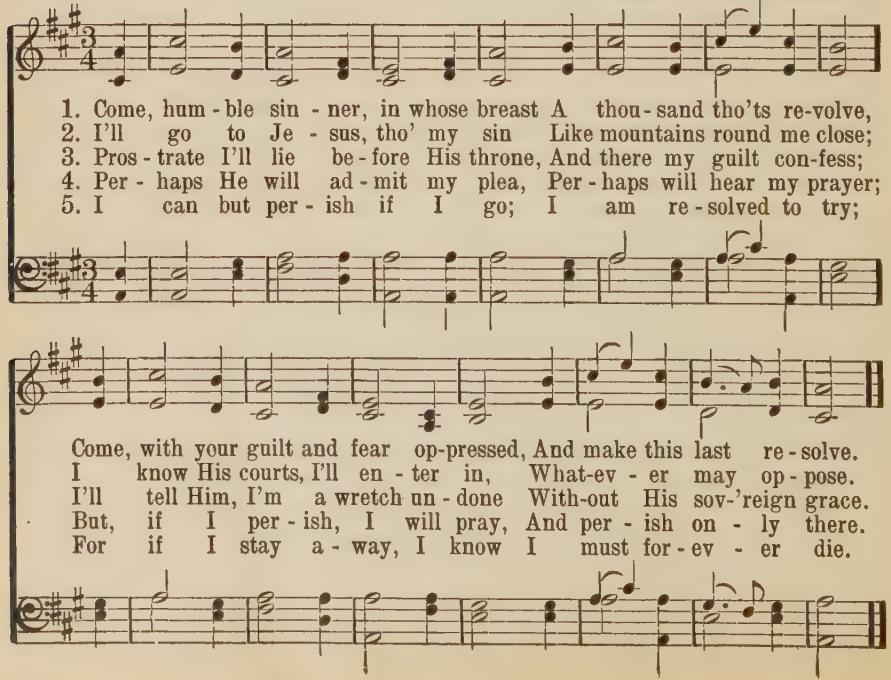
63 Softly Now the Light of Day

GEORGE W. DOANE — LOUIS M. GOTTSCHALK


1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on our sight a - way;
2. Thou, whose all - per - vad - ing eye Naught es - capes, with-out, with - in,
3. Soon from us the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;
Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, we would com-mune with Thee.
Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault, and se - cret sin.
Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

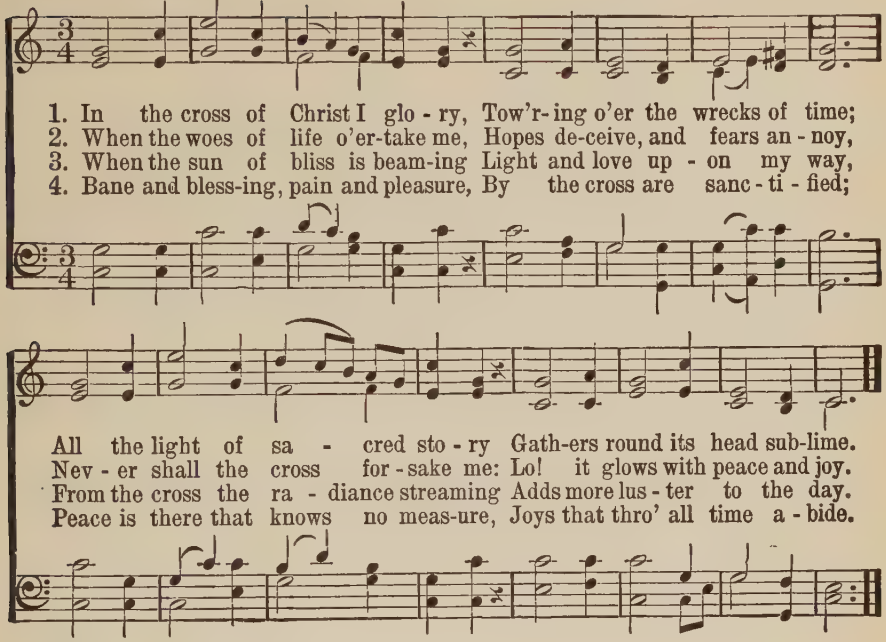
64 Come, Humble Sinner

EDMUND JONES — Adapted by ROBERT SIMPSON


1. Come, hum - ble sin - ner, in whose breast A thou - sand tho'ts re-volve,
2. I'll go to Je - sus, tho' my sin Like mountains round me close;
3. Pros - trate I'll lie be - fore His throne, And there my guilt con-fess;
4. Per - haps He will ad - mit my plea, Per - haps will hear my prayer;
5. I can but per - ish if I go; I am re - solved to try;
Come, with your guilt and fear op-pressed, And make this last re - solve.
I know His courts, I'll en - ter in, What-ev - er may op - pose.
I'll tell Him, I'm a wretch un - done With-out His sov-'reign grace.
But, if I per - ish, I will pray, And per - ish on - ly there.
For if I stay a - way, I know I must for - ev - er die.

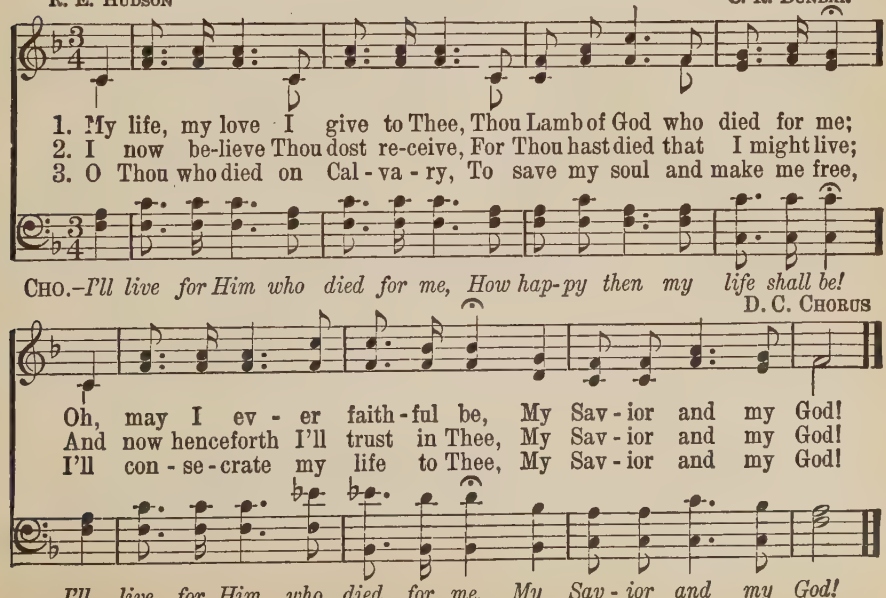
65 In the Cross of Christ

Sir John Bowring — Ithamar Conkey


1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'r - ing o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra - diance streaming Adds more lus - ter to the day.
Peace is there that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

66 I'll Live for Him

R. E. Hudson — C. R. Dunbar


1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. O Thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,
Cho.–I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!
D. C. Chorus
Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!
And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
I'll con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God!

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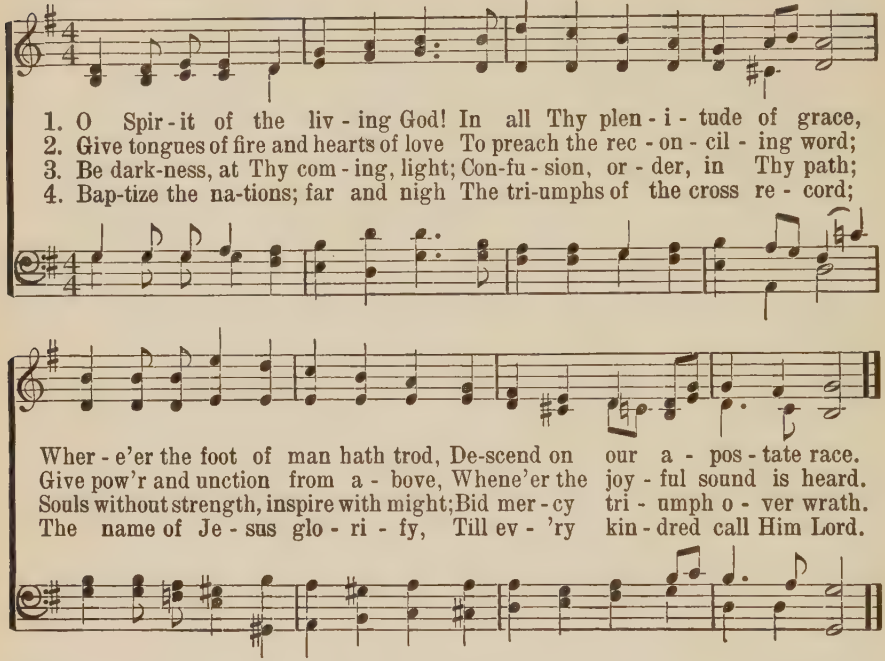
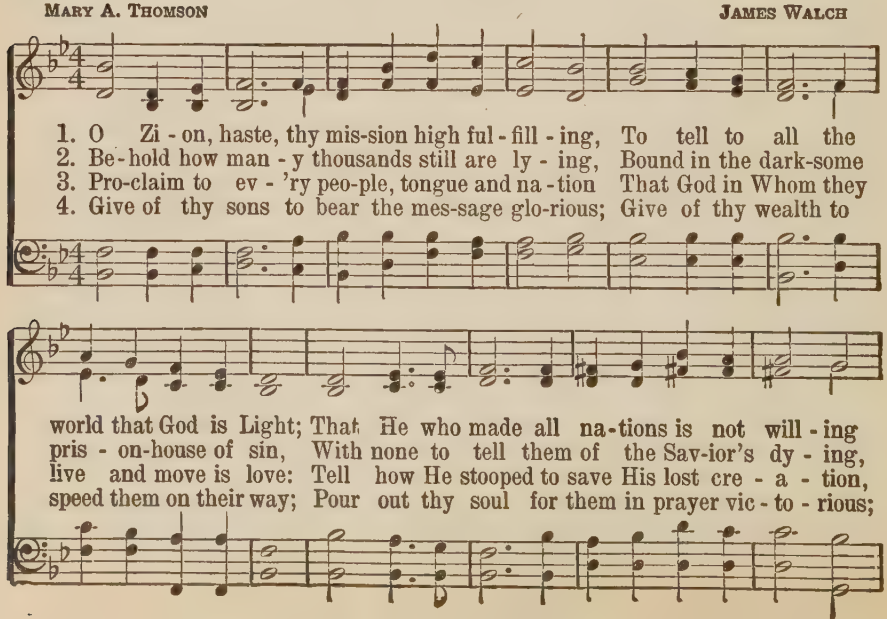
67 O Spirit of the Living God

JAMES MONTGOMERY — JOHN B. DYKES


1. O Spir - it of the liv - ing God! In all Thy plen - i - tude of grace,
2. Give tongues of fire and hearts of love To preach the rec - on - cil - ing word;
3. Be dark-ness, at Thy com - ing, light; Con-fu - sion, or - der, in Thy path;
4. Bap-tize the na-tions; far and nigh The tri-umphs of the cross re - cord;
Wher - e'er the foot of man hath trod, De-scend on our a - pos - tate race.
Give pow'r and unction from a - bove, Whene'er the joy - ful sound is heard.
Souls without strength, inspire with might; Bid mer - cy tri - umph o - ver wrath.
The name of Je - sus glo - ri - fy, Till ev - 'ry kin - dred call Him Lord.

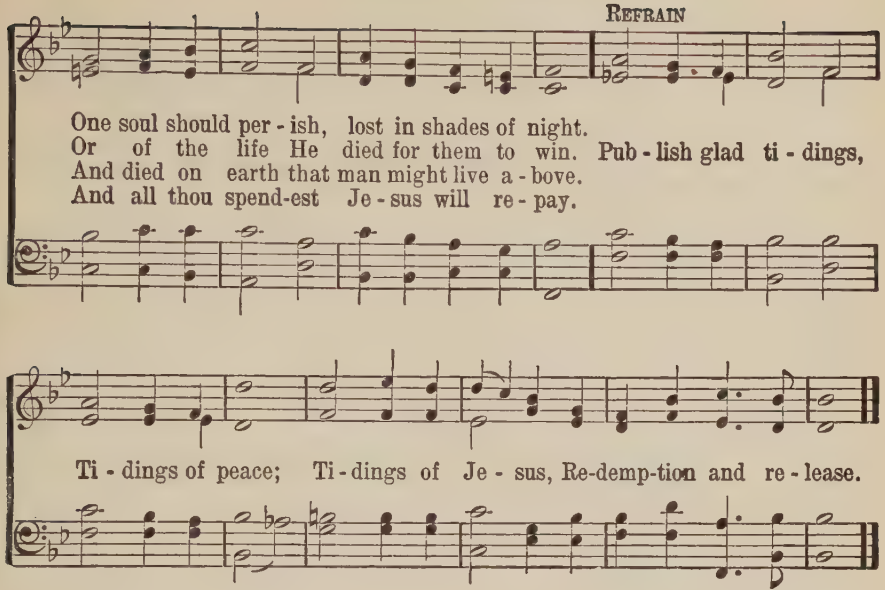
68 O Zion, Haste

MARY A. THOMSON — JAMES WALCH


1. O Zi - on, haste, thy mis-sion high ful - fill - ing, To tell to all the
2. Be - hold how man - y thousands still are ly - ing, Bound in the dark-some
3. Pro-claim to ev - 'ry peo-ple, tongue and na - tion That God in Whom they
4. Give of thy sons to bear the mes-sage glo-rious; Give of thy wealth to
world that God is Light; That He who made all na-tions is not will - ing
pris - on-house of sin, With none to tell them of the Sav-ior's dy - ing,
live and move is love: Tell how He stooped to save His lost cre - a - tion,
speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in prayer vic - to - rious;

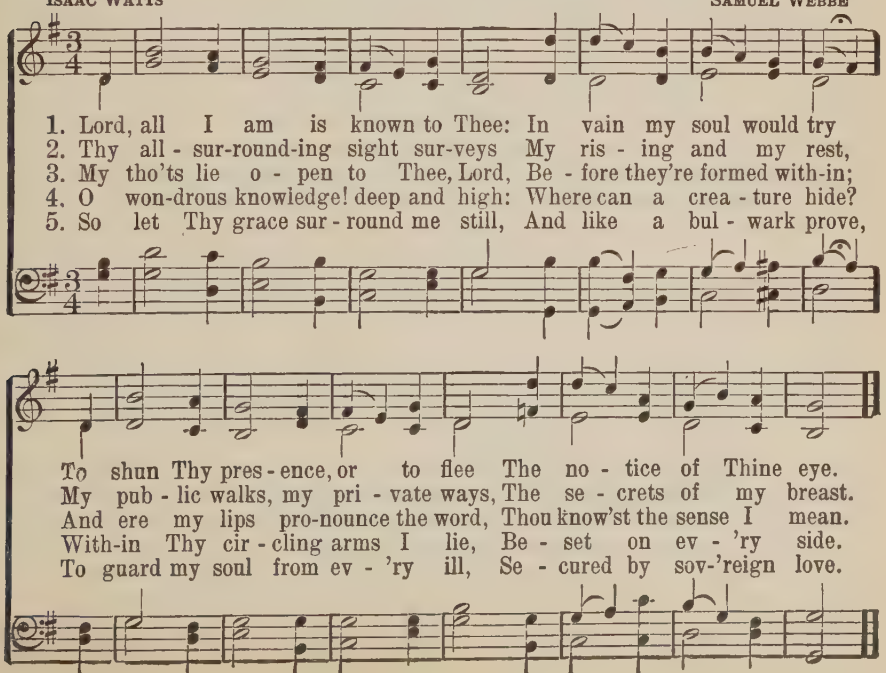
O Zion, Haste

REFRAIN


One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night.
Or of the life He died for them to win. Pub - lish glad ti - dings,
And died on earth that man might live a - bove.
And all thou spend-est Je - sus will re - pay.
Ti - dings of peace; Ti - dings of Je - sus, Re-demp-tion and re - lease.

69 Lord, All I Am is Known to Thee

ISAAC WATTS SAMUEL WEBBE


1. Lord, all I am is known to Thee: In vain my soul would try
2. Thy all - sur-round-ing sight sur-veys My ris - ing and my rest,
3. My tho'ts lie o - pen to Thee, Lord, Be - fore they're formed with-in;
4. O won-drous knowledge! deep and high: Where can a crea - ture hide?
5. So let Thy grace sur - round me still, And like a bul - wark prove,
To shun Thy pres - ence, or to flee The no - tice of Thine eye.
My pub - lic walks, my pri - vate ways, The se - crets of my breast.
And ere my lips pro-nounce the word, Thou know'st the sense I mean.
With-in Thy cir - cling arms I lie, Be - set on ev - 'ry side.
To guard my soul from ev - 'ry ill, Se - cured by sov-'reign love.

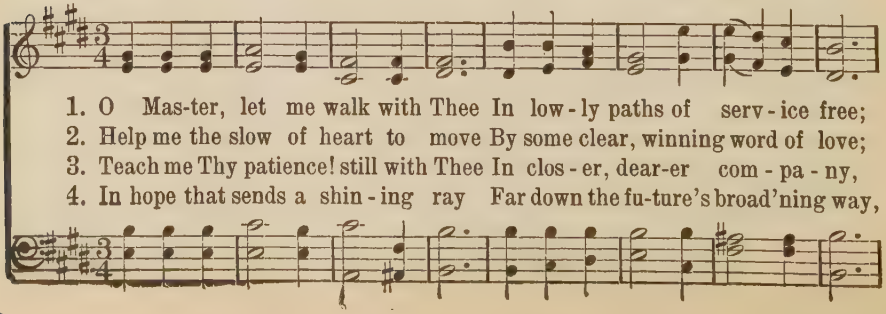
70 Lord, Dismiss Us With Thy Blessing

JOHN FAWCETT — JOSEPH BARNBY

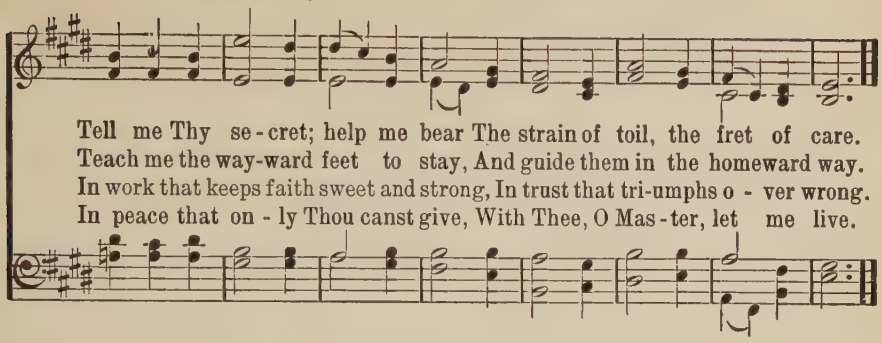
1. Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless-ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
2. Thanks we give, and ad - o - ra - tion, For Thy gos - pel's joy - ful sound;
3. So, when - e'er the sig - nal's giv - en Us from earth to call a - way,
Let us each, Thy love pos - sess - ing, Tri - umph in re-
May the fruits of Thy sal - va - tion In our hearts and
Borne on an - gels' wings to heav - en, Glad the sum - mons
deem - ing grace; O re - fresh us, Trav-'ling thro' this wil - der - ness.
lives a - bound; May Thy presence With us ev - er - more be found.
to o - bey, May we ev - er Reign with Christ in end - less day.

71 O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee

W. GLADDEN — H. P. SMITH

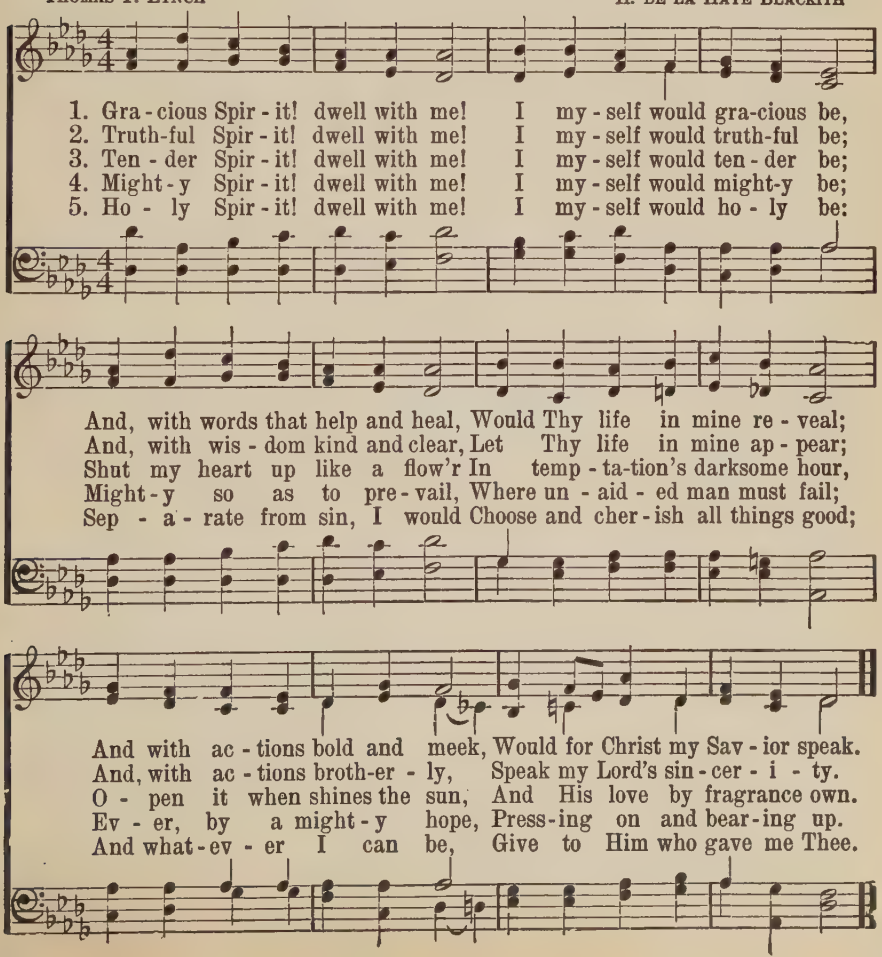

1. O Mas-ter, let me walk with Thee In low - ly paths of serv - ice free;
2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear, winning word of love;
3. Teach me Thy patience! still with Thee In clos - er, dear-er com - pa - ny,
4. In hope that sends a shin - ing ray Far down the fu-ture's broad'ning way,

O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee


Tell me Thy se - cret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.
Teach me the way-ward feet to stay, And guide them in the homeward way.
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that tri-umphs o - ver wrong.
In peace that on - ly Thou canst give, With Thee, O Mas - ter, let me live.

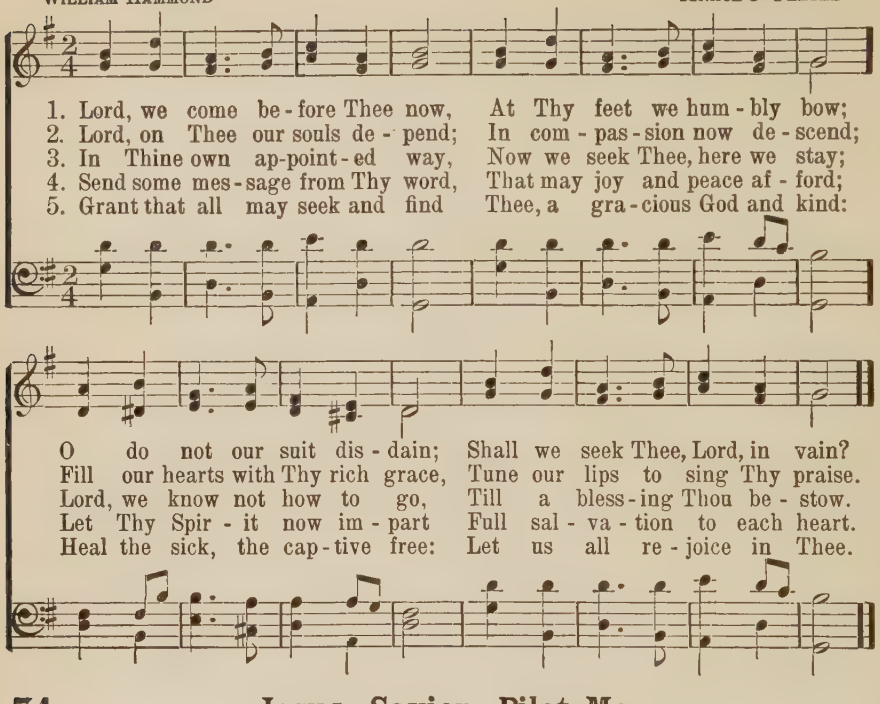
72 Gracious Spirit! Dwell With Me!

THOMAS T. LYNCH H. DE LA HAYE BLACKITH


1. Gra - cious Spir - it! dwell with me! I my - self would gra-cious be,
2. Truth-ful Spir - it! dwell with me! I my - self would truth-ful be;
3. Ten - der Spir - it! dwell with me! I my - self would ten - der be;
4. Might - y Spir - it! dwell with me! I my - self would might-y be;
5. Ho - ly Spir - it! dwell with me! I my - self would ho - ly be:
And, with words that help and heal, Would Thy life in mine re - veal;
And, with wis - dom kind and clear, Let Thy life in mine ap - pear;
Shut my heart up like a flow'r In temp - ta-tion's darksome hour,
Might - y so as to pre - vail, Where un - aid - ed man must fail;
Sep - a - rate from sin, I would Choose and cher - ish all things good;
And with ac - tions bold and meek, Would for Christ my Sav - ior speak.
And, with ac - tions broth-er - ly, Speak my Lord's sin - cer - i - ty.
O - pen it when shines the sun, And His love by fragrance own.
Ev - er, by a might - y hope, Press-ing on and bear-ing up.
And what - ev - er I can be, Give to Him who gave me Thee.

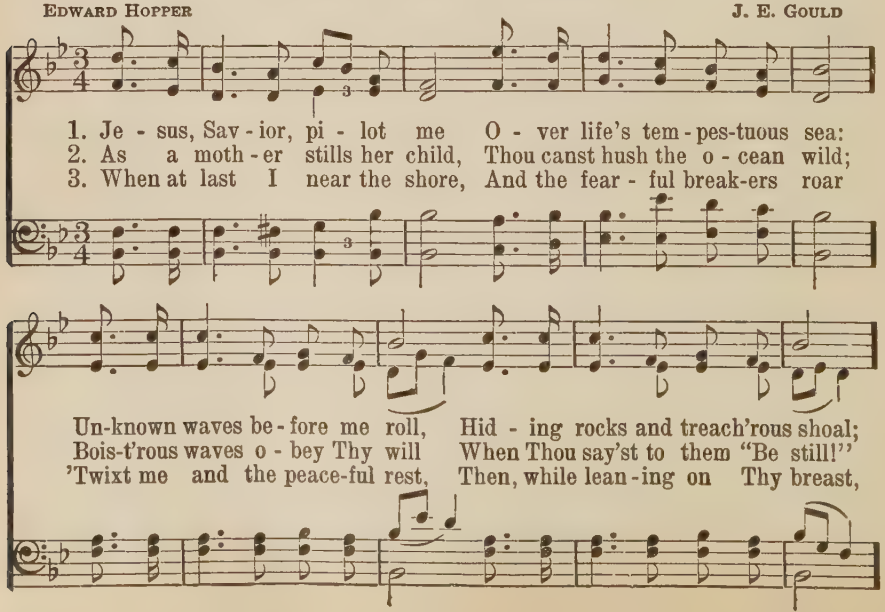
73 Lord, We Come Before Thee Now

WILLIAM HAMMOND — IGNACE J. PLEYEL


1. Lord, we come be - fore Thee now, At Thy feet we hum - bly bow;
2. Lord, on Thee our souls de - pend; In com - pas - sion now de - scend;
3. In Thine own ap-point - ed way, Now we seek Thee, here we stay;
4. Send some mes - sage from Thy word, That may joy and peace af - ford;
5. Grant that all may seek and find Thee, a gra - cious God and kind:
O do not our suit dis - dain; Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.
Lord, we know not how to go, Till a bless - ing Thou be - stow.
Let Thy Spir - it now im - part Full sal - va - tion to each heart.
Heal the sick, the cap - tive free: Let us all re - joice in Thee.

74 Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me

EDWARD HOPPER — J. E. GOULD


1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pes-tuous sea:
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar
Un-known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Bois-t'rous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me

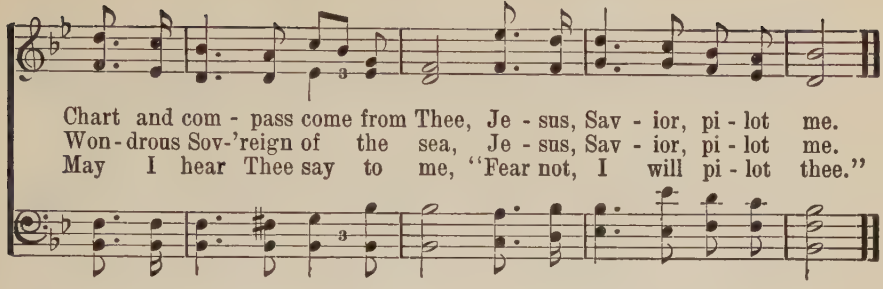


Chart and com - pass come from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
Won - drous Sov-'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

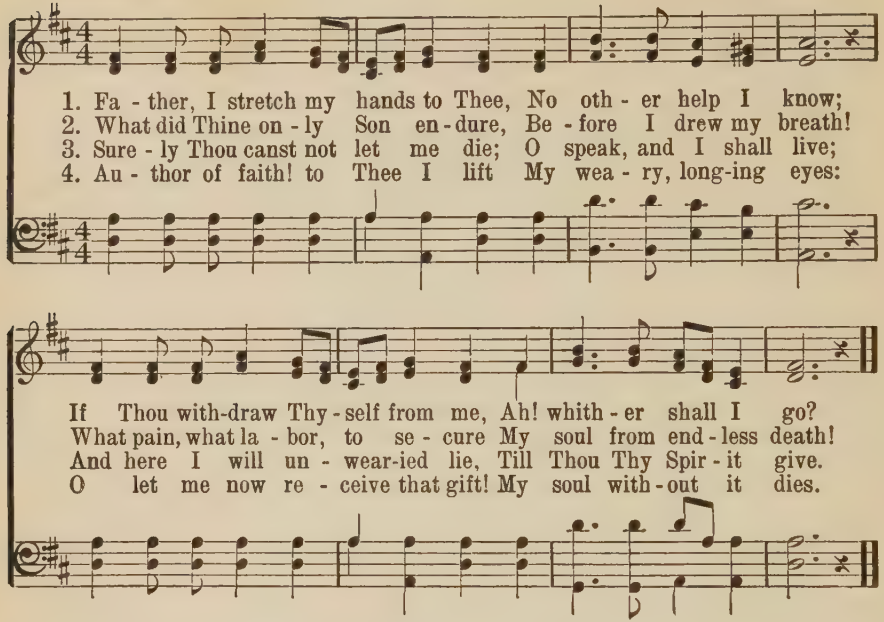
75 For the Beauty of the Earth

FOLLIOTT S. PIERPONT — CONRAD KOCHER

1. For the beau - ty of the earth, For the beau - ty of the skies,
2. For the beau - ty of each hour Of the day and of the night,
3. For the joy of ear and eye; For the heart and mind's de - light;
4. For the joy of hu - man love, Broth-er, sis - ter, par - ent, child,
5. For Thy church that ev - er - more Lift - eth ho - ly hands a - bove,
6. For Thy-self, best Gift Di - vine! To our race so free - ly giv'n;
For the love which from our birth O - ver and a - round us lies,—
Hill and vale, and tree and flow'r, Sun and moon, and stars of light,—
For the mys - tic har - mo - ny Link-ing sense to sound and sight,—
Friends on earth, and friends a - bove; For all gen - tle thot's and mild,—
Of - f'ring up on ev - 'ry shore Its pure sac - ri - fice of love,—
For that great, great love of Thine, Peace on earth, and joy in heav'n,—
1–6. Christ our God, to Thee we raise This our hymn of grate - ful praise.

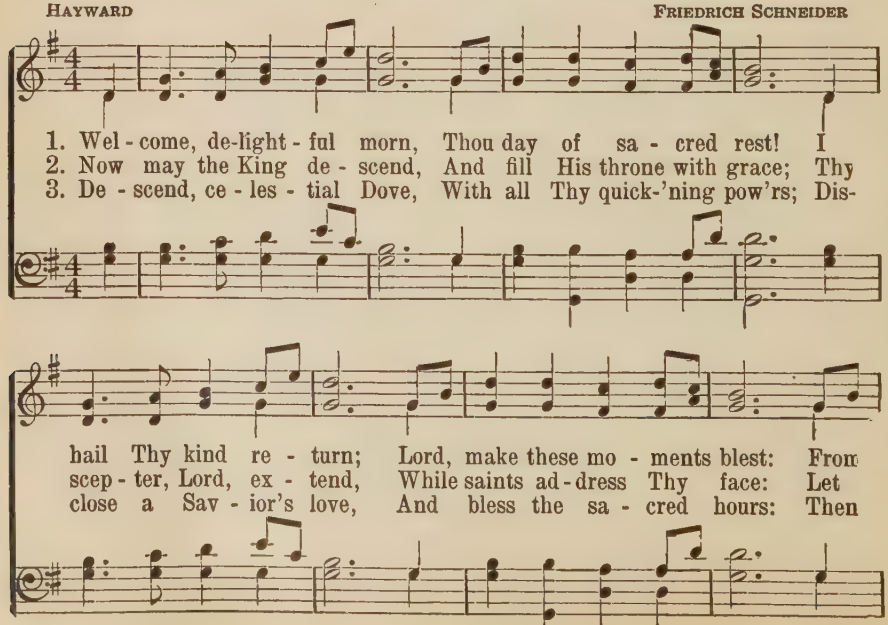
76 Father, I Stretch My Hands to Thee

CHARLES WESLEY — HANS G. NAEGELI


1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee, No oth - er help I know;
2. What did Thine on - ly Son en - dure, Be - fore I drew my breath!
3. Sure - ly Thou canst not let me die; O speak, and I shall live;
4. Au - thor of faith! to Thee I lift My wea - ry, long-ing eyes:
If Thou with-draw Thy - self from me, Ah! whith - er shall I go?
What pain, what la - bor, to se - cure My soul from end - less death!
And here I will un - wear-ied lie, Till Thou Thy Spir - it give.
O let me now re - ceive that gift! My soul with - out it dies.

77 Welcome, Delightful Morn

HAYWARD — FRIEDRICH SCHNEIDER

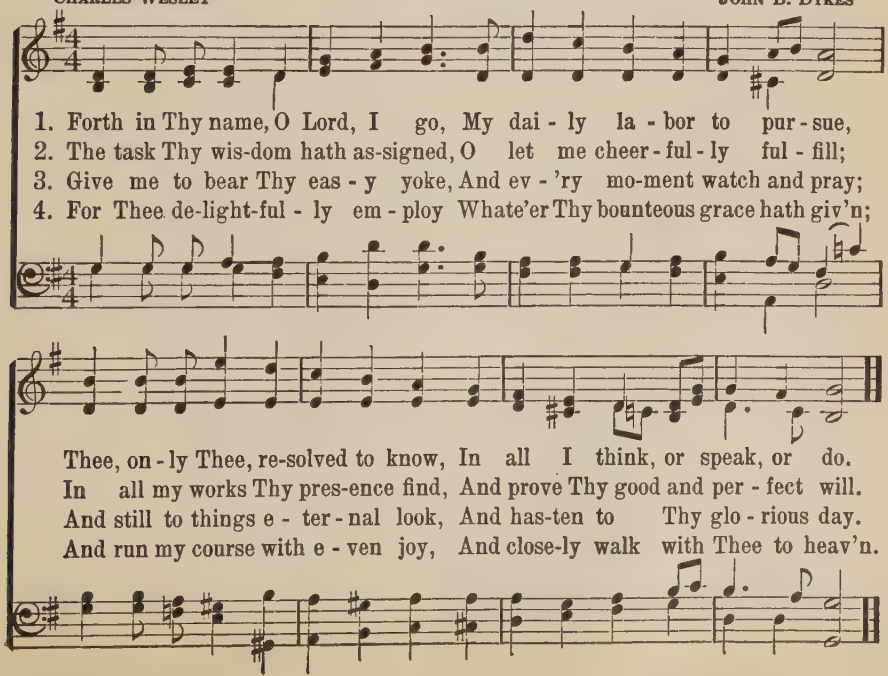

1. Wel - come, de-light - ful morn, Thou day of sa - cred rest! I
2. Now may the King de - scend, And fill His throne with grace; Thy
3. De - scend, ce - les - tial Dove, With all Thy quick-'ning pow'rs; Dis-
hail Thy kind re - turn; Lord, make these mo - ments blest: From
scep - ter, Lord, ex - tend, While saints ad - dress Thy face: Let
close a Sav - ior's love, And bless the sa - cred hours: Then

Welcome, Delightful Morn

the low train of mor - tal toys, I soar to reach im-
sin - ners feel Thy quick-'ning word, And learn to know and
shall my soul new life ob - tain, Nor Sab - baths be en-
mor - tal joys, I soar to reach im - mor - tal ..... joys.
fear the Lord, And learn to know and fear the..... Lord.
joyed in vain, Nor Sab - baths be en - joyed in..... vain.
I soar to reach

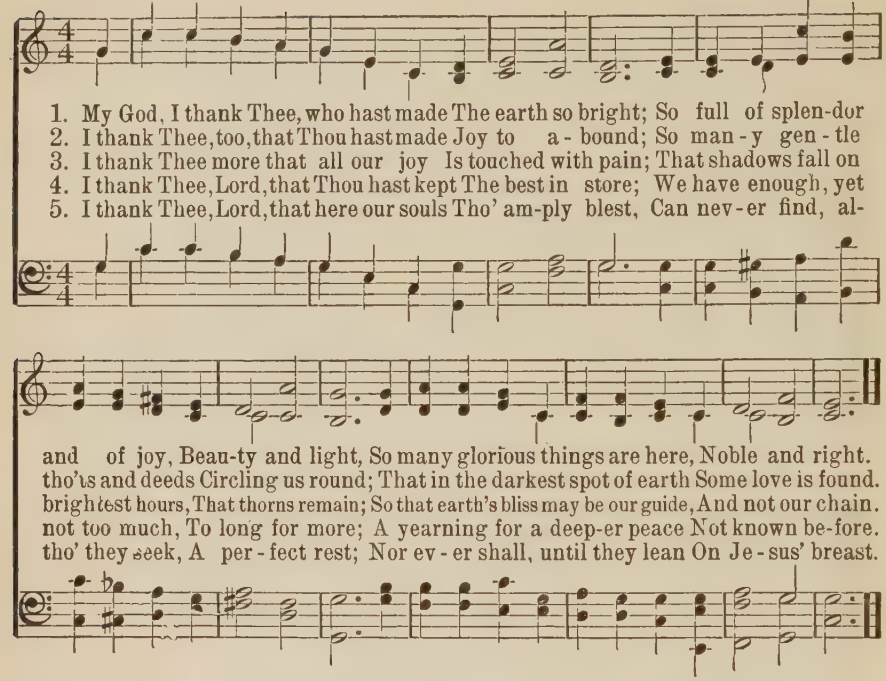
78 Forth in Thy Name

CHARLES WESLEY JOHN B. DYKES


1. Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go, My dai - ly la - bor to pur - sue,
2. The task Thy wis-dom hath as-signed, O let me cheer - ful - ly ful - fill;
3. Give me to bear Thy eas - y yoke, And ev - 'ry mo-ment watch and pray;
4. For Thee de-light-ful - ly em - ploy Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath giv'n;
Thee, on - ly Thee, re-solved to know, In all I think, or speak, or do.
In all my works Thy pres-ence find, And prove Thy good and per - fect will.
And still to things e - ter - nal look, And has-ten to Thy glo - rious day.
And run my course with e - ven joy, And close-ly walk with Thee to heav'n.

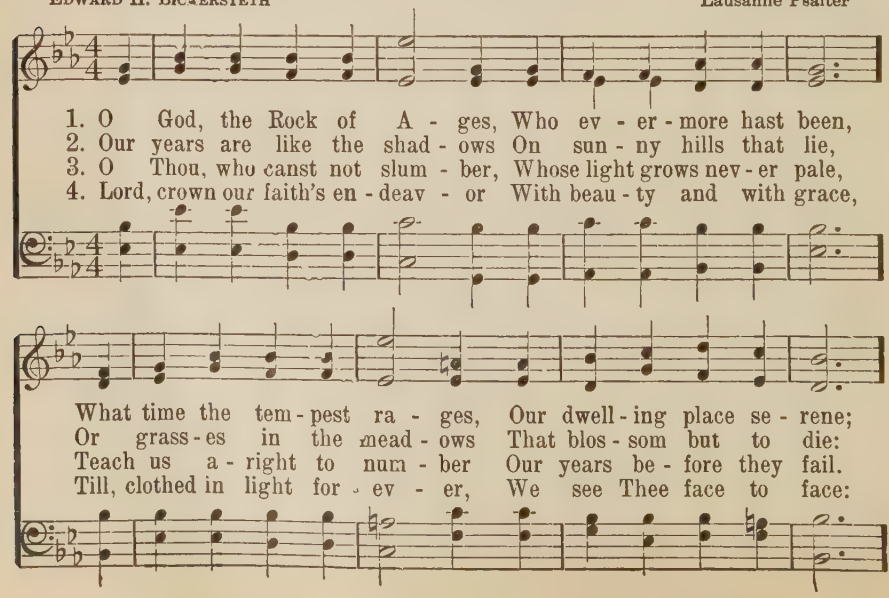
79 My God, I Thank Thee

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER — FREDERICK C. MAKER

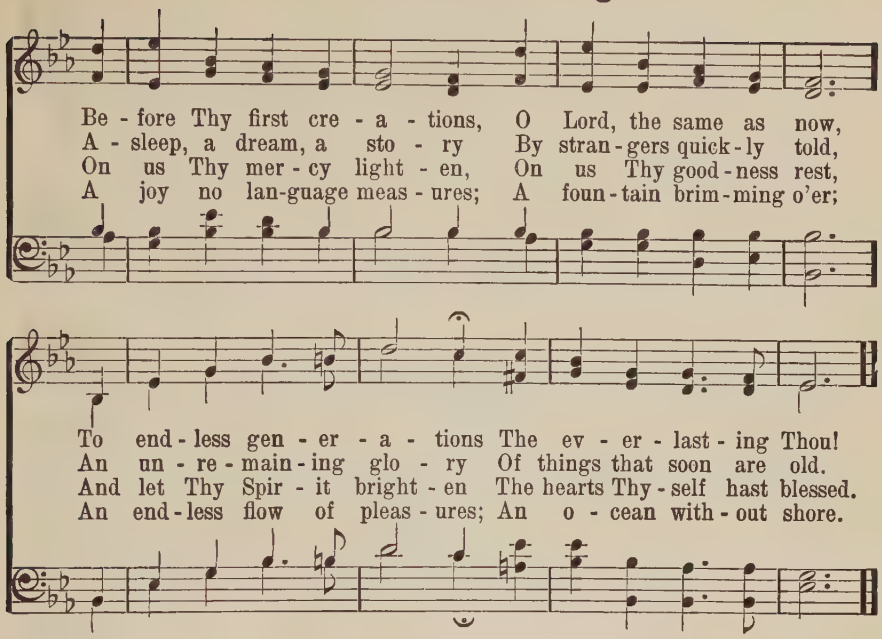

1. My God, I thank Thee, who hast made The earth so bright; So full of splen-dor
2. I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made Joy to a-bound; So man-y gen-tle
3. I thank Thee more that all our joy Is touched with pain; That shadows fall on
4. I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept The best in store; We have enough, yet
5. I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls Tho' am-ply blest, Can nev-er find, al-
and of joy, Beau-ty and light, So many glorious things are here, Noble and right.
tho'ts and deeds Circling us round; That in the darkest spot of earth Some love is found.
brightest hours, That thorns remain; So that earth's bliss may be our guide, And not our chain.
not too much, To long for more; A yearning for a deep-er peace Not known be-fore.
tho' they seek, A per-fect rest; Nor ev-er shall, until they lean On Je-sus' breast.

80 O God, the Rock of Ages

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH — Lausanne Psalter

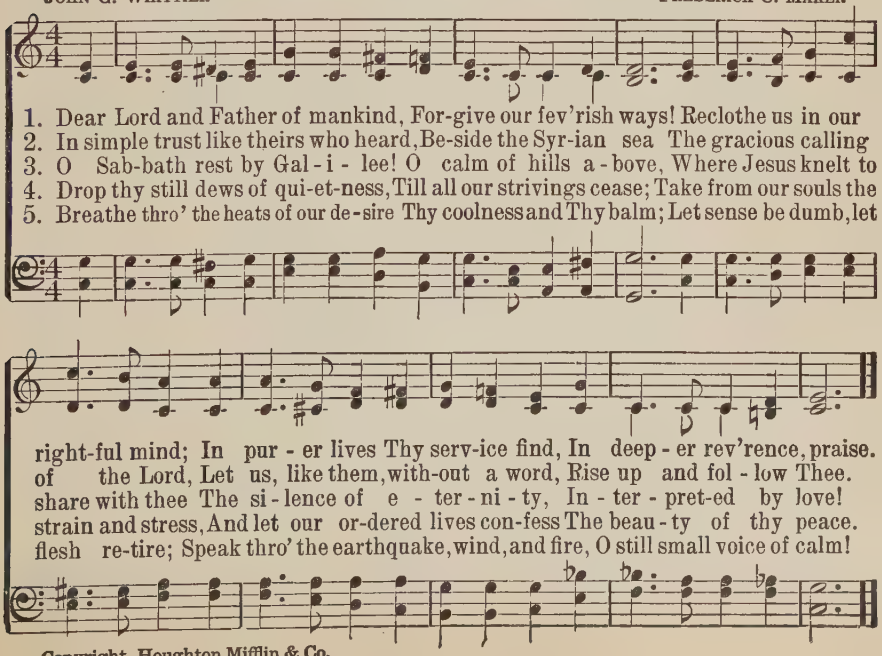

1. O God, the Rock of A-ges, Who ev-er-more hast been,
2. Our years are like the shad-ows On sun-ny hills that lie,
3. O Thou, who canst not slum-ber, Whose light grows nev-er pale,
4. Lord, crown our faith's en-deav-or With beau-ty and with grace,
What time the tem-pest ra-ges, Our dwell-ing place se-rene;
Or grass-es in the mead-ows That blos-som but to die:
Teach us a-right to num-ber Our years be-fore they fail.
Till, clothed in light for ev-er, We see Thee face to face:

O God, the Rock of Ages


Be - fore Thy first cre - a - tions, O Lord, the same as now,
A - sleep, a dream, a sto - ry By stran - gers quick - ly told,
On us Thy mer - cy light - en, On us Thy good - ness rest,
A joy no lan-guage meas - ures; A foun - tain brim - ming o'er;
To end - less gen - er - a - tions The ev - er - last - ing Thou!
An un - re - main - ing glo - ry Of things that soon are old.
And let Thy Spir - it bright - en The hearts Thy - self hast blessed.
An end - less flow of pleas - ures; An o - cean with - out shore.

81 Dear Lord and Father of Mankind

JOHN G. WHITTIER FREDERICK C. MAKER


1. Dear Lord and Father of mankind, For-give our fev'rish ways! Reclothe us in our
2. In simple trust like theirs who heard, Be-side the Syr-ian sea The gracious calling
3. O Sab-bath rest by Gal-i - lee! O calm of hills a - bove, Where Jesus knelt to
4. Drop thy still dews of qui-et-ness, Till all our strivings cease; Take from our souls the
5. Breathe thro' the heats of our de - sire Thy coolness and Thy balm; Let sense be dumb, let
right-ful mind; In pur - er lives Thy serv-ice find, In deep - er rev'rence, praise.
of the Lord, Let us, like them, with-out a word, Rise up and fol - low Thee.
share with thee The si - lence of e - ter - ni - ty, In - ter - pret-ed by love!
strain and stress, And let our or-dered lives con-fess The beau - ty of thy peace.
flesh re-tire; Speak thro' the earthquake, wind, and fire, O still small voice of calm!

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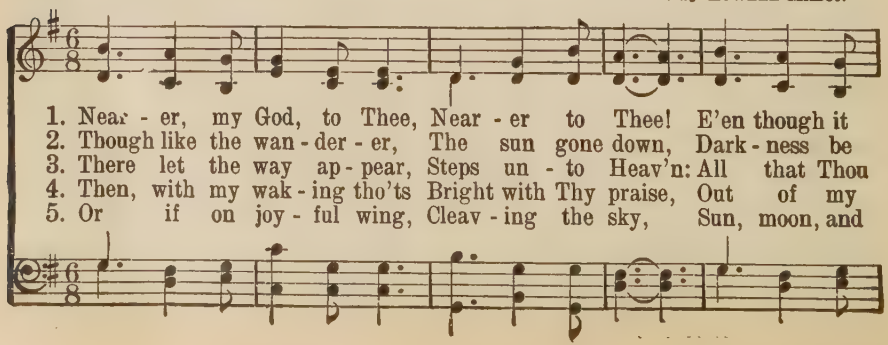
82 Rock of Ages

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY — THOMAS HASTINGS

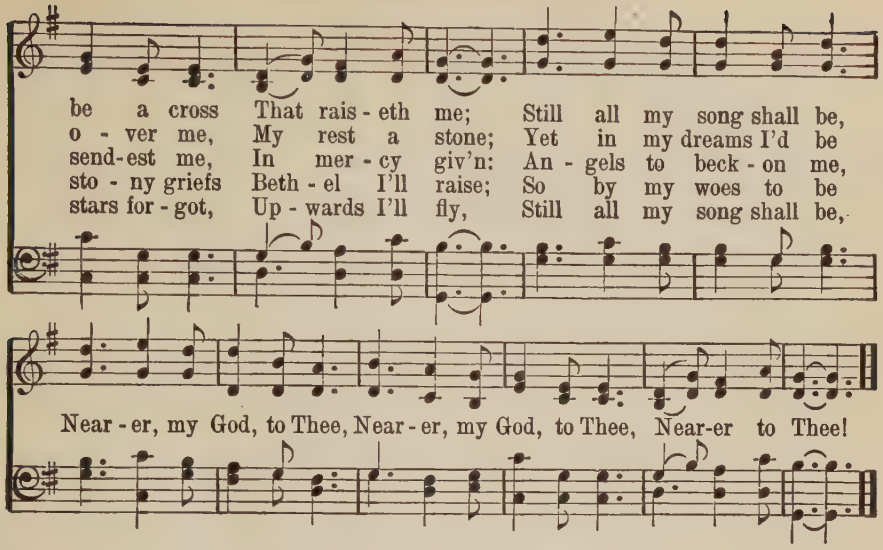
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know,
3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound-ed side which flowed,
These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone:
When I rise to worlds un-known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,
Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

83 Nearer, My God, to Thee

SARAH F. ADAMS — ARR. BY LOWELL MASON

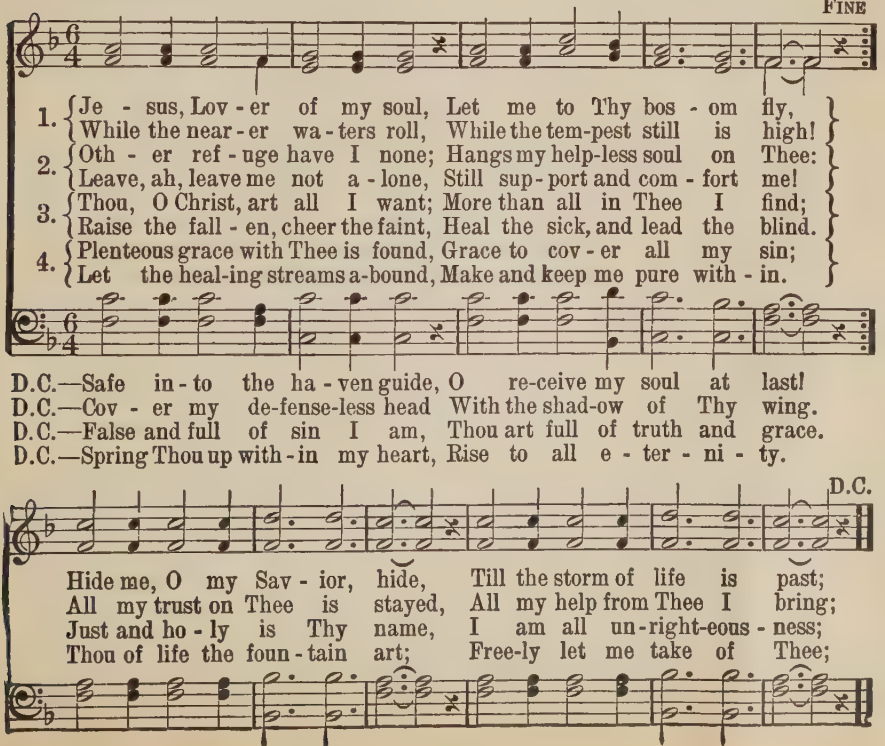

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though it
2. Though like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be
3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to Heav'n: All that Thou
4. Then, with my wak - ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
5. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and

Nearer, My God, to Thee


be a cross That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be,
o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be
send-est me, In mer - cy giv'n: An - gels to beck - on me,
sto - ny griefs Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be
stars for - got, Up - wards I'll fly, Still all my song shall be,
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!

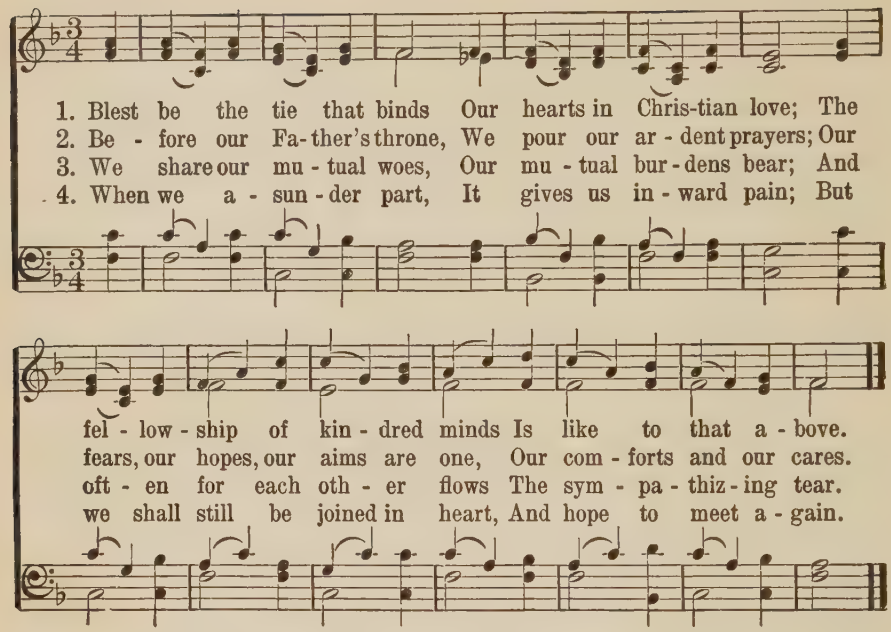
84 Jesus, Lover of My Soul

CHARLES WESLEY — S. B. MARSH


FINE
1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high!
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on Thee:
Leave, ah, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me!
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;
Let the heal-ing streams a-bound, Make and keep me pure with - in.
D.C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!
D.C.—Cov - er my de-fense-less head With the shad-ow of Thy wing.
D.C.—False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
D.C.—Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.
D.C.
Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right-eous - ness;
Thou of life the foun - tain art; Free-ly let me take of Thee;

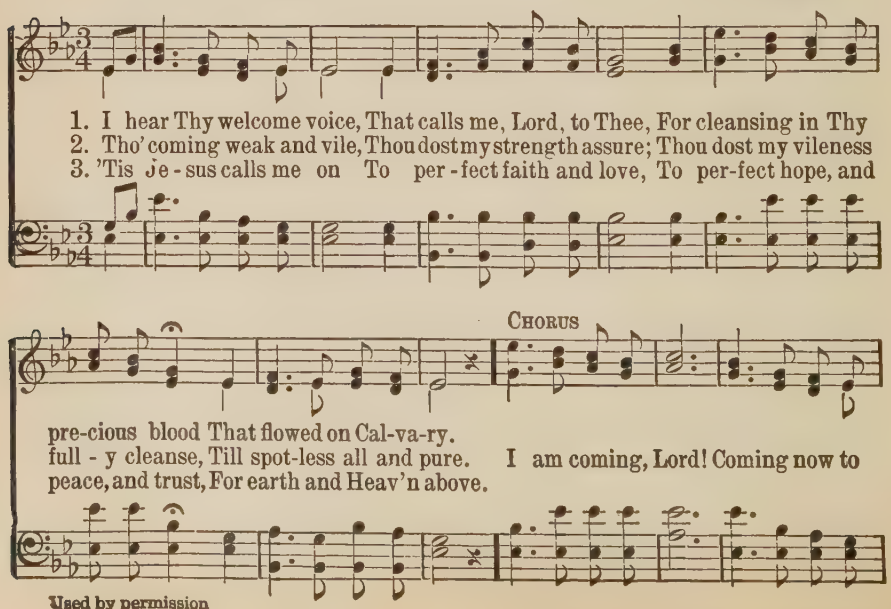
85 Blest Be the Tie

JOHN FAWCETT — HANS G. NAEGELI


1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love; The
2. Be - fore our Fa-ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent prayers; Our
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear; And
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain; But
fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

86 I Am Coming, Lord

L. H. — L. HARTSOUGH


1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy
2. Tho' coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vileness
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per - fect faith and love, To per - fect hope, and
CHORUS
pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry.
full - y cleanse, Till spot-less all and pure. I am coming, Lord! Coming now to
peace, and trust, For earth and Heav'n above.

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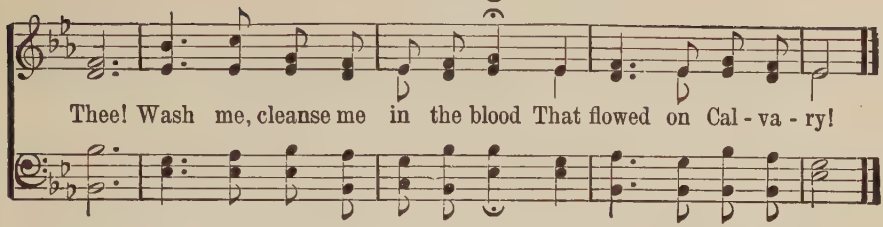
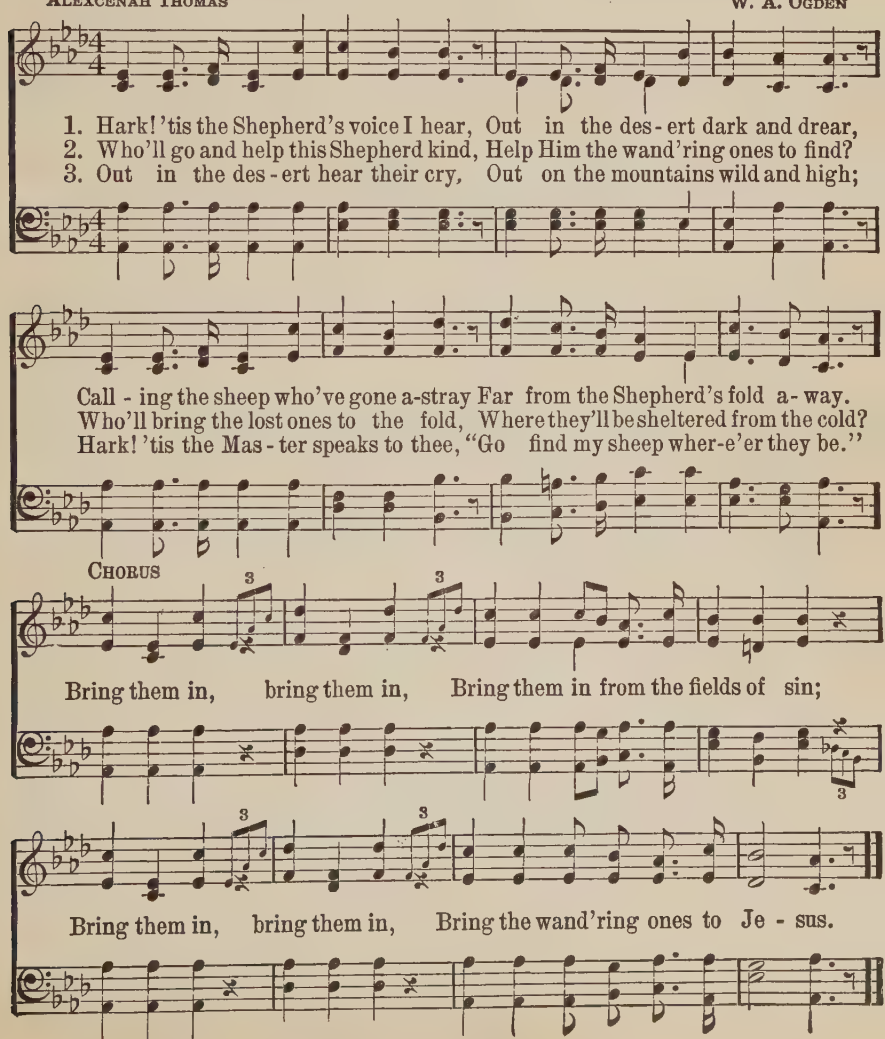
I Am Coming, Lord



87 Bring Them In

ALEXCENAH THOMAS W. A. OGDEN


1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des - ert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help Him the wand'ring ones to find?
3. Out in the des - ert hear their cry, Out on the mountains wild and high;
Call - ing the sheep who've gone a-stray Far from the Shepherd's fold a - way.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?
Hark! 'tis the Mas - ter speaks to thee, "Go find my sheep wher-e'er they be."
CHORUS
Bring them in, bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;
Bring them in, bring them in, Bring the wand'ring ones to Je - sus.

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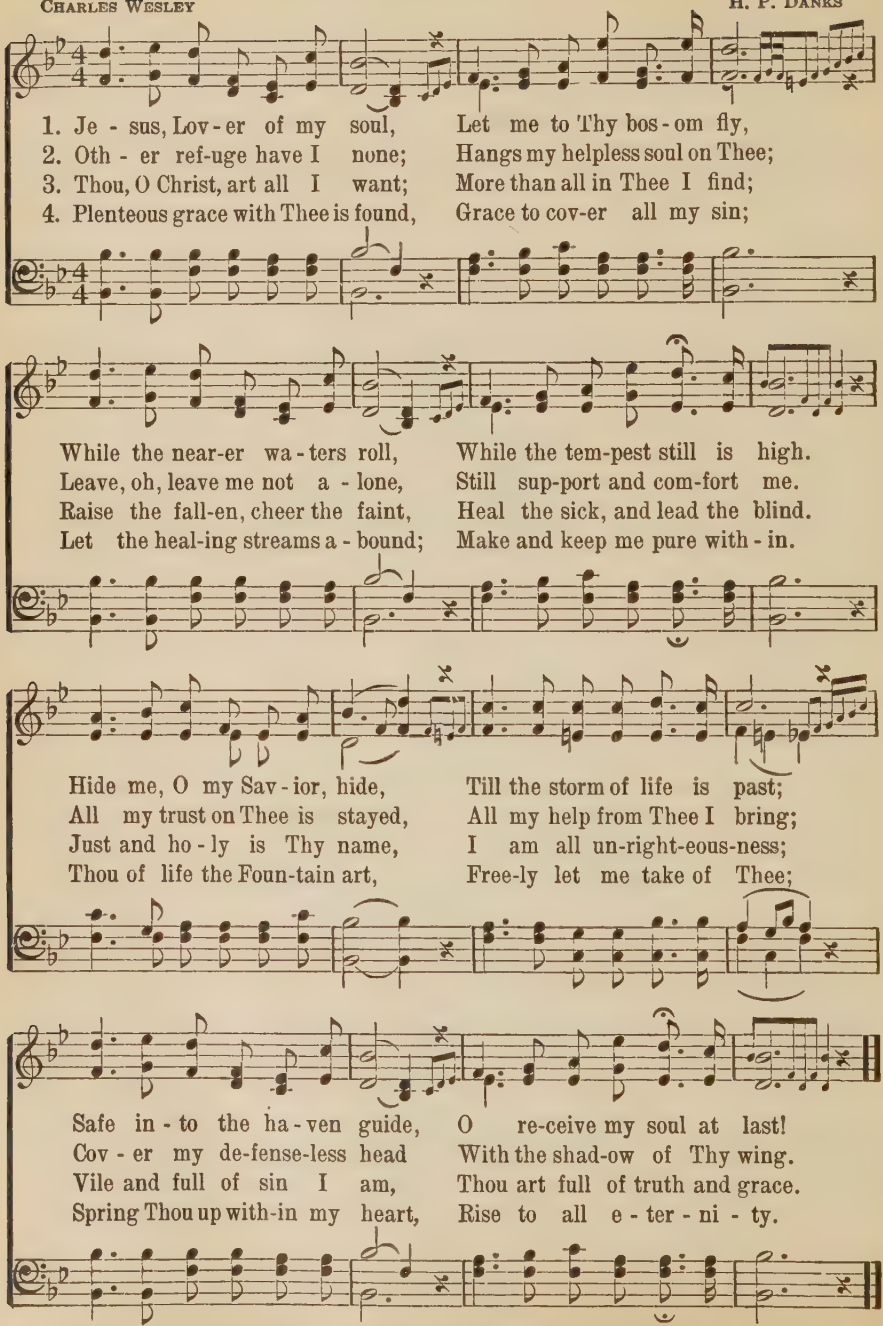
Jesus, Lover of My Soul

CHARLES WESLEY H. P. DANKS


1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
2. Oth - er ref-uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov-er all my sin;
While the near-er wa - ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high.
Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port and com-fort me.
Raise the fall-en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Let the heal-ing streams a - bound; Make and keep me pure with - in.
Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un-right-eous-ness;
Thou of life the Foun-tain art, Free-ly let me take of Thee;
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!
Cov - er my de-fense-less head With the shad-ow of Thy wing.
Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up with-in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

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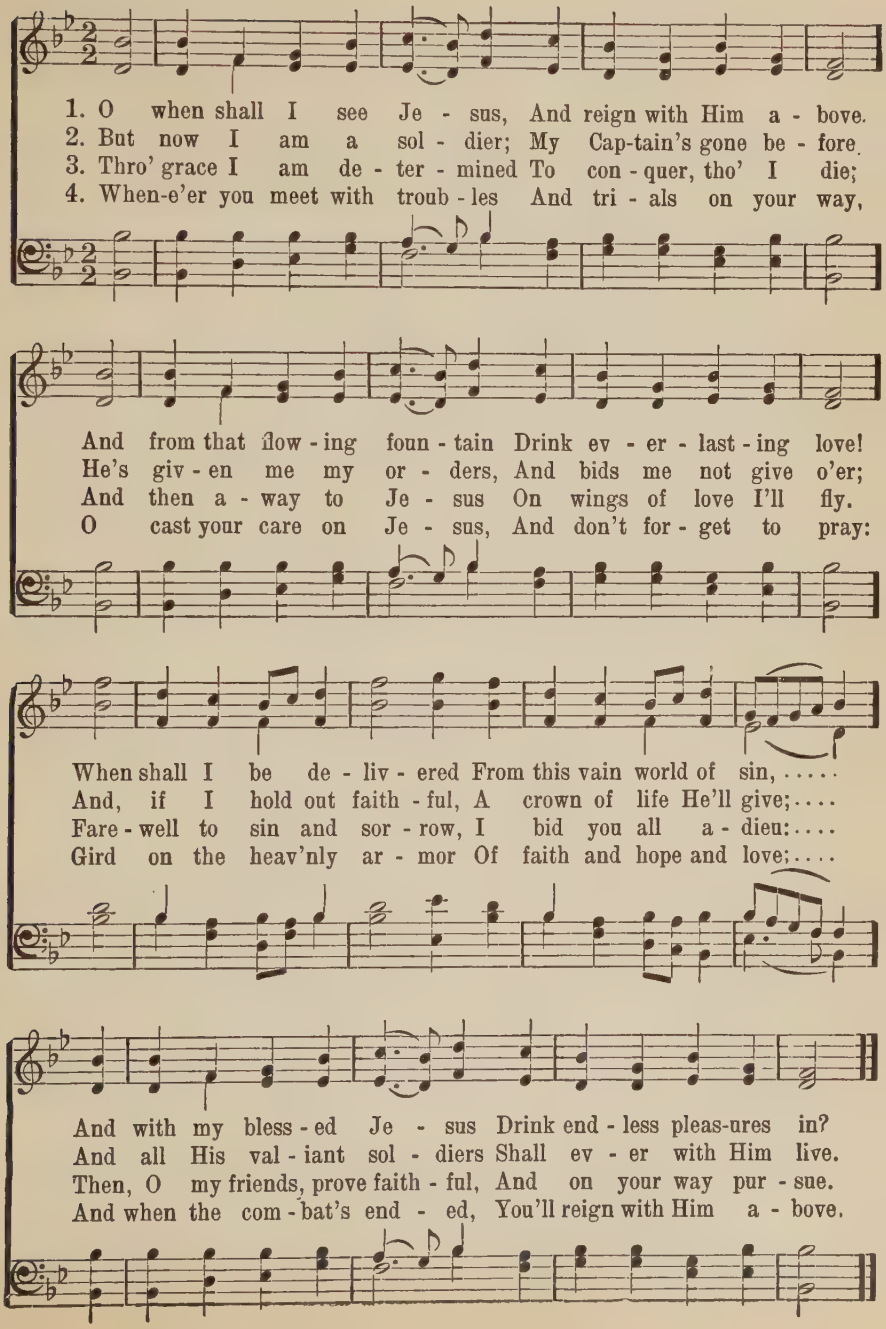
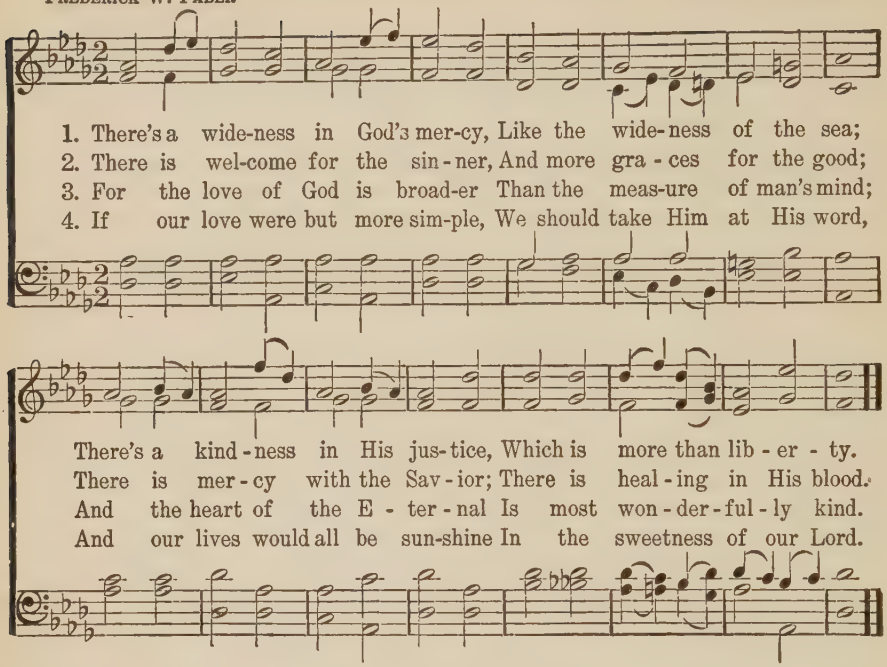
O When Shall I See Jesus

JOHN LELAND — WILLIAM WALKER. Alt.


1. O when shall I see Je - sus, And reign with Him a - bove.
2. But now I am a sol - dier; My Cap-tain's gone be - fore.
3. Thro' grace I am de - ter - mined To con - quer, tho' I die;
4. When-e'er you meet with troub - les And tri - als on your way,
And from that flow - ing foun - tain Drink ev - er - last - ing love!
He's giv - en me my or - ders, And bids me not give o'er;
And then a - way to Je - sus On wings of love I'll fly.
O cast your care on Je - sus, And don't for - get to pray:
When shall I be de - liv - ered From this vain world of sin, ...
And, if I hold out faith - ful, A crown of life He'll give; . . . .
Fare - well to sin and sor - row, I bid you all a - dieu: . . . .
Gird on the heav'nly ar - mor Of faith and hope and love; . . . .
And with my bless - ed Je - sus Drink end - less pleas-ures in?
And all His val - iant sol - diers Shall ev - er with Him live.
Then, O my friends, prove faith - ful, And on your way pur - sue.
And when the com - bat's end - ed, You'll reign with Him a - bove.

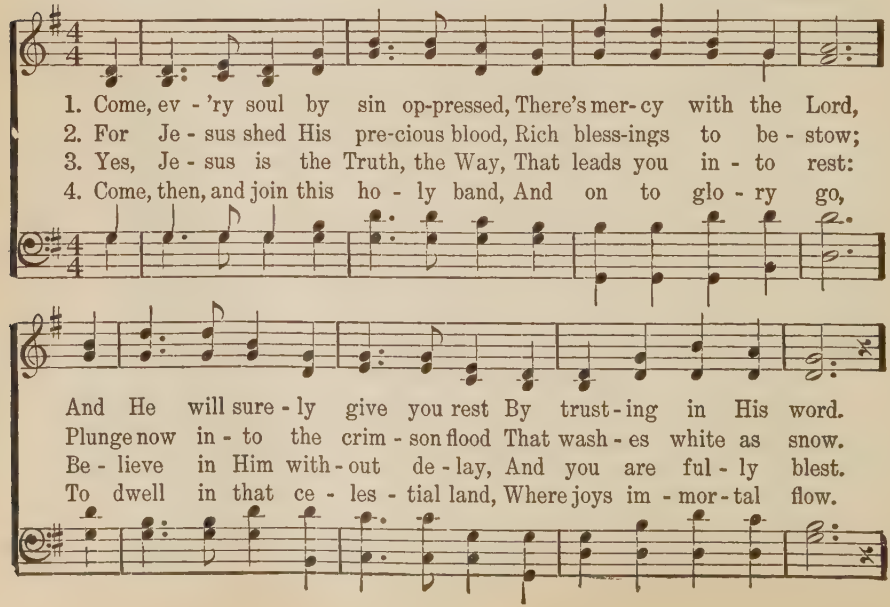
90 There's a Wideness

FREDERICK W. FABER — LIZZIE S. TOURJÉE

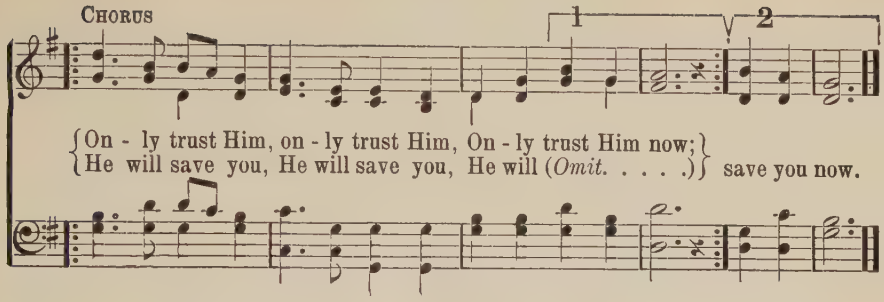

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;
2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more gra-ces for the good;
3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take Him at His word,
There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib-er-ty.
There is mer-cy with the Sav-ior; There is heal-ing in His blood.
And the heart of the E-ter-nal Is most won-der-ful-ly kind.
And our lives would all be sun-shine In the sweetness of our Lord.

91 Only Trust Him

J. H. S. — J. H. STOCKTON

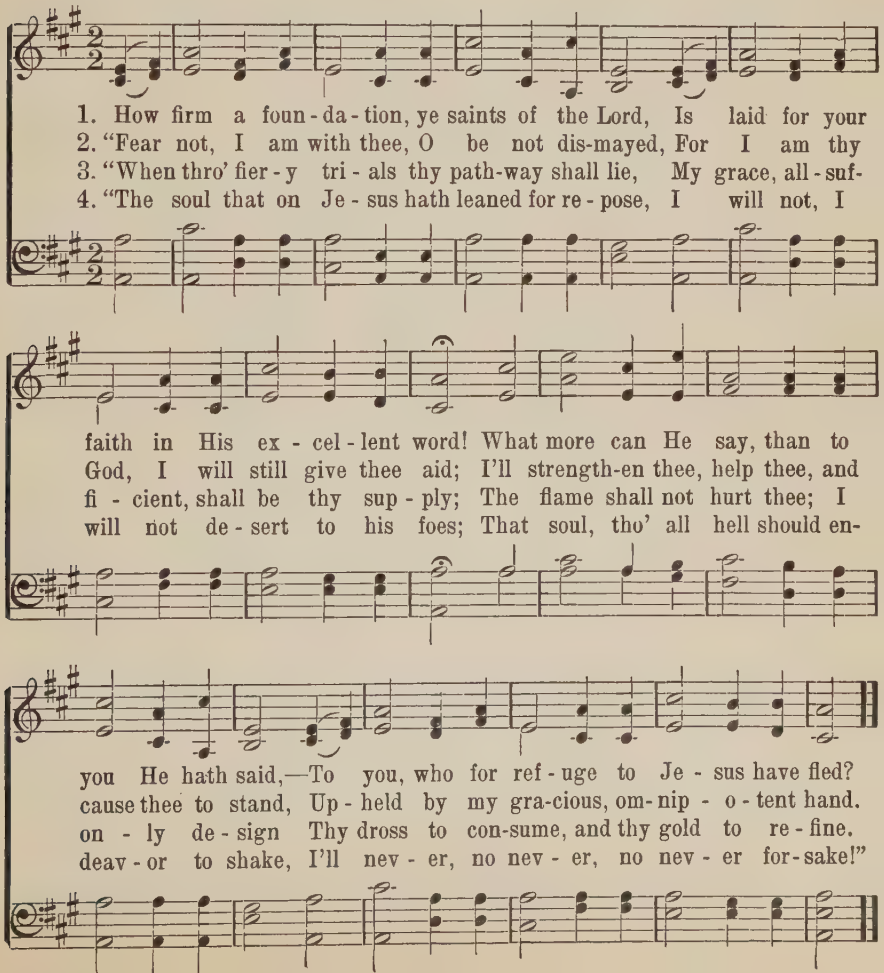

1. Come, ev-'ry soul by sin op-pressed, There's mer-cy with the Lord,
2. For Je-sus shed His pre-cious blood, Rich bless-ings to be-stow;
3. Yes, Je-sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest:
4. Come, then, and join this ho-ly band, And on to glo-ry go,
And He will sure-ly give you rest By trust-ing in His word.
Plunge now in-to the crim-son flood That wash-es white as snow.
Be-lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And you are ful-ly blest.
To dwell in that ce-les-tial land, Where joys im-mor-tal flow.

Only Trust Him



92 How Firm a Foundation

George Keith — Anne Steele


1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy
3. "When thro' fier - y tri - als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all - suf-
4. "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose, I will not, I
faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He say, than to
God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strength-en thee, help thee, and
fi - cient, shall be thy sup - ply; The flame shall not hurt thee; I
will not de - sert to his foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en-
you He hath said,—To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?
cause thee to stand, Up - held by my gra-cious, om-nip - o - tent hand.
on - ly de - sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re - fine.
deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for-sake!"

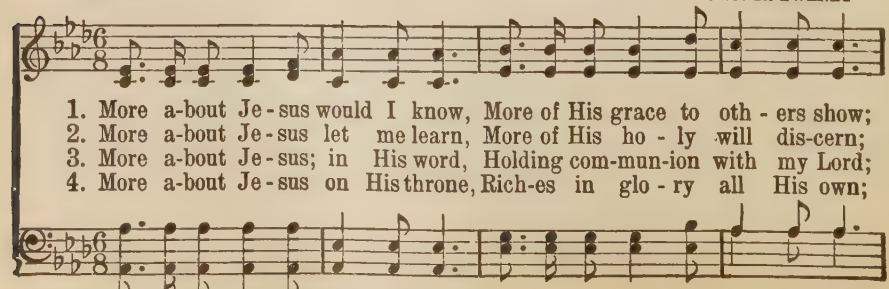
93 Abide With Me

H. F. Lyte — W. H. Monk

1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour: What but Thy
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the
deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers fail, and
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a-
grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who like Thy - self my guide and
gloom, and point me to the skies: Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain
com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me!
round I see: O Thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me!
stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun - shine, O a - bide with me!
shad - ows flee— In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

94 More About Jesus

E. E. Hewitt — Jno. R. Sweney


1. More a-bout Je - sus would I know, More of His grace to oth - ers show;
2. More a-bout Je - sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis-cern;
3. More a-bout Je - sus; in His word, Holding com-mun-ion with my Lord;
4. More a-bout Je - sus on His throne, Rich-es in glo - ry all His own;

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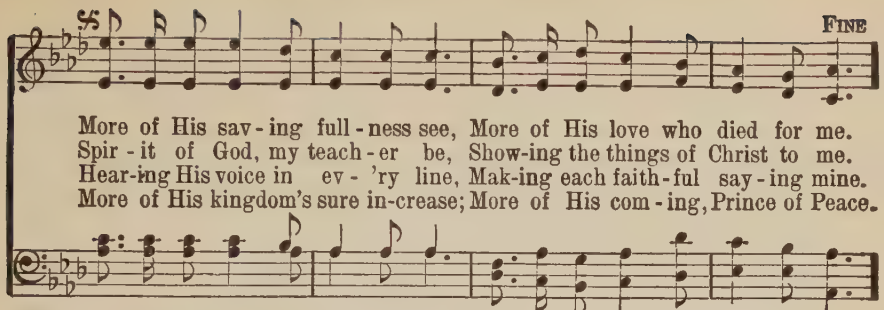
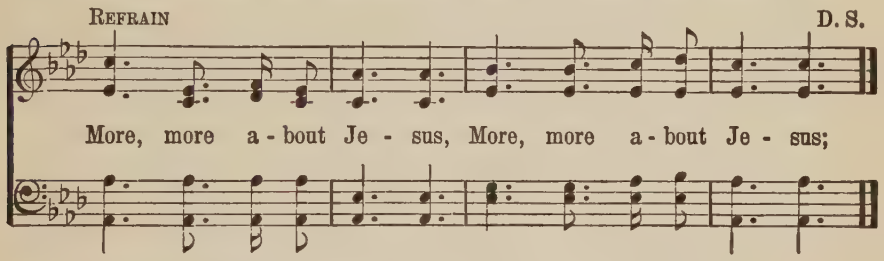
More About Jesus

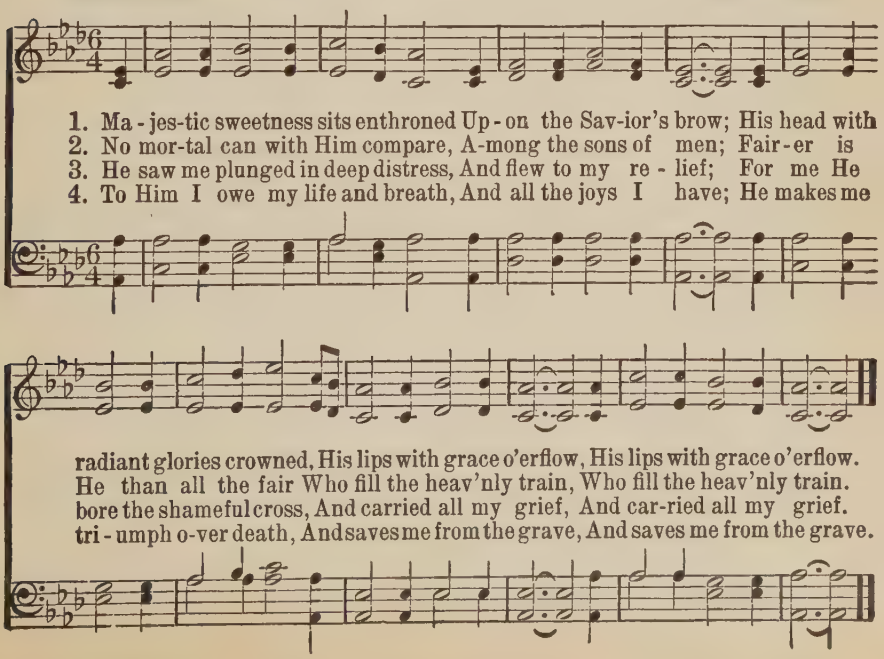

FINE
More of His sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spir - it of God, my teach - er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.
Hear-ing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak-ing each faith-ful say - ing mine.
More of His kingdom's sure in-crease; More of His com - ing, Prince of Peace.

D.S.—*More of His sav - ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.*



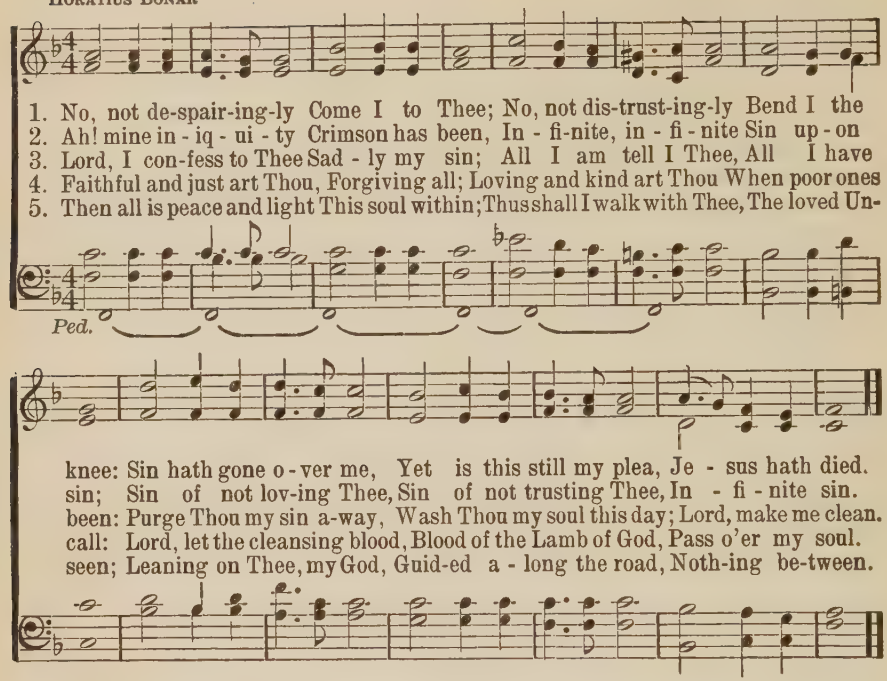
95 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned

SAMUEL STENNETT THOMAS HASTINGS


1. Ma - jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Up - on the Sav-ior's brow; His head with
2. No mor-tal can with Him compare, A-mong the sons of men; Fair-er is
3. He saw me plunged in deep distress, And flew to my re - lief; For me He
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me
radiant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.
He than all the fair Who fill the heav'nly train, Who fill the heav'nly train.
bore the shameful cross, And carried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.
tri - umph o-ver death, And saves me from the grave, And saves me from the grave.

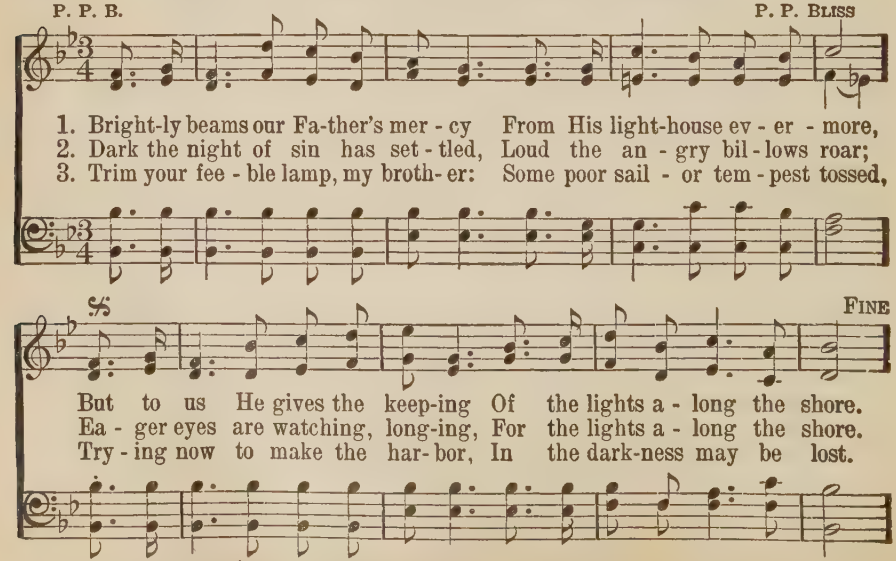
96 No, Not Despairingly

HORATIUS BONAR — Miss A. B. SPRATT


1. No, not de-spair-ing-ly Come I to Thee; No, not dis-trust-ing-ly Bend I the
2. Ah! mine in-iq-ui-ty Crimson has been, In-fi-nite, in-fi-nite Sin up-on
3. Lord, I con-fess to Thee Sad-ly my sin; All I am tell I Thee, All I have
4. Faithful and just art Thou, Forgiving all; Loving and kind art Thou When poor ones
5. Then all is peace and light This soul within; Thus shall I walk with Thee, The loved Un-
Ped.
knee: Sin hath gone o-ver me, Yet is this still my plea, Je-sus hath died.
sin; Sin of not lov-ing Thee, Sin of not trusting Thee, In-fi-nite sin.
been: Purge Thou my sin a-way, Wash Thou my soul this day; Lord, make me clean.
call: Lord, let the cleansing blood, Blood of the Lamb of God, Pass o'er my soul.
seen; Leaning on Thee, my God, Guid-ed a-long the road, Noth-ing be-tween.

97 Let the Lower Lights Be Burning

P. P. B. — P. P. BLISS


1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His light-house ev-er-more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an-gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee-ble lamp, my broth-er: Some poor sail-or tem-pest tossed,
𝄋
FINE
But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a-long the shore.
Ea-ger eyes are watching, long-ing, For the lights a-long the shore.
Try-ing now to make the har-bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.

D.S.–*Some poor faint-ing, struggling sea-man You may res-cue, you may save.*

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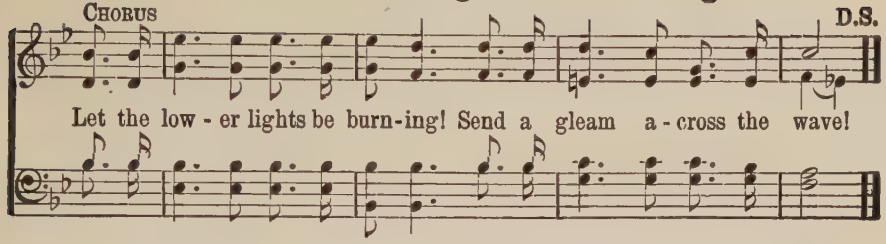
Let the Lower Lights Be Burning



98 Wonderful Words of Life

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won-der-ful words of Life;
2. Christ, the bless-ed One, gives to all, Won-der-ful words of Life;
3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won-der-ful words of Life;
Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won-der-ful words of Life.
Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won-der-ful words of Life.
Of - fer par-don and peace to all, Won-der-ful words of Life.
Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty:
All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to Heav - en:
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er:
REFRAIN
1
2
Beau - ti - ful words, won-der-ful words, Won-der-ful words of Life. Life.

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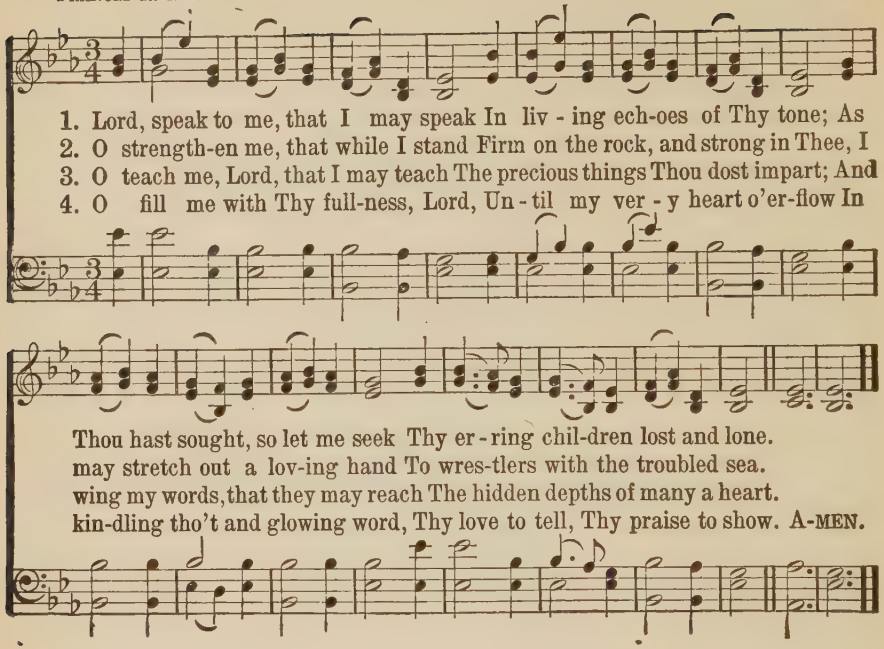
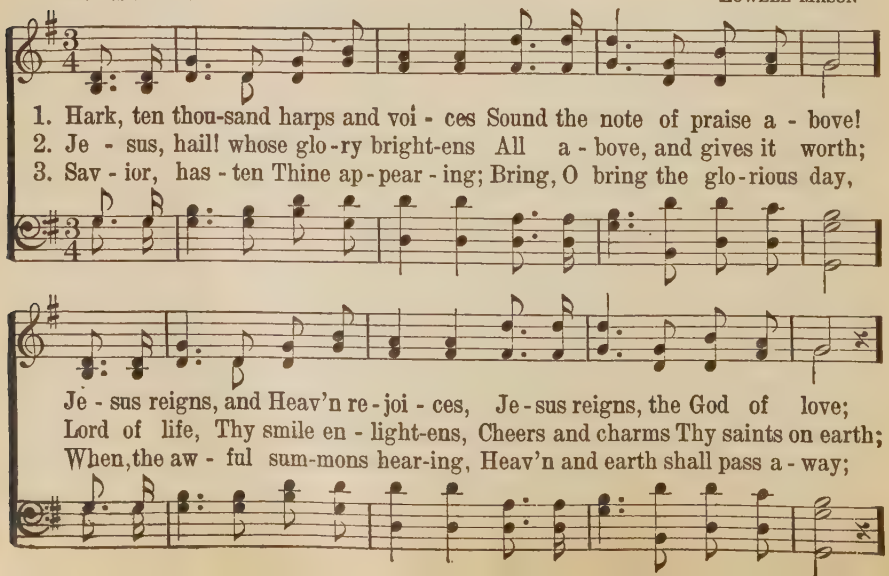
99 Lord, Speak to Me

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL — A. BOST

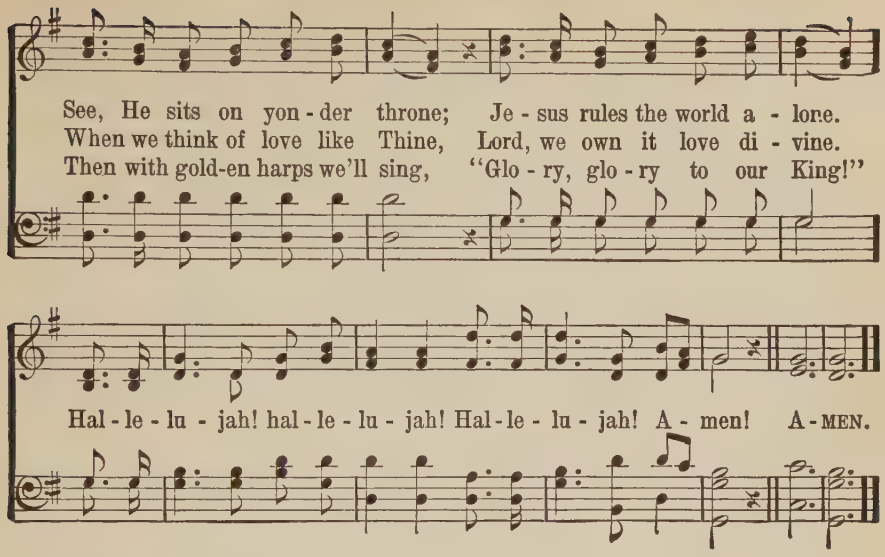

1. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In liv - ing ech-oes of Thy tone; As
2. O strength-en me, that while I stand Firm on the rock, and strong in Thee, I
3. O teach me, Lord, that I may teach The precious things Thou dost impart; And
4. O fill me with Thy full-ness, Lord, Un - til my ver - y heart o'er-flow In
Thou hast sought, so let me seek Thy er - ring chil-dren lost and lone.
may stretch out a lov-ing hand To wres-tlers with the troubled sea.
wing my words, that they may reach The hidden depths of many a heart.
kin-dling tho't and glowing word, Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show. A-MEN.

100 Hark, Ten Thousand Harps

THOMAS KELLY — LOWELL MASON

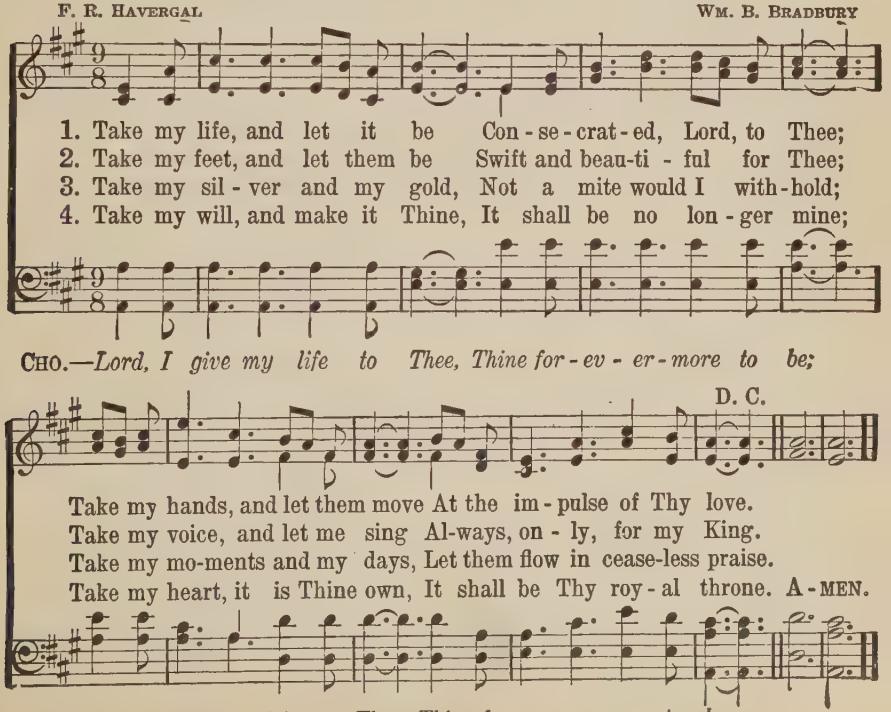

1. Hark, ten thou-sand harps and voi - ces Sound the note of praise a - bove!
2. Je - sus, hail! whose glo-ry bright-ens All a - bove, and gives it worth;
3. Sav - ior, has - ten Thine ap - pear - ing; Bring, O bring the glo-rious day,
Je - sus reigns, and Heav'n re - joi - ces, Je - sus reigns, the God of love;
Lord of life, Thy smile en - light-ens, Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth;
When, the aw - ful sum-mons hear-ing, Heav'n and earth shall pass a - way;

Hark, Ten Thousand Harps


See, He sits on yon - der throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
When we think of love like Thine, Lord, we own it love di - vine.
Then with gold-en harps we'll sing, "Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!"
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! A - MEN.

101 Take My Life, and Let It Be

F. R. HAVERGAL — WM. B. BRADBURY


1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti - ful for Thee;
3. Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold;
4. Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no lon - ger mine;
CHO.—Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for - ev - er - more to be;
D. C.
Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love.
Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways, on - ly, for my King.
Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in cease-less praise.
Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy - al throne. A - MEN.
Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for-ev - er-more to be.

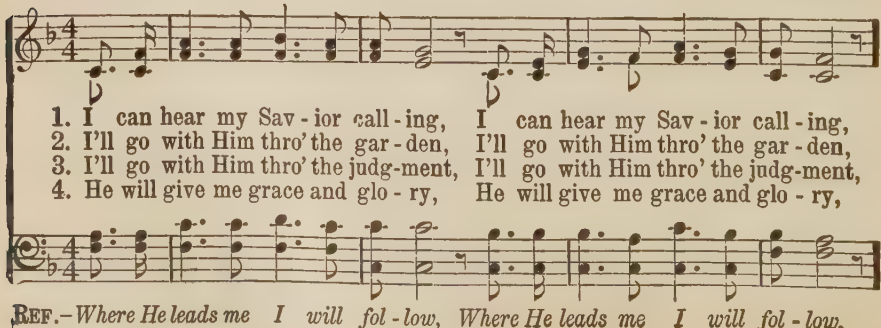
102 Jesus Paid It All

Mrs. H. M. Hall — John T. Grape

1. I hear the Sav - ior say, "Thy strength in-deed is small, Child of
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a - lone, Can
3. For noth - ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim— I'll
4. And when, be - fore the throne, I stand in Him com-plete, "Je - sus
Chorus
weakness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all."
change the lep-er's spots, And melt the heart of stone. Je - sus paid it all,
wash my garments white In the blood of Cal-v'ry's Lamb.
died my soul to save," My lips shall still re - peat.
All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

103 Where He Leads Me

E. W. Blandly — J. S. Norris


1. I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,
Ref.—Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,

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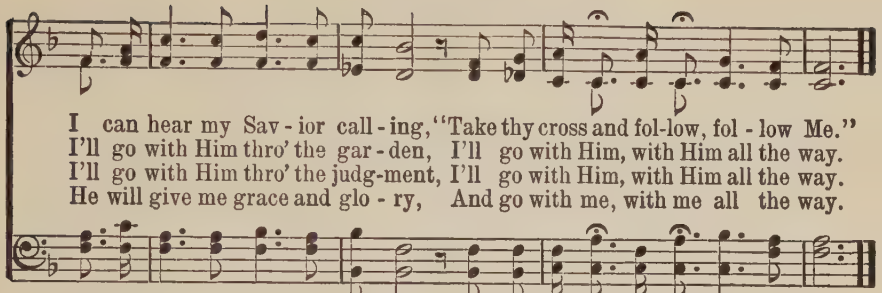
Where He Leads Me

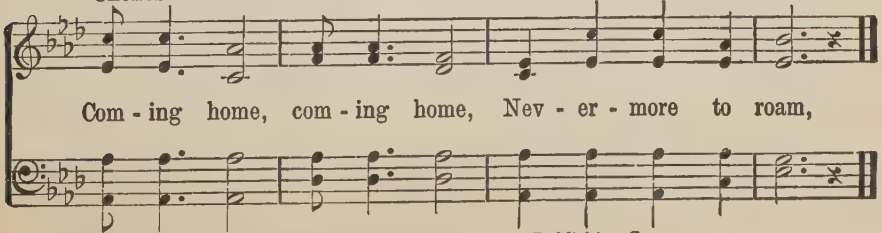

I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol - low Me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.
Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

104 Lord, I'm Coming Home

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick

1. I've wan-dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com - ing home;
2. I've wast - ed man - y pre - cious years, Now I'm com - ing home;
3. I've tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm com - ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com - ing home;
Fine
The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com - ing home.
I now re - pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com - ing home.
I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com - ing home.
My strength re-new, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm com - ing home.
D. S.—O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com - ing home.

Chorus D. S.



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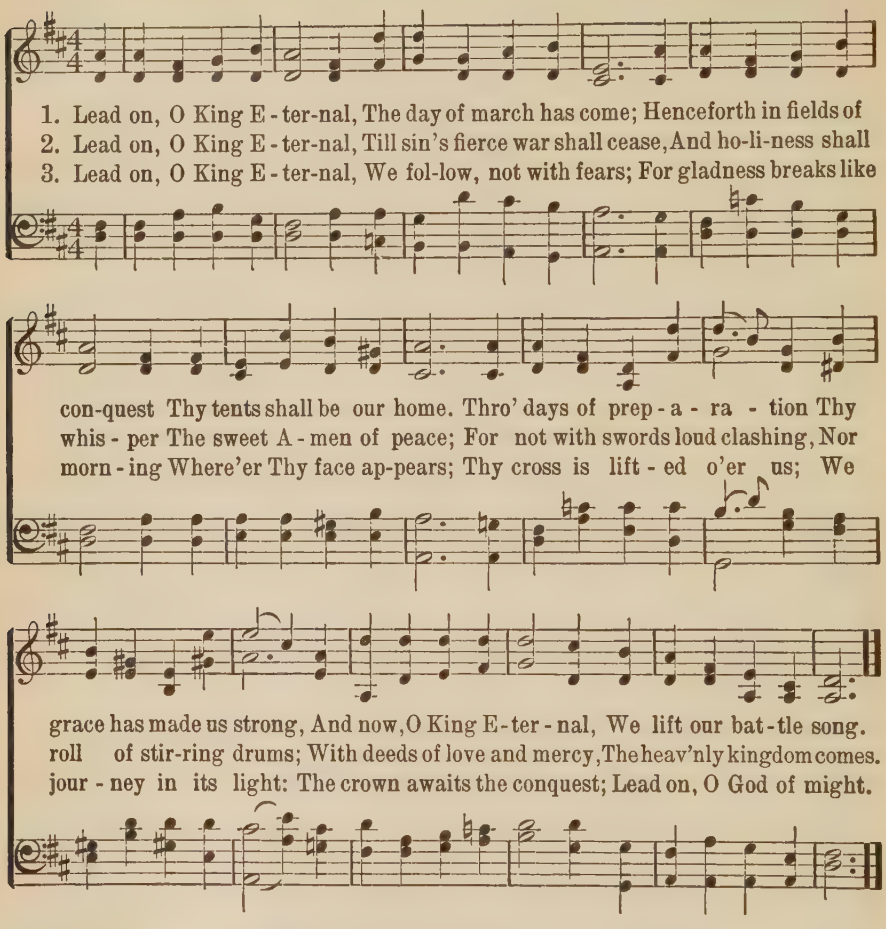
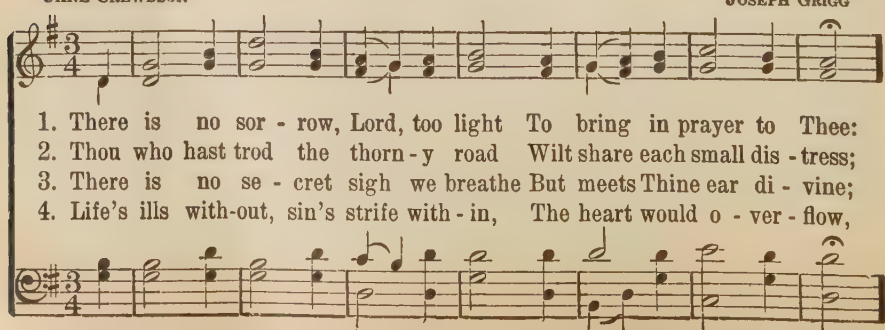
105 Lead On, O King Eternal

ERNEST W. SHURTLEFF — HENRY SMART

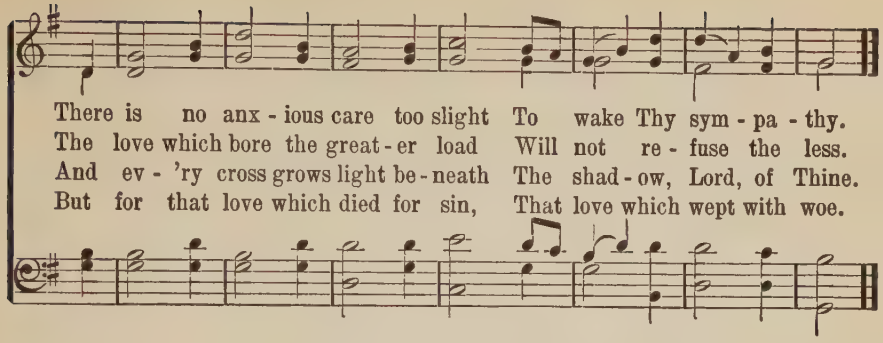

1. Lead on, O King E - ter-nal, The day of march has come; Henceforth in fields of
2. Lead on, O King E - ter-nal, Till sin's fierce war shall cease, And ho-li-ness shall
3. Lead on, O King E - ter-nal, We fol-low, not with fears; For gladness breaks like
con-quest Thy tents shall be our home. Thro' days of prep - a - ra - tion Thy
whis - per The sweet A - men of peace; For not with swords loud clashing, Nor
morn - ing Where'er Thy face ap-pears; Thy cross is lift - ed o'er us; We
grace has made us strong, And now, O King E - ter - nal, We lift our bat - tle song.
roll of stir-ring drums; With deeds of love and mercy, The heav'nly kingdom comes.
jour - ney in its light: The crown awaits the conquest; Lead on, O God of might.

106 There is No Sorrow

JANE CREWDSON — JOSEPH GRIGG

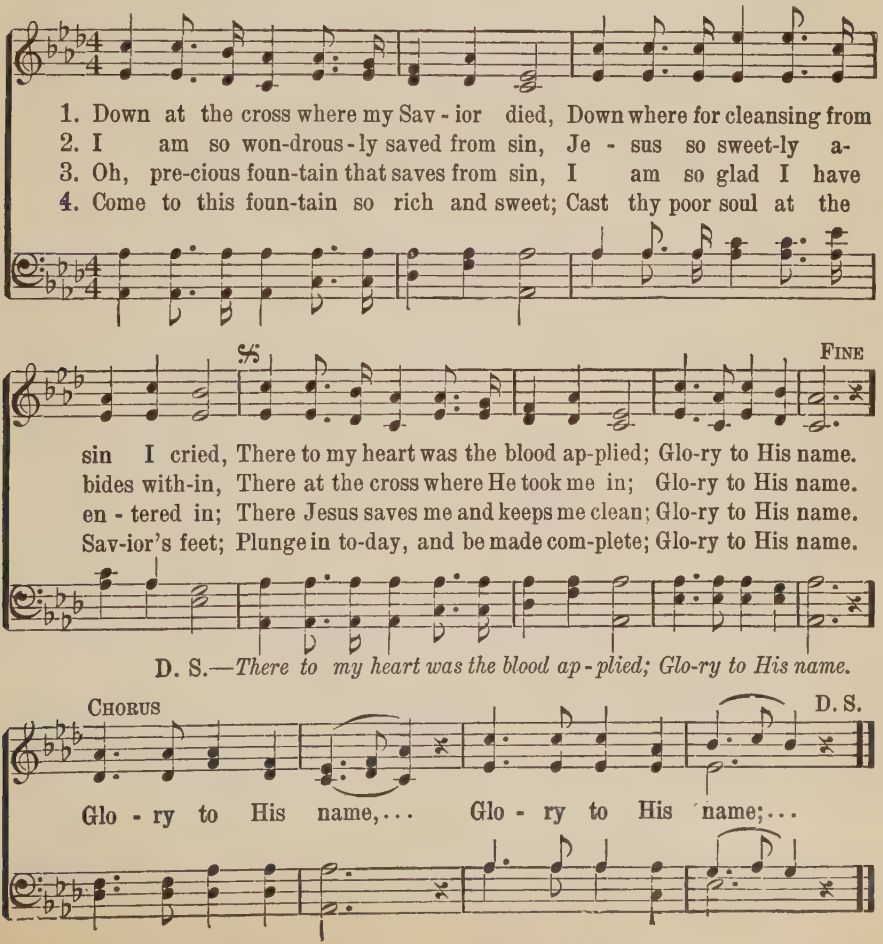

1. There is no sor - row, Lord, too light To bring in prayer to Thee:
2. Thou who hast trod the thorn - y road Wilt share each small dis - tress;
3. There is no se - cret sigh we breathe But meets Thine ear di - vine;
4. Life's ills with-out, sin's strife with - in, The heart would o - ver - flow,

There is No Sorrow


There is no anx - ious care too slight To wake Thy sym - pa - thy.
The love which bore the great - er load Will not re - fuse the less.
And ev - 'ry cross grows light be - neath The shad - ow, Lord, of Thine.
But for that love which died for sin, That love which wept with woe.

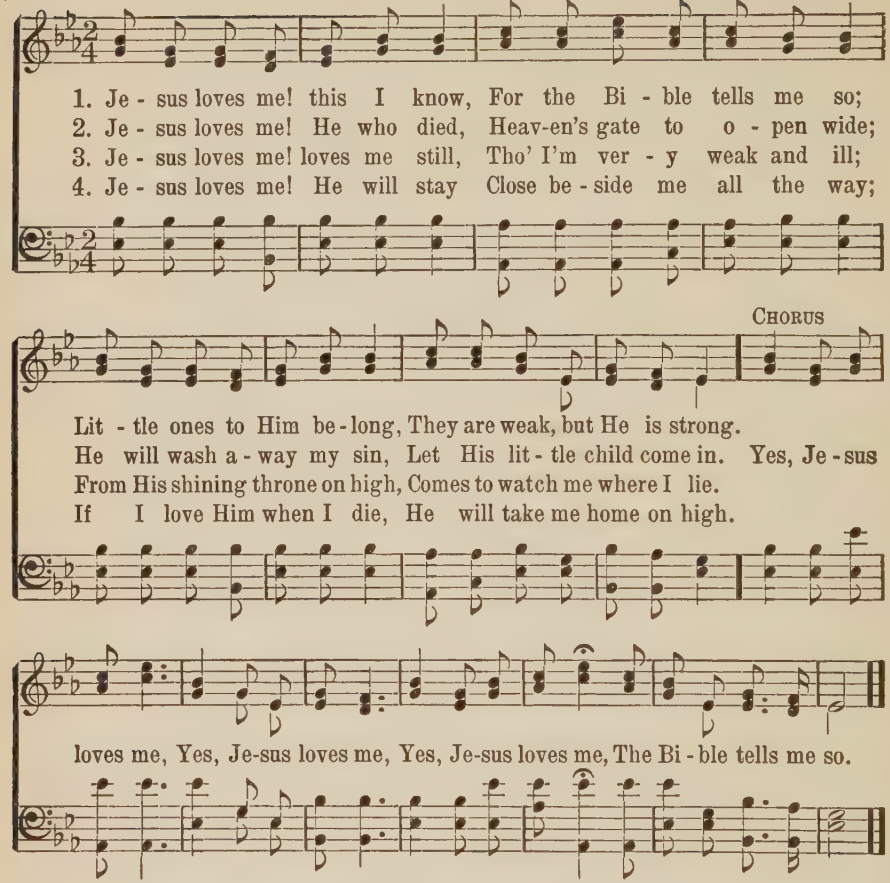
107 Glory to His Name

Rev. E. A. Hoffman — Rev. J. H. Stockton


1. Down at the cross where my Sav - ior died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so won-drous - ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet-ly a-
3. Oh, pre-cious foun-tain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this foun-tain so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the
Fine
sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to His name.
bides with-in, There at the cross where He took me in; Glo-ry to His name.
en - tered in; There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo-ry to His name.
Sav-ior's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made com-plete; Glo-ry to His name.
D. S.—*There to my heart was the blood ap - plied; Glo-ry to His name.*
Chorus
D. S.
Glo - ry to His name,... Glo - ry to His name;...

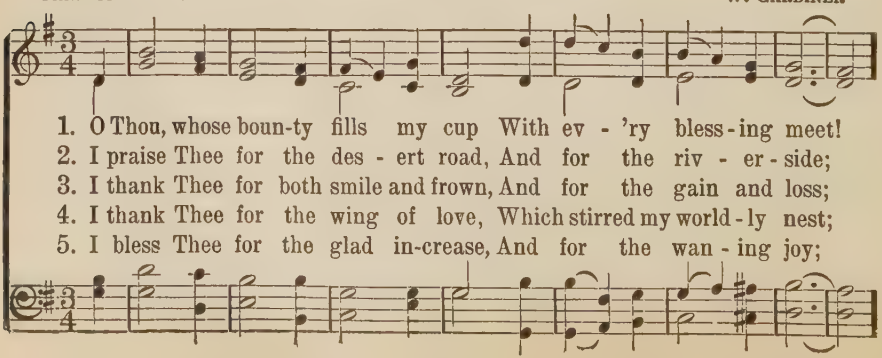
108 Jesus Loves Me

(The favorite Hymn of China) WM. B. BRADBURY

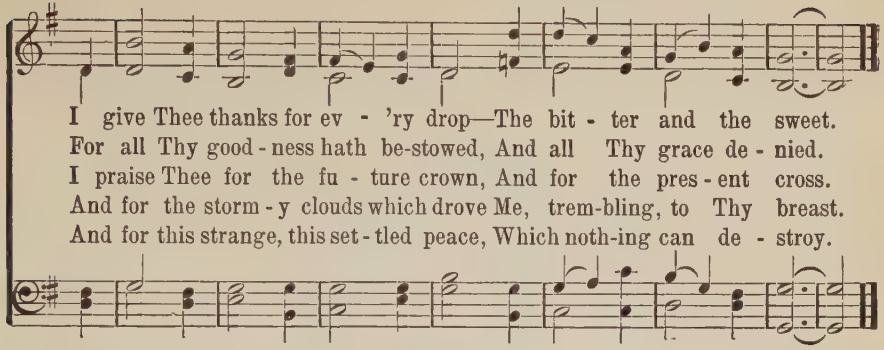

1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so;
2. Je - sus loves me! He who died, Heav-en's gate to o - pen wide;
3. Je - sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm ver - y weak and ill;
4. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be - side me all the way;
CHORUS
Lit - tle ones to Him be - long, They are weak, but He is strong.
He will wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in. Yes, Je - sus
From His shining throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.
If I love Him when I die, He will take me home on high.
loves me, Yes, Je-sus loves me, Yes, Je-sus loves me, The Bi - ble tells me so.

109 O Thou, Whose Bounty Fills My Cup

JANE CREWDSON W. GARDINER


1. O Thou, whose boun-ty fills my cup With ev - 'ry bless - ing meet!
2. I praise Thee for the des - ert road, And for the riv - er - side;
3. I thank Thee for both smile and frown, And for the gain and loss;
4. I thank Thee for the wing of love, Which stirred my world - ly nest;
5. I bless Thee for the glad in-crease, And for the wan - ing joy;

O Thou, Whose Bounty Fills My Cup


I give Thee thanks for ev - 'ry drop—The bit - ter and the sweet.
For all Thy good - ness hath be-stowed, And all Thy grace de - nied.
I praise Thee for the fu - ture crown, And for the pres - ent cross.
And for the storm - y clouds which drove Me, trem-bling, to Thy breast.
And for this strange, this set - tled peace, Which noth-ing can de - stroy.

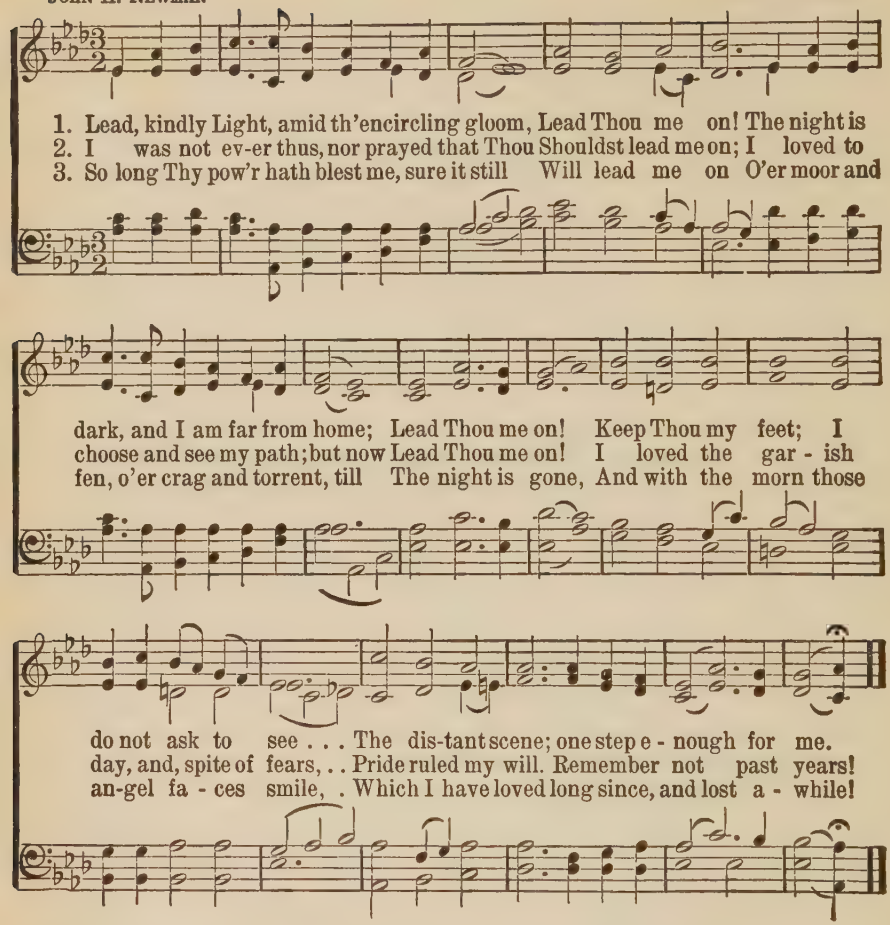
110 Thy Way, Not Mine, O Lord

HORATIUS BONAR JOHN STAINER

1. Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How-ev - er dark it be! Lead me by Thine own
2. The king-dom that I seek Is Thine; so let the way That leads to it be
3. Choose Thou for me my friends, My sickness or my health; Choose Thou my cares for
hand; Choose Thou the path for me. I dare not choose my lot; I
Thine, Else I must sure - ly stray. Take Thou my cup, and it With
me, My pov - er - ty or wealth. Not mine, not mine the choice, In
would not if I might; Choose Thou for me, my God, So shall I walk a - right.
joy or sor - row fill, As best to Thee may seem; Choose Thou my good and ill.
things or great or small; Be Thou my guide, my strength, My wisdom, and my all.

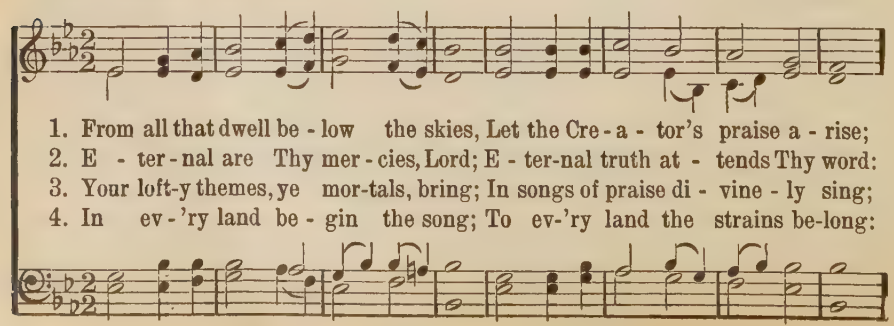
111 Lead, Kindly Light

JOHN H. NEWMAN — JOHN B. DYKES

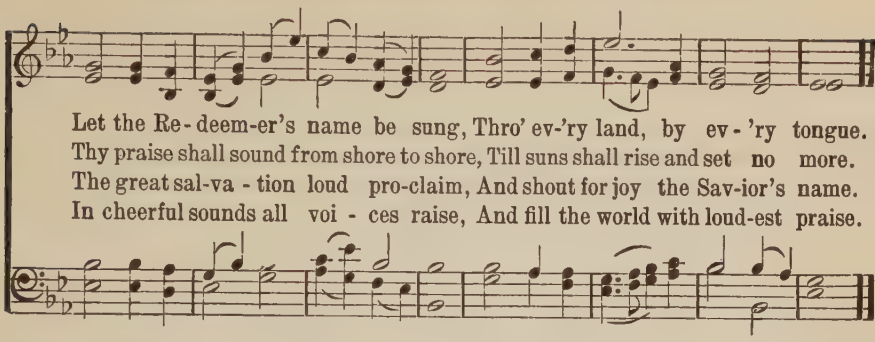

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on! The night is
2. I was not ev-er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and
dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on! I loved the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those
do not ask to see . . . The dis-tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
day, and, spite of fears, . . Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years!
an-gel fa - ces smile, . Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while!

112 From All That Dwell Below the Skies

ISAAC WATTS and JOHN WESLEY — JOHN HATTON

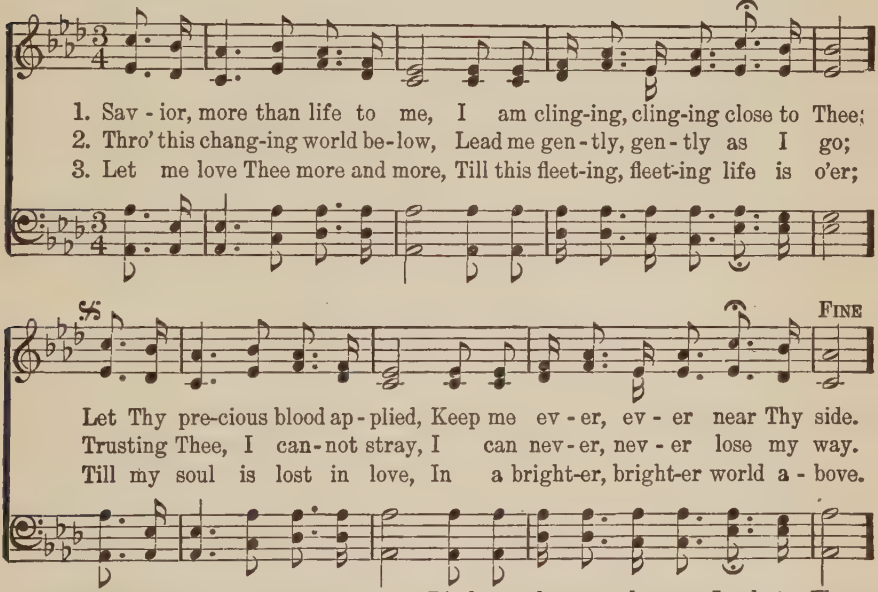

1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise;
2. E - ter - nal are Thy mer - cies, Lord; E - ter-nal truth at - tends Thy word:
3. Your loft-y themes, ye mor-tals, bring; In songs of praise di - vine - ly sing;
4. In ev - 'ry land be - gin the song; To ev-'ry land the strains be-long:

From All That Dwell Below the Skies


Let the Re - deem-er's name be sung, Thro' ev-'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue.
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.
The great sal-va - tion loud pro-claim, And shout for joy the Sav-ior's name.
In cheerful sounds all voi - ces raise, And fill the world with loud-est praise.

113 Savior, More Than Life

FANNY J. CROSBY W. H. DOANE


1. Sav - ior, more than life to me, I am cling-ing, cling-ing close to Thee;
2. Thro' this chang-ing world be-low, Lead me gen - tly, gen - tly as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleet-ing, fleet-ing life is o'er;
Fine
Let Thy pre-cious blood ap - plied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er near Thy side.
Trusting Thee, I can-not stray, I can nev-er, nev - er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a bright-er, bright-er world a - bove.
D.S.—May Thy ten - der love to me Bind me clo - ser, clo - ser, Lord, to Thee.
Refrain
D. S.
Ev-'ry day, ev - 'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleans-ing pow'r;
Ev-'ry day and hour, ev - 'ry day and hour,

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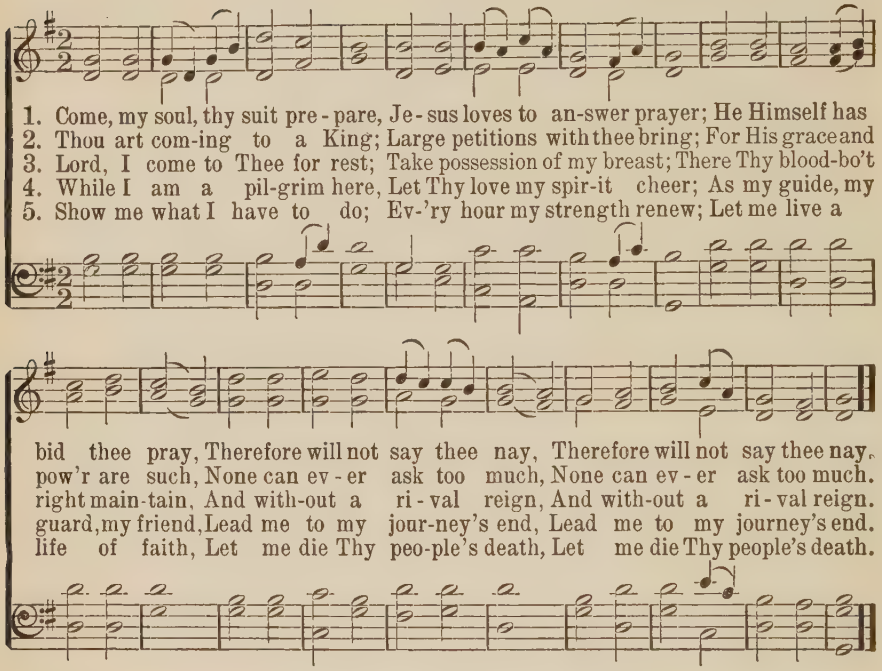
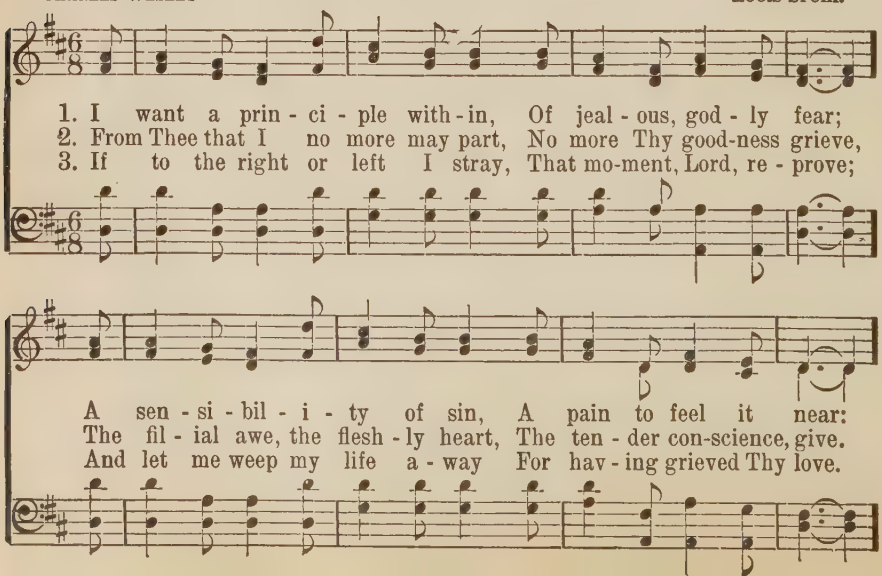
114 Come, My Soul, Thy Suit Prepare

JOHN NEWTON A. H. C. MALAN

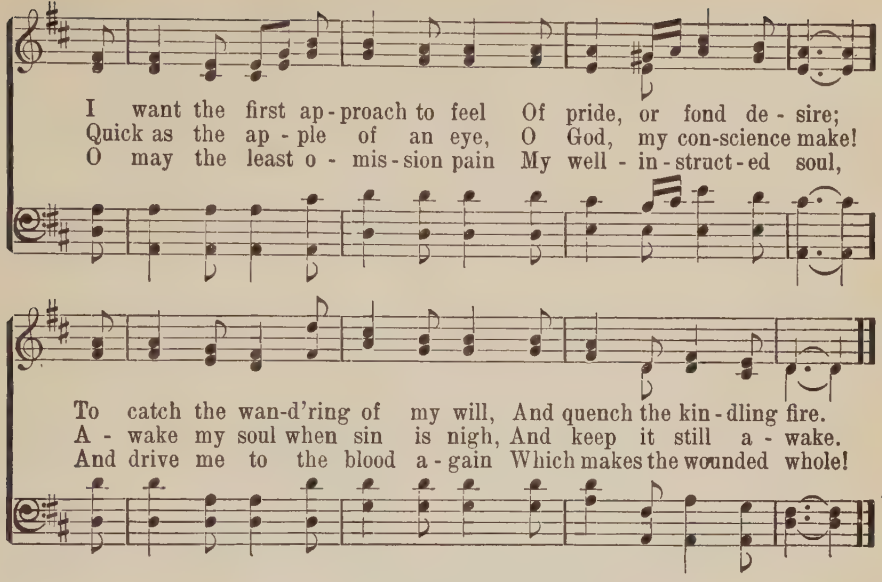

1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre - pare, Je - sus loves to an-swer prayer; He Himself has
2. Thou art com-ing to a King; Large petitions with thee bring; For His grace and
3. Lord, I come to Thee for rest; Take possession of my breast; There Thy blood-bo't
4. While I am a pil-grim here, Let Thy love my spir-it cheer; As my guide, my
5. Show me what I have to do; Ev-'ry hour my strength renew; Let me live a
bid thee pray, Therefore will not say thee nay, Therefore will not say thee nay.
pow'r are such, None can ev - er ask too much, None can ev - er ask too much.
right main-tain, And with-out a ri - val reign, And with-out a ri - val reign.
guard, my friend, Lead me to my jour-ney's end, Lead me to my journey's end.
life of faith, Let me die Thy peo-ple's death, Let me die Thy people's death.

115 I Want a Principle

CHARLES WESLEY LOUIS SPOHR

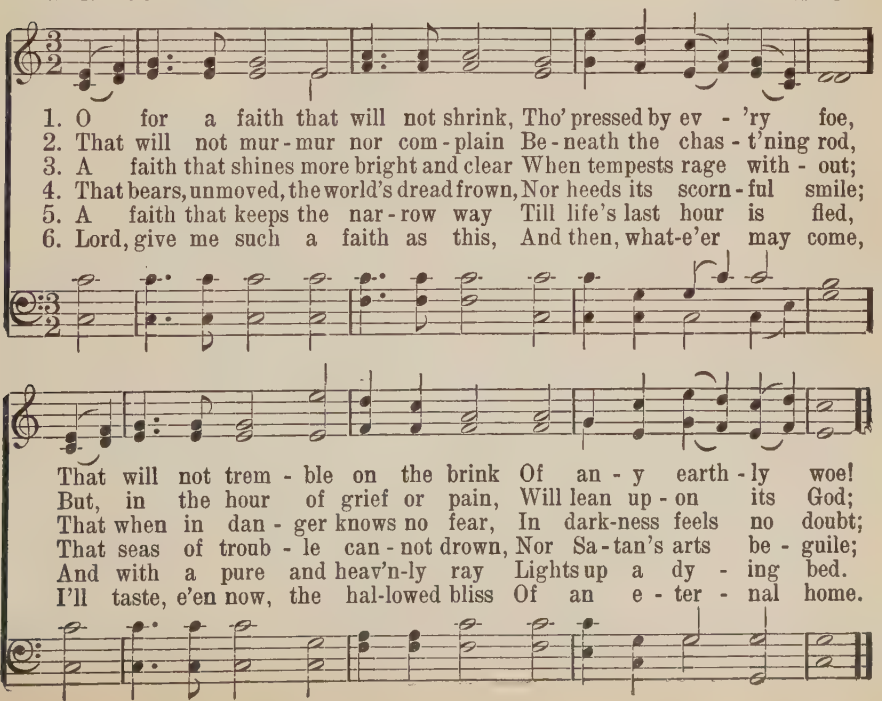

1. I want a prin - ci - ple with - in, Of jeal - ous, god - ly fear;
2. From Thee that I no more may part, No more Thy good-ness grieve,
3. If to the right or left I stray, That mo-ment, Lord, re - prove;
A sen - si - bil - i - ty of sin, A pain to feel it near:
The fil - ial awe, the flesh - ly heart, The ten - der con-science, give.
And let me weep my life a - way For hav - ing grieved Thy love.

I Want a Principle


I want the first ap-proach to feel Of pride, or fond de-sire;
Quick as the ap-ple of an eye, O God, my con-science make!
O may the least o-mis-sion pain My well-in-struct-ed soul,
To catch the wan-d'ring of my will, And quench the kin-dling fire.
A-wake my soul when sin is nigh, And keep it still a-wake.
And drive me to the blood a-gain Which makes the wounded whole!

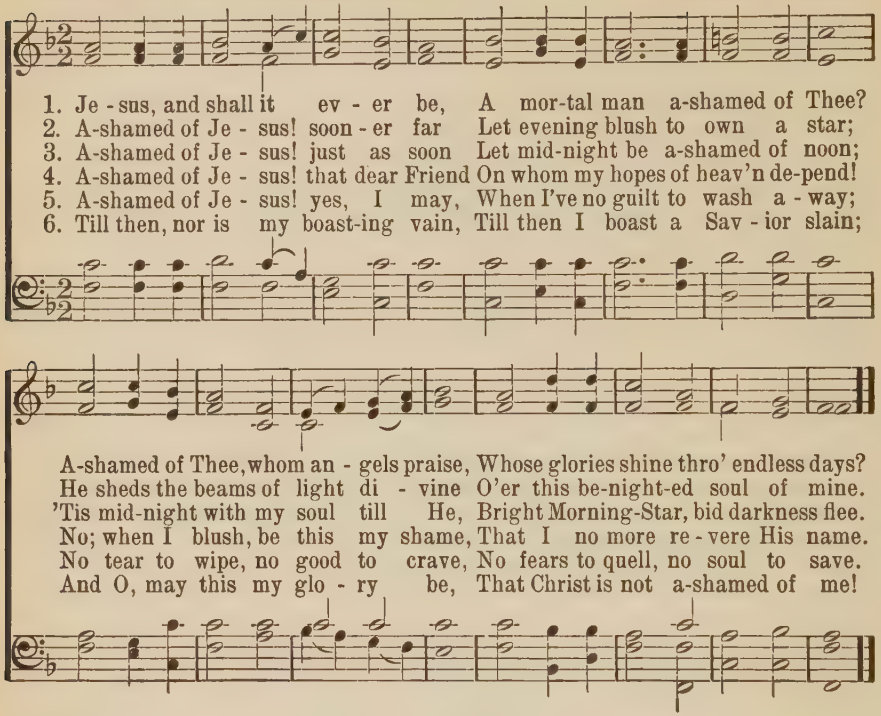
116 O For a Faith That Will Not Shrink

WILLIAM H. BATHURST GEORGE KINGSLEY


1. O for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' pressed by ev-'ry foe,
2. That will not mur-mur nor com-plain Be-neath the chas-t'ning rod,
3. A faith that shines more bright and clear When tempests rage with-out;
4. That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown, Nor heeds its scorn-ful smile;
5. A faith that keeps the nar-row way Till life's last hour is fled,
6. Lord, give me such a faith as this, And then, what-e'er may come,
That will not trem-ble on the brink Of an-y earth-ly woe!
But, in the hour of grief or pain, Will lean up-on its God;
That when in dan-ger knows no fear, In dark-ness feels no doubt;
That seas of troub-le can-not drown, Nor Sa-tan's arts be-guile;
And with a pure and heav'n-ly ray Lights up a dy-ing bed.
I'll taste, e'en now, the hal-lowed bliss Of an e-ter-nal home.

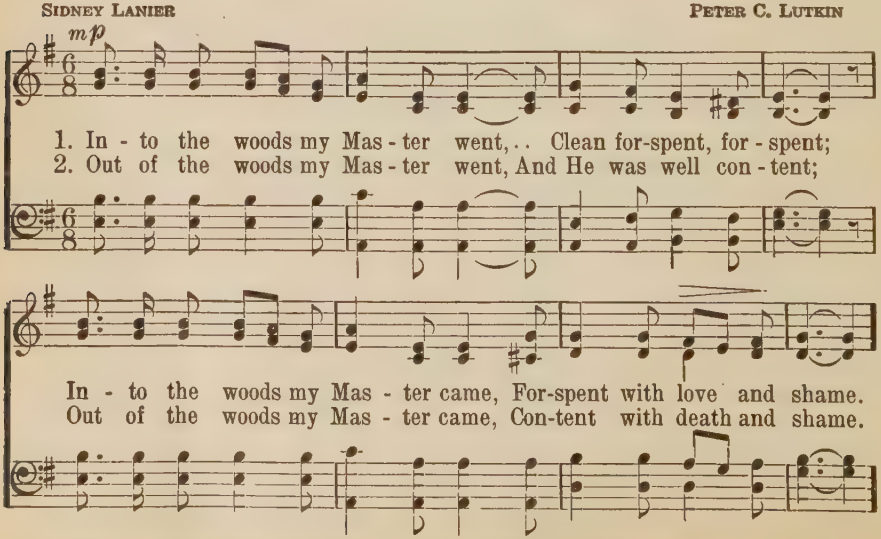
117 Ashamed of Jesus

JOSEPH GRIGG. Alt. by BENJAMIN FRANCIS — HENRY K. OLIVER


1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor-tal man a-shamed of Thee?
2. A-shamed of Je - sus! soon - er far Let evening blush to own a star;
3. A-shamed of Je - sus! just as soon Let mid-night be a-shamed of noon;
4. A-shamed of Je - sus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heav'n de-pend!
5. A-shamed of Je - sus! yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash a - way;
6. Till then, nor is my boast-ing vain, Till then I boast a Sav - ior slain;
A-shamed of Thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days?
He sheds the beams of light di - vine O'er this be-night-ed soul of mine.
'Tis mid-night with my soul till He, Bright Morning-Star, bid darkness flee.
No; when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re - vere His name.
No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.
And O, may this my glo - ry be, That Christ is not a-shamed of me!

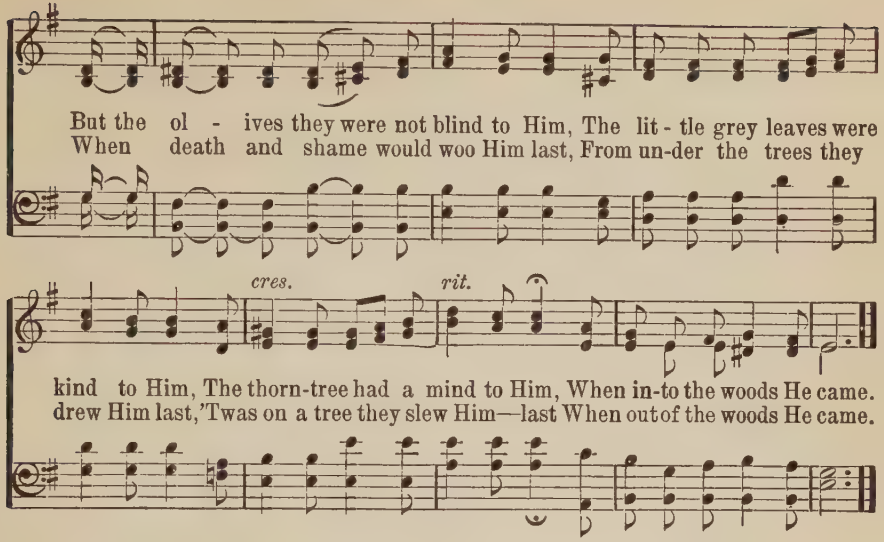
118 Into the Woods

SIDNEY LANIER — PETER C. LUTKIN


mp
1. In - to the woods my Mas - ter went, . . Clean for-spent, for - spent;
2. Out of the woods my Mas - ter went, And He was well con - tent;
In - to the woods my Mas - ter came, For-spent with love and shame.
Out of the woods my Mas - ter came, Con-tent with death and shame.

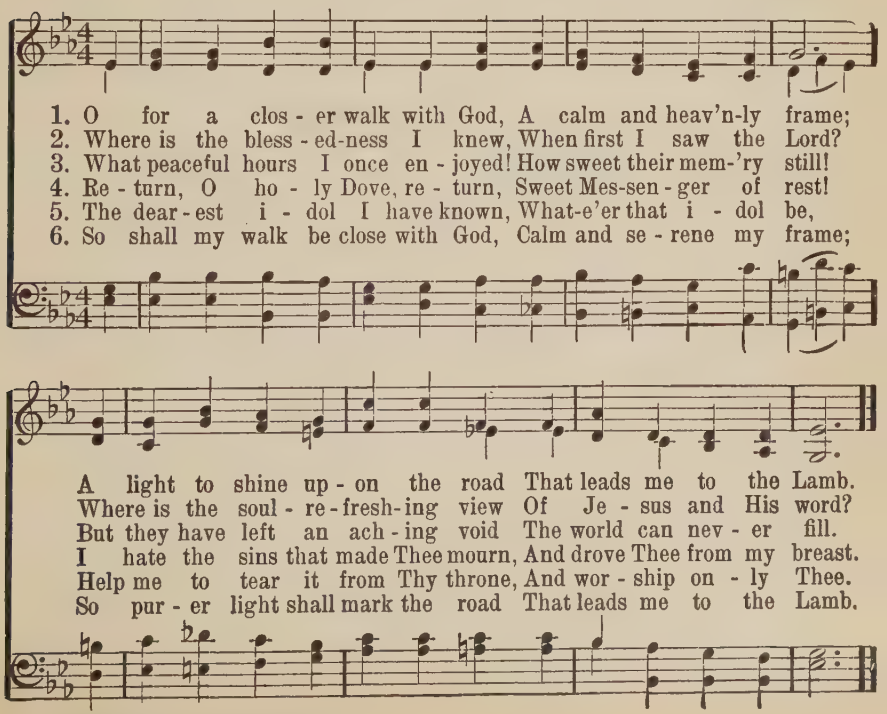
Copyright, 1884, 1891, by Mary D. Lanier. Copyright, 1905, by Smith & Lamar

Into the Woods


But the ol - ives they were not blind to Him, The lit - tle grey leaves were
When death and shame would woo Him last, From un-der the trees they
cres.
rit.
kind to Him, The thorn-tree had a mind to Him, When in-to the woods He came.
drew Him last,'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last When out of the woods He came.

119 O For a Closer Walk With God

WILLIAM COWPER LORIN WEBSTER


1. O for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heav'n-ly frame;
2. Where is the bless - ed-ness I knew, When first I saw the Lord?
3. What peaceful hours I once en - joyed! How sweet their mem-'ry still!
4. Re - turn, O ho - ly Dove, re - turn, Sweet Mes-sen - ger of rest!
5. The dear - est i - dol I have known, What-e'er that i - dol be,
6. So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and se - rene my frame;
A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb.
Where is the soul - re - fresh-ing view Of Je - sus and His word?
But they have left an ach - ing void The world can nev - er fill.
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast.
Help me to tear it from Thy throne, And wor - ship on - ly Thee.
So pur - er light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb.

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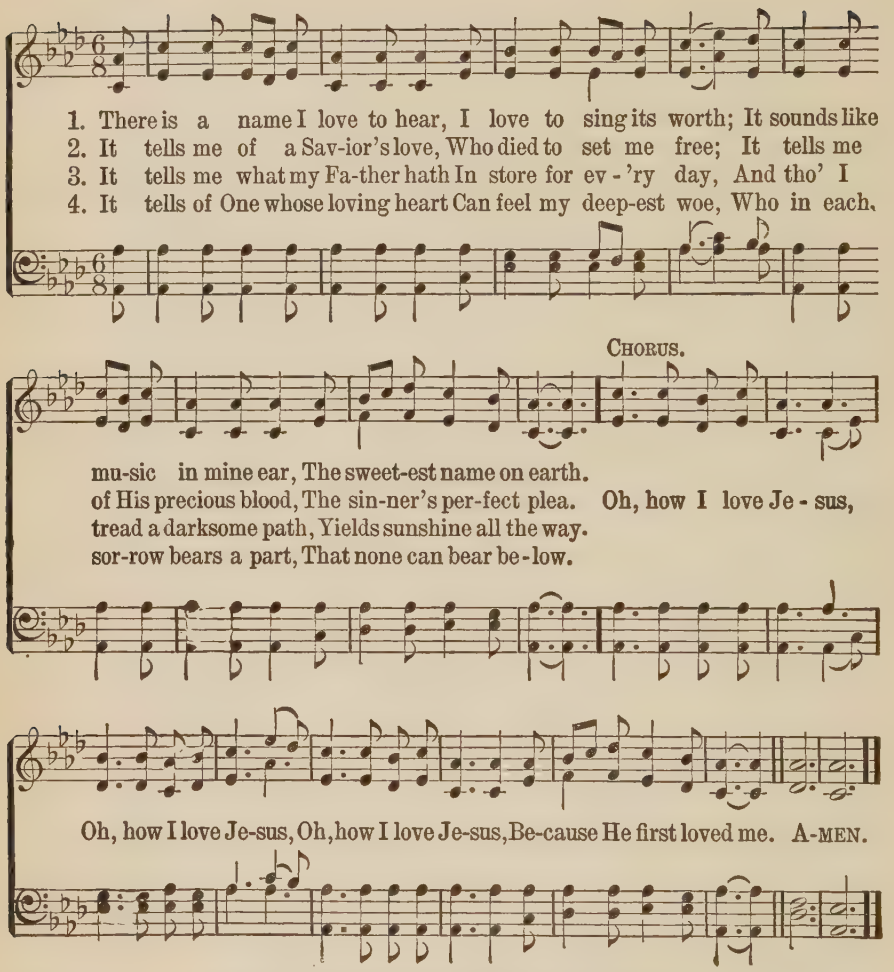
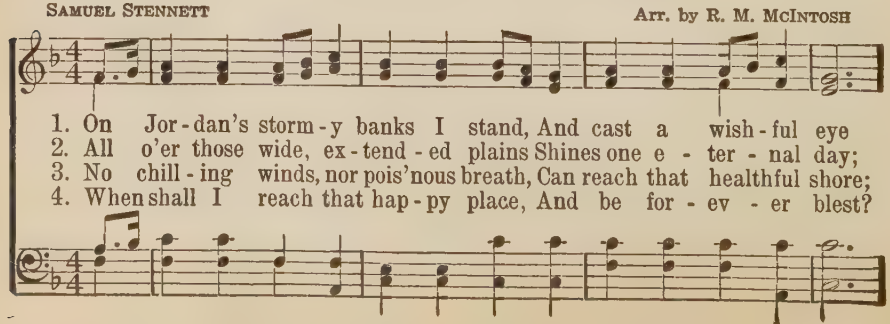
120 There is a Name I Love to Hear

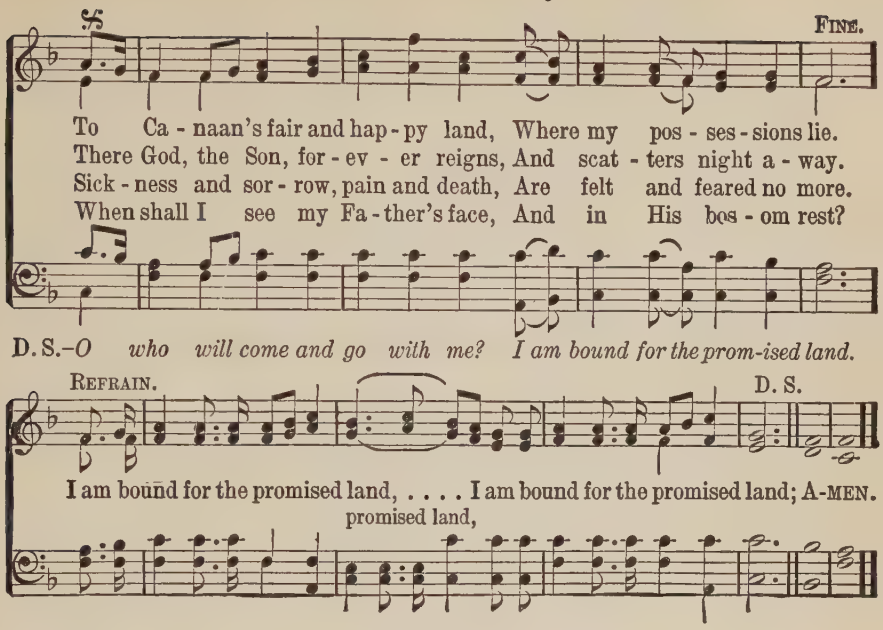

1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It sounds like
2. It tells me of a Sav-ior's love, Who died to set me free; It tells me
3. It tells me what my Fa-ther hath In store for ev-'ry day, And tho' I
4. It tells of One whose loving heart Can feel my deep-est woe, Who in each,
CHORUS.
mu-sic in mine ear, The sweet-est name on earth.
of His precious blood, The sin-ner's per-fect plea. Oh, how I love Je-sus,
tread a darksome path, Yields sunshine all the way.
sor-row bears a part, That none can bear be-low.
Oh, how I love Je-sus, Oh, how I love Je-sus, Be-cause He first loved me. A-MEN.

121 On Jordan's Stormy Banks

SAMUEL STENNETT — Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH

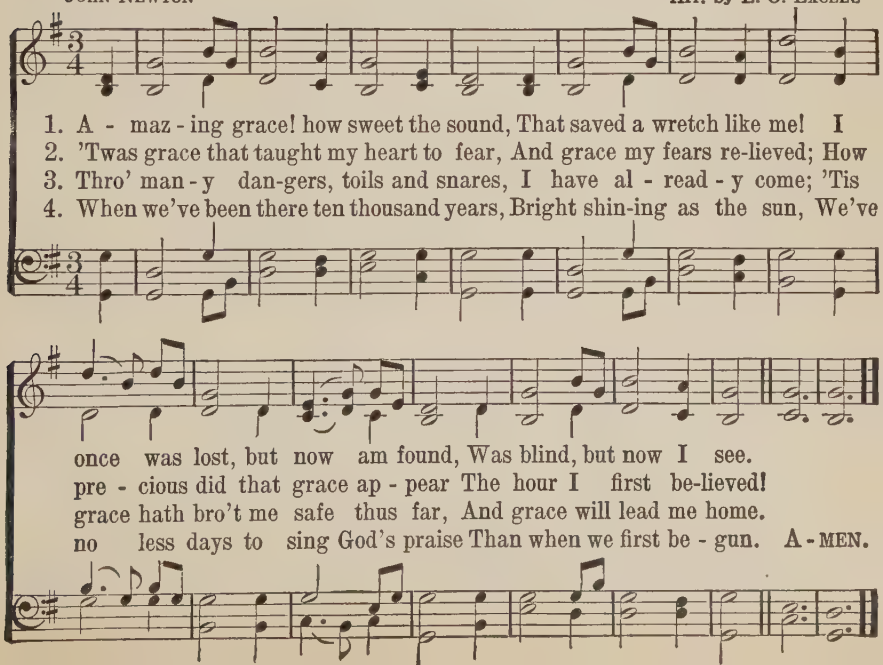

1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
2. All o'er those wide, ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day;
3. No chill-ing winds, nor pois'nous breath, Can reach that healthful shore;
4. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-er blest?

On Jordan's Stormy Banks


FINE.
To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
There God, the Son, for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.
Sick - ness and sor - row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
When shall I see my Fa - ther's face, And in His bos - om rest?
D. S.–O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the prom-ised land.
REFRAIN.
D. S.
I am bound for the promised land, ... I am bound for the promised land; A-MEN.
promised land,

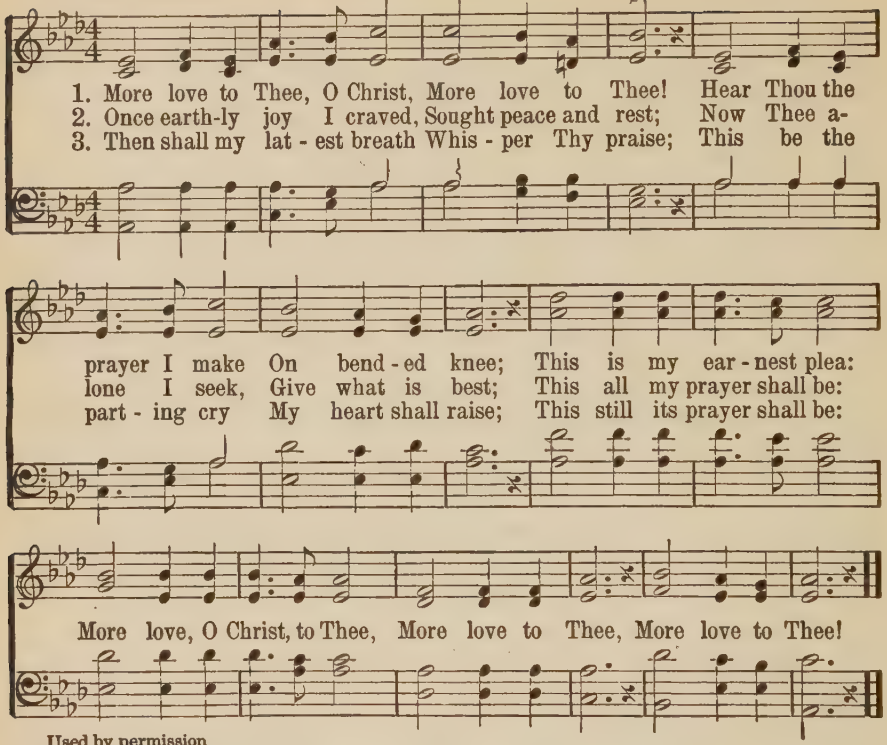
122 Amazing Grace

JOHN NEWTON — Arr. by E. O. EXCELL


1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me! I
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re-lieved; How
3. Thro' man - y dan-gers, toils and snares, I have al - read - y come; 'Tis
4. When we've been there ten thousand years, Bright shin-ing as the sun, We've
once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
pre - cious did that grace ap - pear The hour I first be-lieved!
grace hath bro't me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
no less days to sing God's praise Than when we first be - gun. A - MEN.

123 More Love to Thee

ELIZABETH PRENTISS — W. H. DOANE


1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-
3. Then shall my lat - est breath Whis - per Thy praise; This be the
prayer I make On bend - ed knee; This is my ear - nest plea:
lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my prayer shall be:
part - ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its prayer shall be:
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee!

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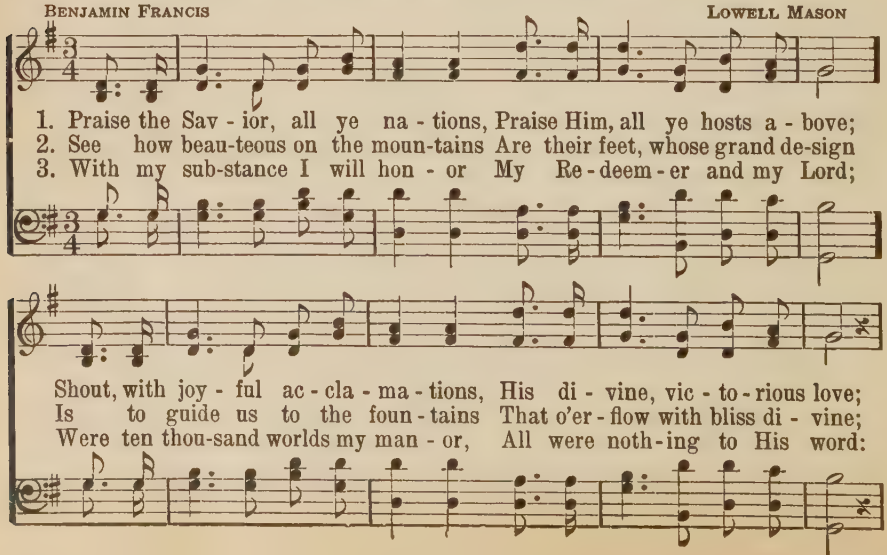
124 Praise the Savior, All Ye Nations

BENJAMIN FRANCIS — LOWELL MASON

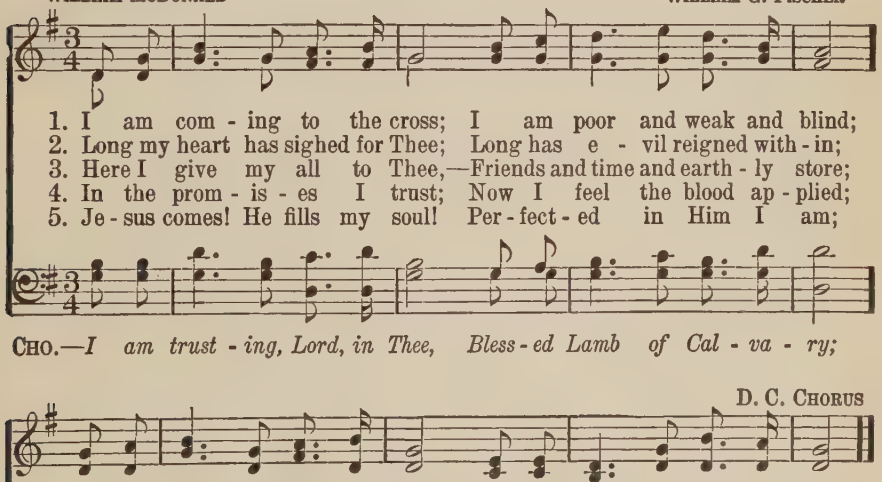

1. Praise the Sav - ior, all ye na - tions, Praise Him, all ye hosts a - bove;
2. See how beau-teous on the moun-tains Are their feet, whose grand de-sign
3. With my sub-stance I will hon - or My Re - deem - er and my Lord;
Shout, with joy - ful ac - cla - ma - tions, His di - vine, vic - to - rious love;
Is to guide us to the foun - tains That o'er - flow with bliss di - vine;
Were ten thou-sand worlds my man - or, All were noth - ing to His word:

Praise the Savior, All Ye Nations

Be His king-dom now pro-mot-ed, Let the earth her Mon-arch know;
Who pro-claim the joy-ful ti-dings Of sal-va-tion all a-round,
While the her-alds of sal-va-tion His a-bound-ing grace pro-claim,
Be my all to Him de-vot-ed, To my Lord my all I owe.
Dis-re-gard the world's de-rid-ings, And in works of love a-bound.
Let His friends, of ev-'ry sta-tion, Glad-ly join to spread His fame.

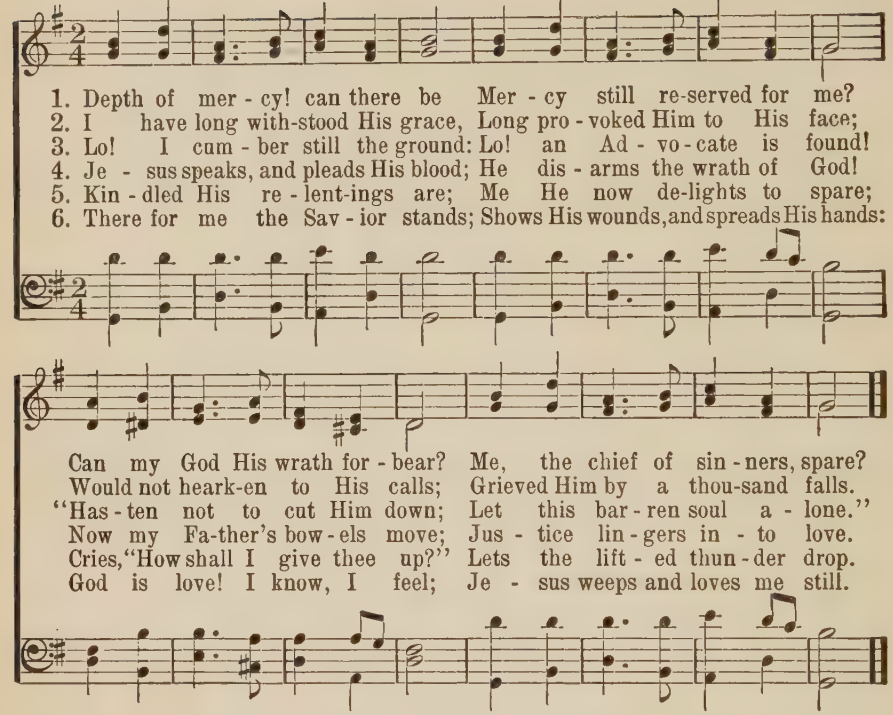
125 I Am Coming to the Cross

WILLIAM McDONALD — WILLIAM G. FISCHER


1. I am com-ing to the cross; I am poor and weak and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee; Long has e-vil reigned with-in;
3. Here I give my all to Thee,—Friends and time and earth-ly store;
4. In the prom-is-es I trust; Now I feel the blood ap-plied;
5. Je-sus comes! He fills my soul! Per-fect-ed in Him I am;
CHO.—I am trust-ing, Lord, in Thee, Bless-ed Lamb of Cal-va-ry;
D. C. CHORUS
I am count-ing all but dross; I shall full sal-va-tion find.
Je-sus sweet-ly speaks to me,—"I will cleanse you from all sin."
Soul and bod-y Thine to be,— Whol-ly Thine for-ev-er-more.
I am pros-trate in the dust; I with Christ am cru-ci-fied.
I am ev-'ry whit made whole: Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb!
Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je-sus, save me now.

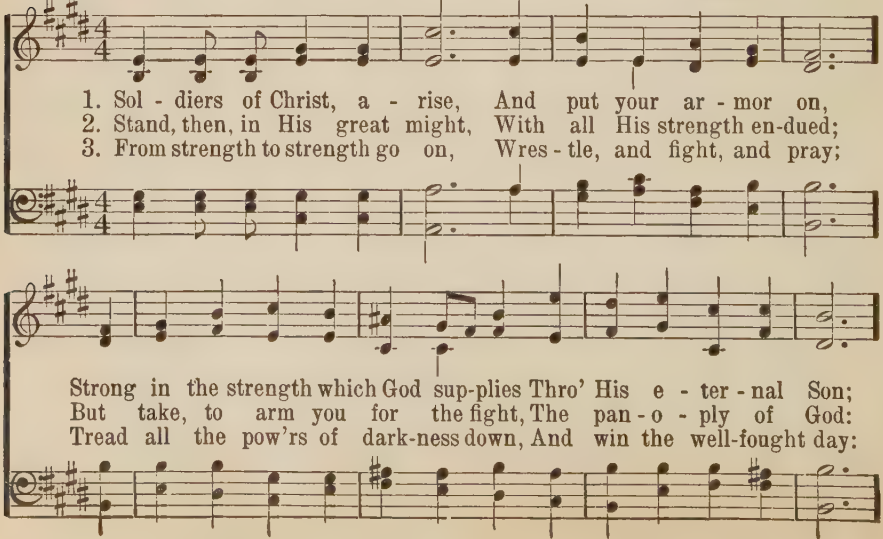
126 Depth of Mercy

CHARLES WESLEY — IGNACE PLEYEL

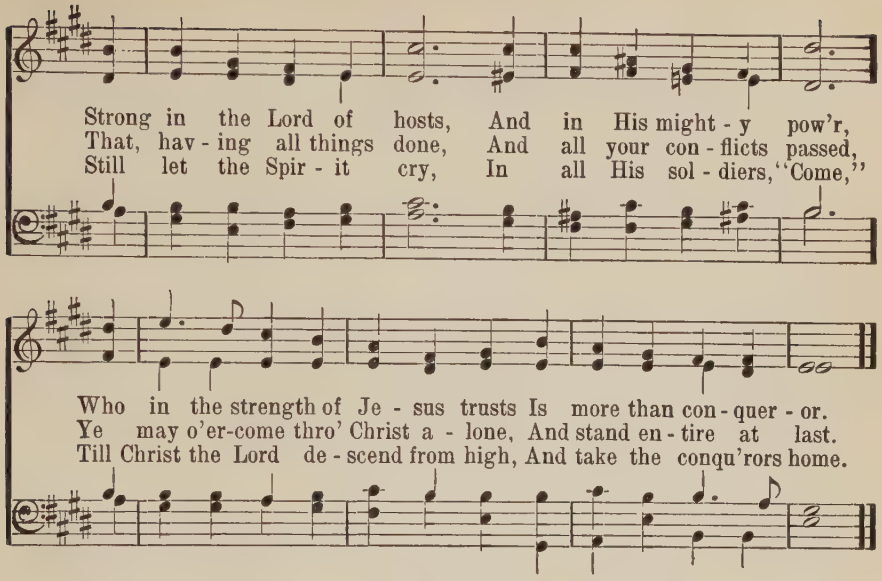

1. Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still re-served for me?
2. I have long with-stood His grace, Long pro - voked Him to His face;
3. Lo! I cum - ber still the ground: Lo! an Ad - vo - cate is found!
4. Je - sus speaks, and pleads His blood; He dis - arms the wrath of God!
5. Kin - dled His re - lent-ings are; Me He now de-lights to spare;
6. There for me the Sav - ior stands; Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands:
Can my God His wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare?
Would not heark-en to His calls; Grieved Him by a thou-sand falls.
"Has - ten not to cut Him down; Let this bar - ren soul a - lone."
Now my Fa-ther's bow - els move; Jus - tice lin - gers in - to love.
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?" Lets the lift - ed thun - der drop.
God is love! I know, I feel; Je - sus weeps and loves me still.

127 Soldiers of Christ, Arise

CHARLES WESLEY — GEORGE J. ELVEY

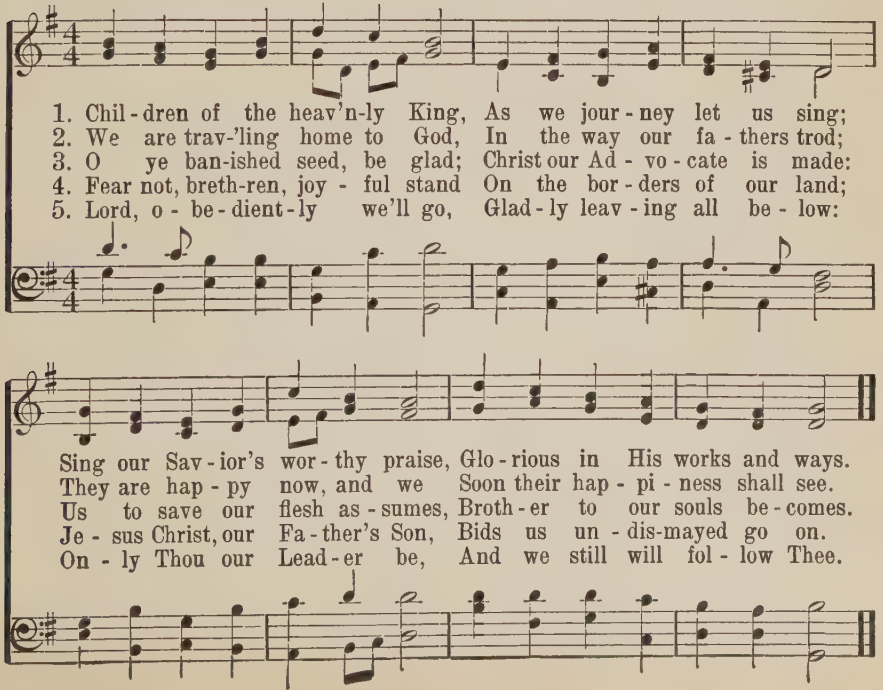

1. Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mor on,
2. Stand, then, in His great might, With all His strength en-dued;
3. From strength to strength go on, Wres - tle, and fight, and pray;
Strong in the strength which God sup-plies Thro' His e - ter - nal Son;
But take, to arm you for the fight, The pan - o - ply of God:
Tread all the pow'rs of dark-ness down, And win the well-fought day:

Soldiers of Christ, Arise


Strong in the Lord of hosts, And in His might - y pow'r,
That, hav - ing all things done, And all your con - flicts passed,
Still let the Spir - it cry, In all His sol - diers, "Come,"
Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts Is more than con - quer - or.
Ye may o'er-come thro' Christ a - lone, And stand en - tire at last.
Till Christ the Lord de - scend from high, And take the conqu'rors home.

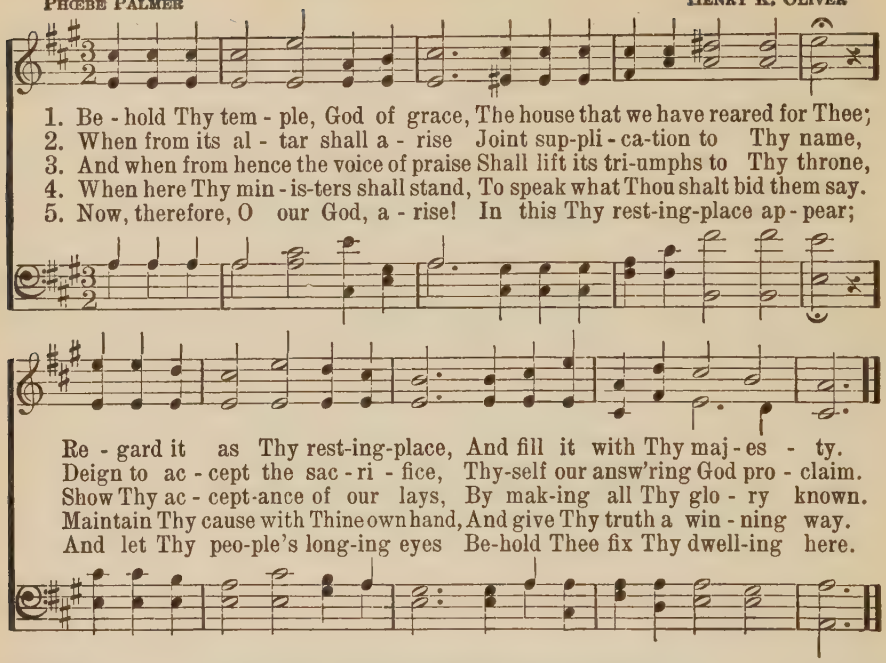
128 Children of the Heavenly King

JOHN CENNICK JUSTIN H. KNECHT


1. Chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King, As we jour - ney let us sing;
2. We are trav-'ling home to God, In the way our fa - thers trod;
3. O ye ban-ished seed, be glad; Christ our Ad - vo - cate is made:
4. Fear not, breth-ren, joy - ful stand On the bor - ders of our land;
5. Lord, o - be-dient-ly we'll go, Glad - ly leav - ing all be - low:
Sing our Sav - ior's wor - thy praise, Glo - rious in His works and ways.
They are hap - py now, and we Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.
Us to save our flesh as - sumes, Broth - er to our souls be - comes.
Je - sus Christ, our Fa - ther's Son, Bids us un - dis-mayed go on.
On - ly Thou our Lead - er be, And we still will fol - low Thee.

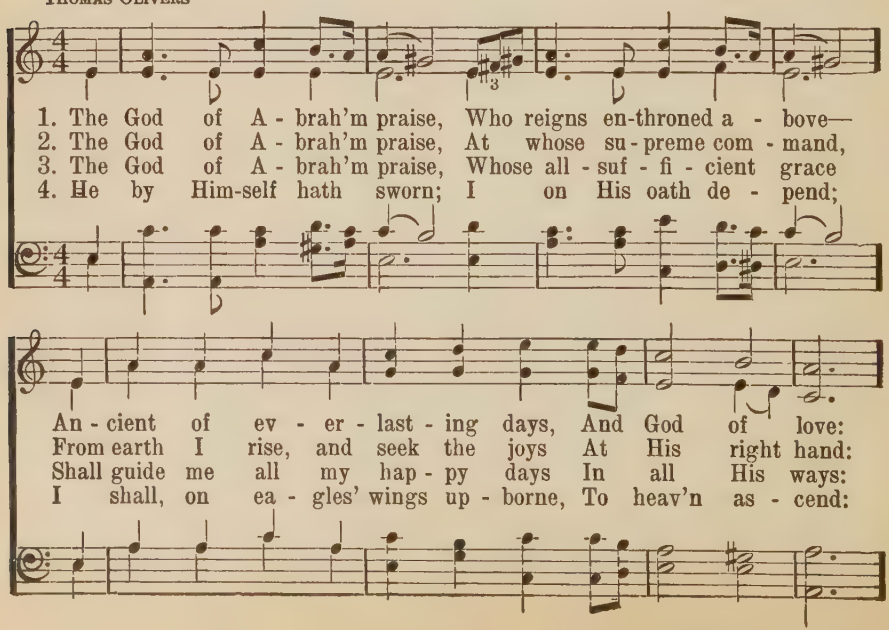
129 Behold Thy Temple

PHŒBE PALMER — HENRY K. OLIVER

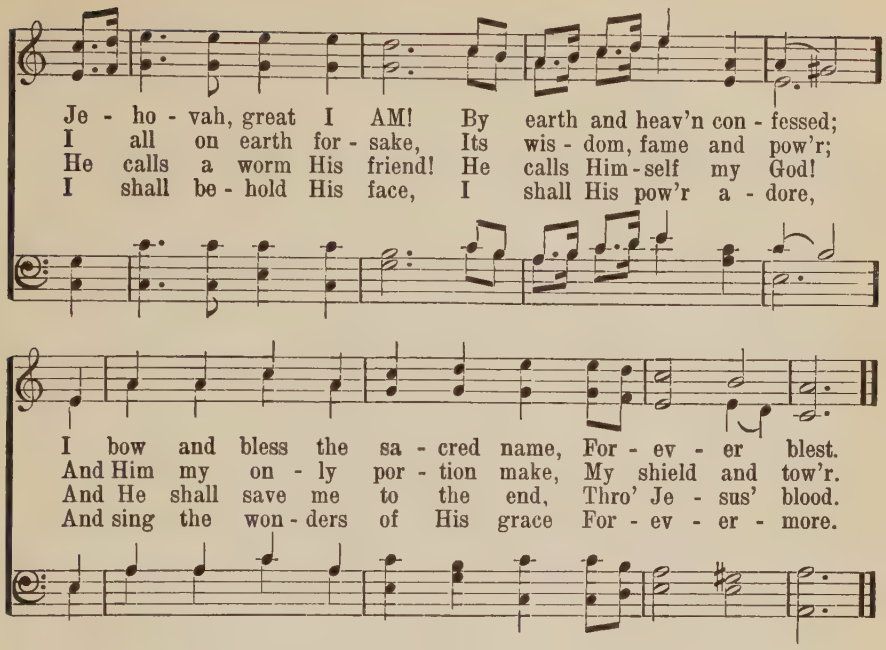

1. Be - hold Thy tem - ple, God of grace, The house that we have reared for Thee;
2. When from its al - tar shall a - rise Joint sup-pli - ca-tion to Thy name,
3. And when from hence the voice of praise Shall lift its tri-umphs to Thy throne,
4. When here Thy min - is-ters shall stand, To speak what Thou shalt bid them say.
5. Now, therefore, O our God, a - rise! In this Thy rest-ing-place ap - pear;
Re - gard it as Thy rest-ing-place, And fill it with Thy maj - es - ty.
Deign to ac - cept the sac - ri - fice, Thy-self our answ'ring God pro - claim.
Show Thy ac - cept-ance of our lays, By mak-ing all Thy glo - ry known.
Maintain Thy cause with Thine own hand, And give Thy truth a win - ning way.
And let Thy peo-ple's long-ing eyes Be-hold Thee fix Thy dwell-ing here.

130 The God of Abraham Praise

THOMAS OLIVERS

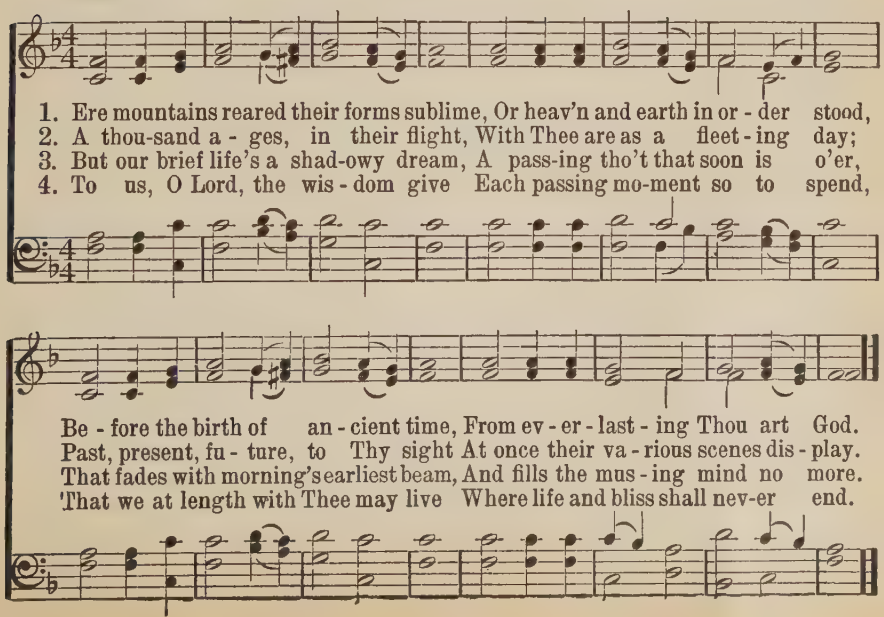

1. The God of A - brah'm praise, Who reigns en-throned a - bove—
2. The God of A - brah'm praise, At whose su - preme com - mand,
3. The God of A - brah'm praise, Whose all - suf - fi - cient grace
4. He by Him-self hath sworn; I on His oath de - pend;
An - cient of ev - er - last - ing days, And God of love:
From earth I rise, and seek the joys At His right hand:
Shall guide me all my hap - py days In all His ways:
I shall, on ea - gles' wings up - borne, To heav'n as - cend:

The God of Abraham Praise


Je - ho - vah, great I AM! By earth and heav'n con - fessed;
I all on earth for - sake, Its wis - dom, fame and pow'r;
He calls a worm His friend! He calls Him - self my God!
I shall be - hold His face, I shall His pow'r a - dore,
I bow and bless the sa - cred name, For - ev - er blest.
And Him my on - ly por - tion make, My shield and tow'r.
And He shall save me to the end, Thro' Je - sus' blood.
And sing the won - ders of His grace For - ev - er - more.

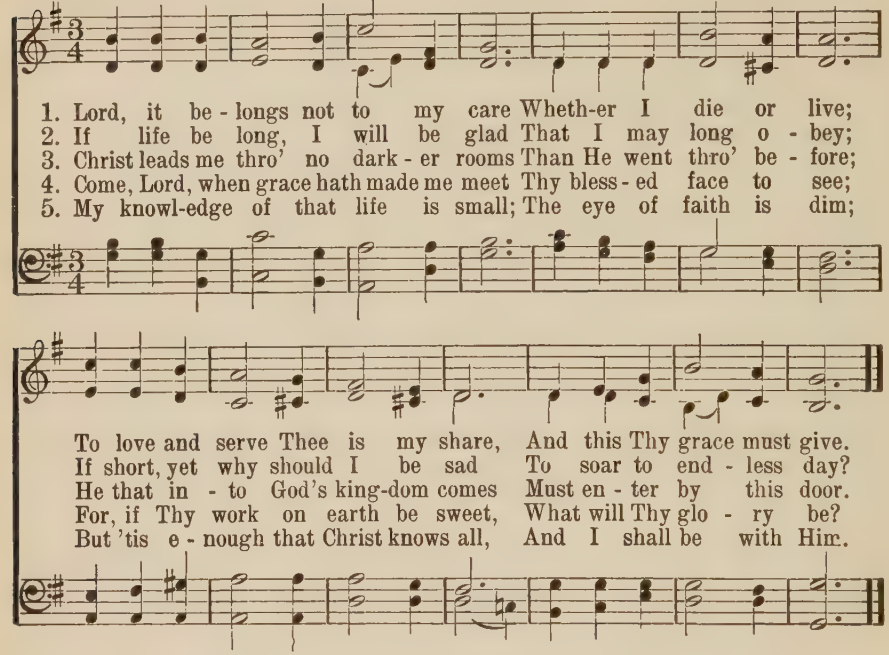
131 Ere Mountains Reared Their Forms Sublime

HARRIET AUBER — LOWELL MASON


1. Ere mountains reared their forms sublime, Or heav'n and earth in or - der stood,
2. A thou-sand a - ges, in their flight, With Thee are as a fleet - ing day;
3. But our brief life's a shad-owy dream, A pass-ing tho't that soon is o'er,
4. To us, O Lord, the wis - dom give Each passing mo-ment so to spend,
Be - fore the birth of an - cient time, From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God.
Past, present, fu - ture, to Thy sight At once their va - rious scenes dis - play.
That fades with morning's earliest beam, And fills the mus - ing mind no more.
That we at length with Thee may live Where life and bliss shall nev-er end.

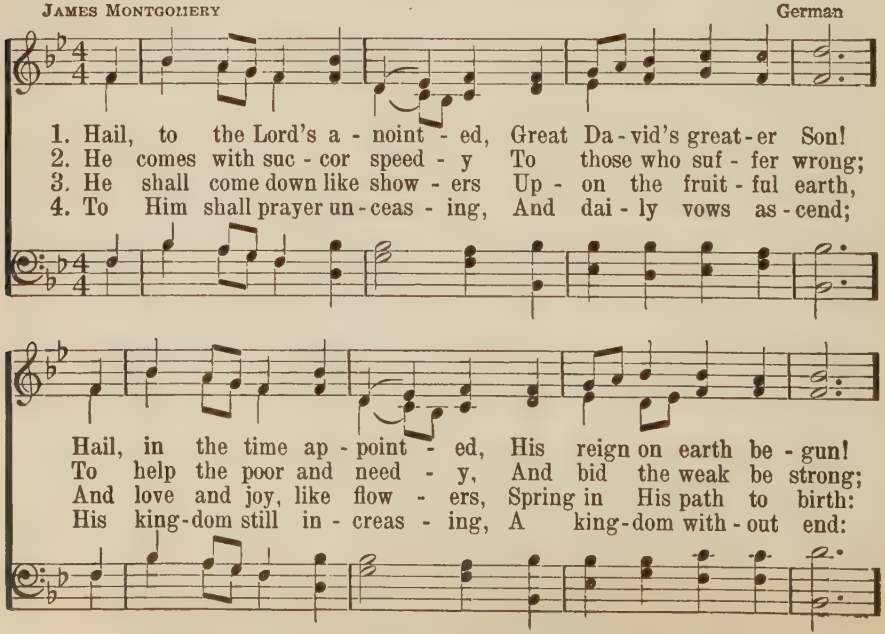
132 Lord, It Belongs Not to My Care

RICHARD BAXTER — JOHN B. DYKES

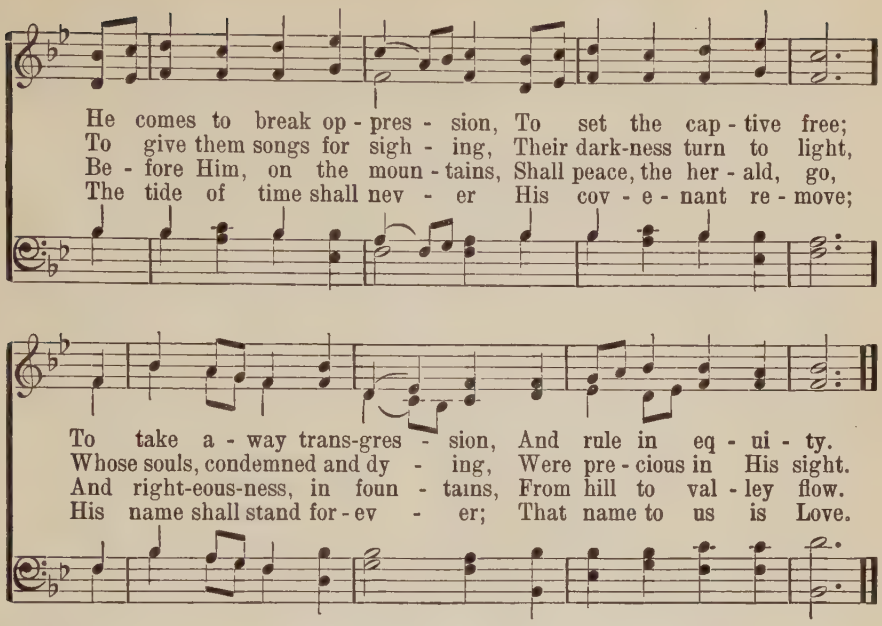

1. Lord, it be - longs not to my care Wheth-er I die or live;
2. If life be long, I will be glad That I may long o - bey;
3. Christ leads me thro' no dark - er rooms Than He went thro' be - fore;
4. Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet Thy bless - ed face to see;
5. My knowl-edge of that life is small; The eye of faith is dim;
To love and serve Thee is my share, And this Thy grace must give.
If short, yet why should I be sad To soar to end - less day?
He that in - to God's king-dom comes Must en - ter by this door.
For, if Thy work on earth be sweet, What will Thy glo - ry be?
But 'tis e - nough that Christ knows all, And I shall be with Him.

133 Hail, to the Lord's Anointed

JAMES MONTGOMERY — German

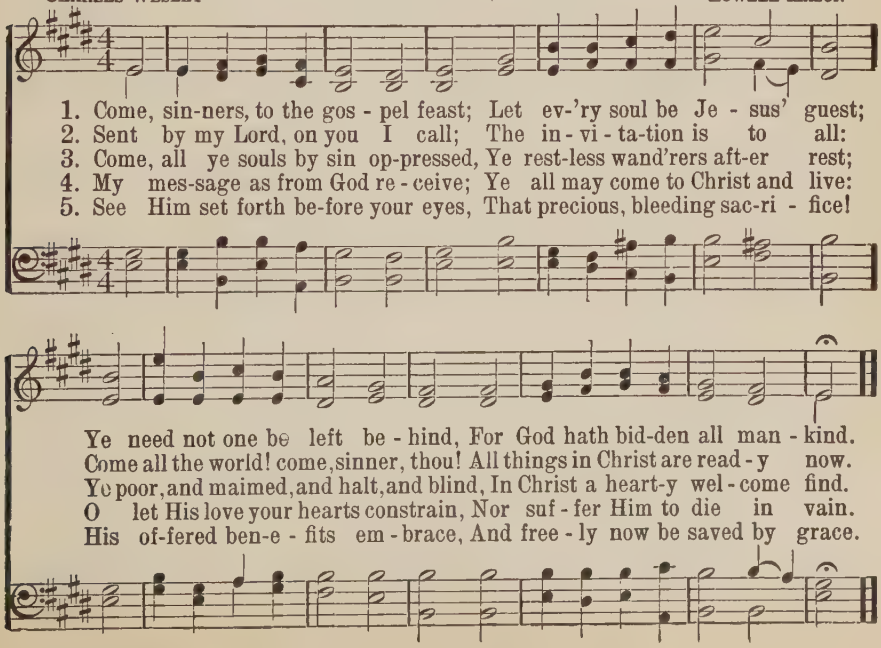

1. Hail, to the Lord's a - noint - ed, Great Da - vid's great - er Son!
2. He comes with suc - cor speed - y To those who suf - fer wrong;
3. He shall come down like show - ers Up - on the fruit - ful earth,
4. To Him shall prayer un - ceas - ing, And dai - ly vows as - cend;
Hail, in the time ap - point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun!
To help the poor and need - y, And bid the weak be strong;
And love and joy, like flow - ers, Spring in His path to birth:
His king-dom still in - creas - ing, A king-dom with - out end:

Hail, to the Lord's Anointed


He comes to break op - pres - sion, To set the cap - tive free;
To give them songs for sigh - ing, Their dark-ness turn to light,
Be - fore Him, on the moun - tains, Shall peace, the her - ald, go,
The tide of time shall nev - er His cov - e - nant re - move;
To take a - way trans-gres - sion, And rule in eq - ui - ty.
Whose souls, condemned and dy - ing, Were pre - cious in His sight.
And right-eous-ness, in foun - tains, From hill to val - ley flow.
His name shall stand for - ev - er; That name to us is Love.

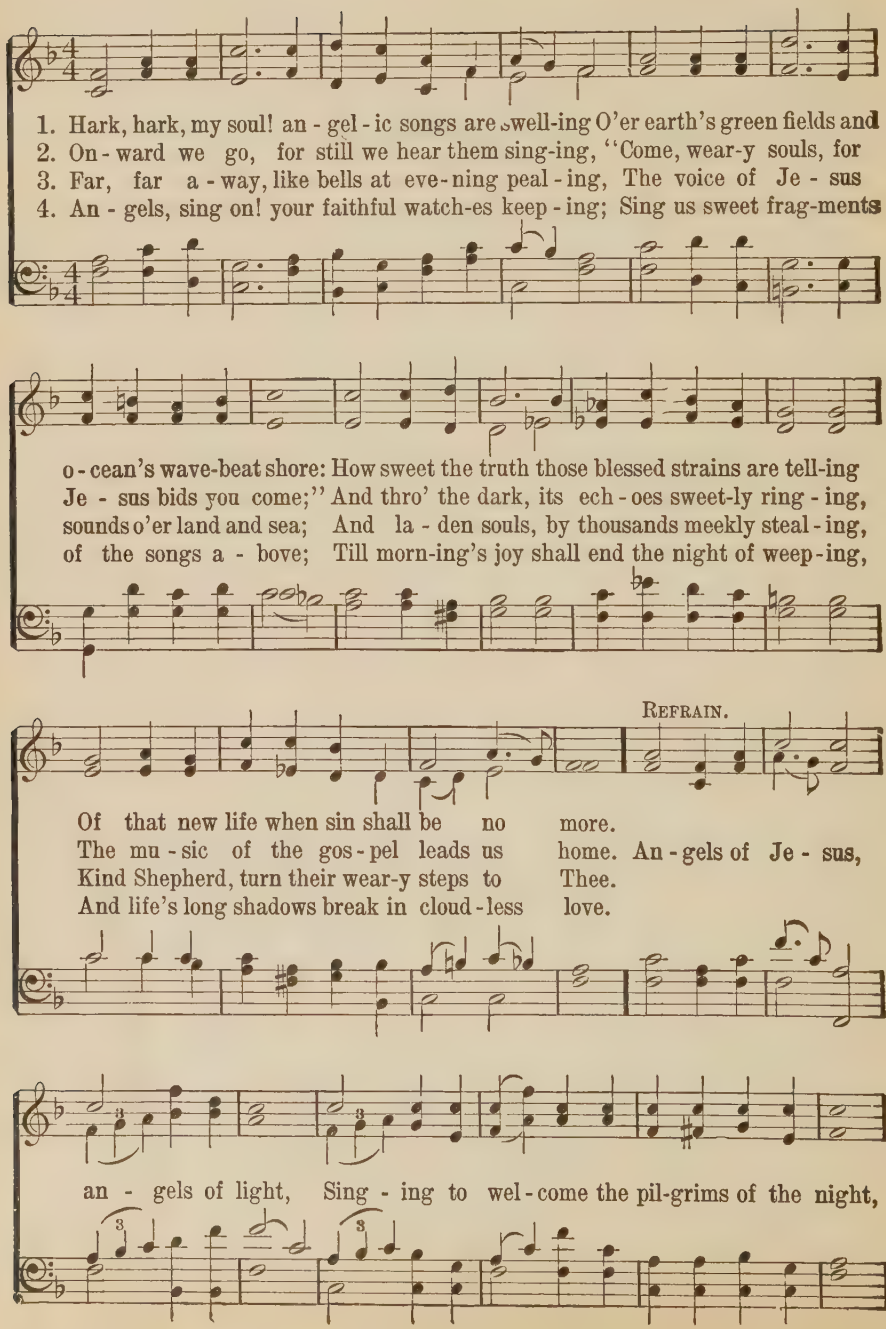
134 Come, Sinners, to the Gospel Feast

CHARLES WESLEY — LOWELL MASON

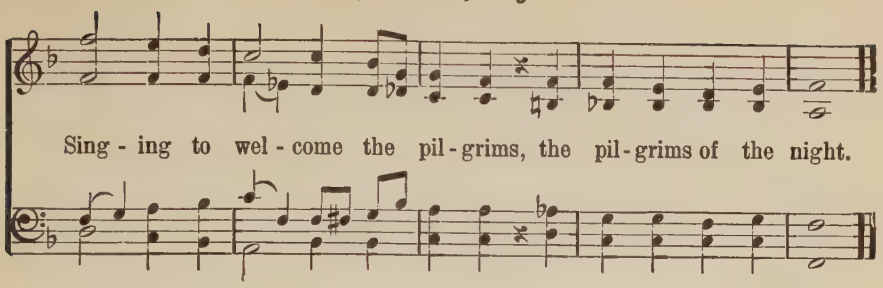

1. Come, sin-ners, to the gos - pel feast; Let ev-'ry soul be Je - sus' guest;
2. Sent by my Lord, on you I call; The in - vi - ta-tion is to all:
3. Come, all ye souls by sin op-pressed, Ye rest-less wand'rers aft-er rest;
4. My mes-sage as from God re - ceive; Ye all may come to Christ and live:
5. See Him set forth be-fore your eyes, That precious, bleeding sac-ri - fice!
Ye need not one be left be - hind, For God hath bid-den all man - kind.
Come all the world! come, sinner, thou! All things in Christ are read - y now.
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind, In Christ a heart-y wel - come find.
O let His love your hearts constrain, Nor suf - fer Him to die in vain.
His of-fered ben-e - fits em - brace, And free - ly now be saved by grace.

135 Hark, Hark, My Soul

FREDERICK W. FABER — J. B. DYKES


1. Hark, hark, my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green fields and
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing-ing, "Come, wear-y souls, for
3. Far, far a - way, like bells at eve - ning peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus
4. An - gels, sing on! your faithful watch-es keep - ing; Sing us sweet frag-ments
o - cean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell-ing
Je - sus bids you come;" And thro' the dark, its ech - oes sweet-ly ring - ing,
sounds o'er land and sea; And la - den souls, by thousands meekly steal - ing,
of the songs a - bove; Till morn-ing's joy shall end the night of weep-ing,
REFRAIN.
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home. An - gels of Je - sus,
Kind Shepherd, turn their wear-y steps to Thee.
And life's long shadows break in cloud - less love.
an - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil-grims of the night,

Hark, Hark, My Soul



136 Something For Jesus

S. D. PHELPS ROBERT LOWRY

1. Sav - ior, Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I
2. At the blest mer - cy - seat, Plead-ing for me, My fee - ble
3. Give me a faith - ful heart,—Like-ness to Thee,— That each de-
4. All that I am and have,—Thy gifts so free,— In joy, in
aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee: In love my soul would bow, My heart ful-
faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee: Help me the cross to bear, Thy wondrous
part - ing day Hence-forth may see Some work of love be - gun, Some deed of
grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for Thee! And when Thy face I see, My ran-somed
fill its vow, Some of-f'ring bring Thee now, Something for Thee.
love de - clare, Some song to raise, or prayer, Something for Thee.
kindness done, Some wand'rer sought and won, Something for Thee.
soul shall be, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Something for Thee. A - MEN.

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137 Just for To-day

E. R. WILBERFORCE H. R. PALMER

1. Lord, for to-mor-row and its needs I do not pray; Keep m^ my God, from
2. Let me no wrong or i - dle word Un-think-ing say; Set Thou ↄ seal up-
3. And if, to-day, this life of mine Should ebb a - way, Give me Thy sac-ra-
stain of sin Just for to-day. Help me to la - bor ear - nest - ly,
on my lips Thro' all to-day. Let me in sea-son, Lord, be grave,
ment di-vine, Fa - ther, to-day. So for to - mor-row and its needs
cres.
ff
rall.
And du - ly pray; Let me be kind in word and deed, Fa - ther, to-day.
In sea-son gay; Let me be faith-ful to Thy grace, Dear Lord, to-day.
I do not pray; Still keep me, guide me, love me, Lord, Thro' each to-day.

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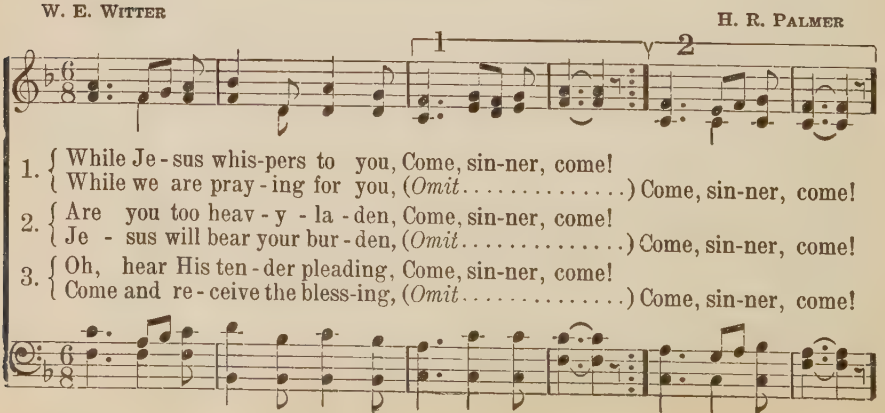
138 Come, Sinner, Come!

W. E. WITTER H. R. PALMER


1
2
1. While Je - sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin-ner, come!
While we are pray - ing for you, (*Omit*.....) Come, sin-ner, come!
2. Are you too heav - y - la - den, Come, sin-ner, come!
Je - sus will bear your bur - den, (*Omit*.....) Come, sin-ner, come!
3. Oh, hear His ten - der pleading, Come, sin-ner, come!
Come and re - ceive the bless-ing, (*Omit*.....) Come, sin-ner, come!

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Come, Sinner, Come!

1
2
Now is the time to own Him, Come, sin-ner, come!
Now is the time to know Him, (*Omit*.....) Come, sin-ner, come!
Je - sus will not de-ceive you, Come, sin-ner, come!
Je - sus can now re-deem you, (*Omit*.....) Come, sin-ner, come!
While Je-sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin-ner, come!
While we are pray-ing for you, (*Omit*.....) Come, sin-ner, come!

139 Almost Persuaded

P. P. B.
P. P. Bliss
1. "Al - most per-suad - ed," now to be - lieve; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
2. "Al - most per-suad - ed," come, come to - day; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
3. "Al - most per-suad - ed," har - vest is past! "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
doom comes at last! "Al - most" can - not a - vail; "Al - most" is
go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day· On.. Thee I'll call."
ling'ring near, Prayers rise from hearts so dear, O... wan-d'rer, come.
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail, "Al - most," but lost.

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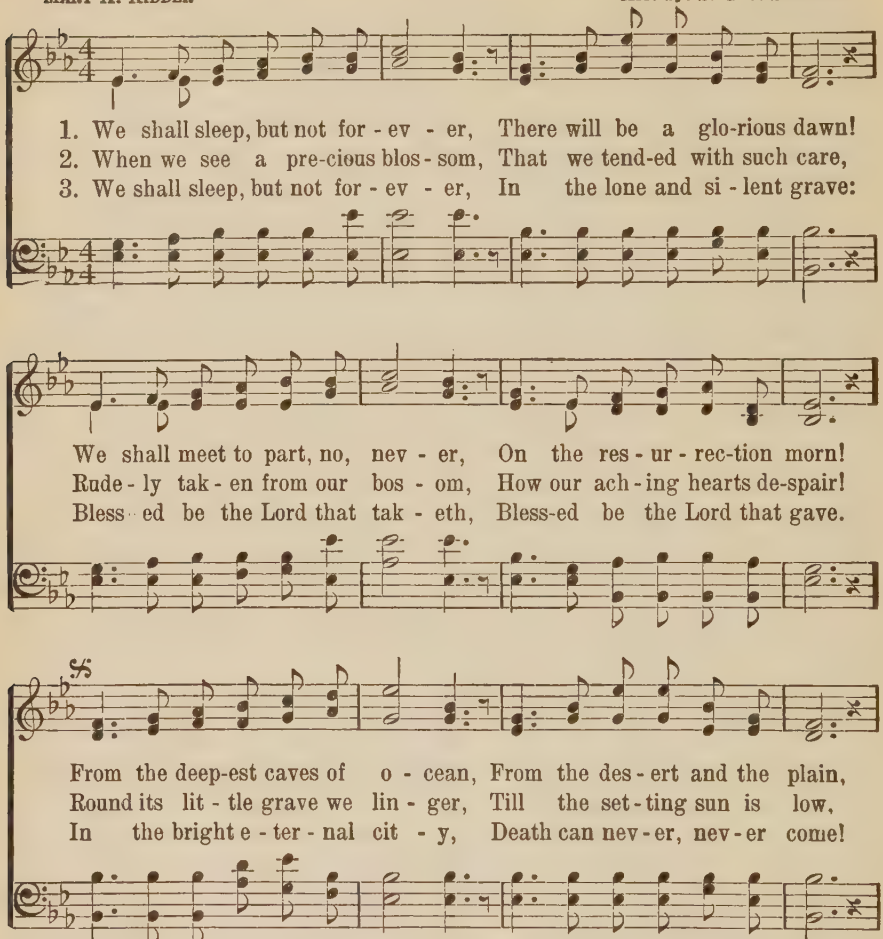
140 We Shall Sleep, But Not Forever

MARY A. KIDDER — Arr. by. S. GEO. SHIPLEY


1. We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er, There will be a glo-rious dawn!
2. When we see a pre-cious blos - som, That we tend-ed with such care,
3. We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er, In the lone and si - lent grave:
We shall meet to part, no, nev - er, On the res - ur - rec-tion morn!
Rude - ly tak - en from our bos - om, How our ach - ing hearts de-spair!
Bless - ed be the Lord that tak - eth, Bless-ed be the Lord that gave.
From the deep-est caves of o - cean, From the des - ert and the plain,
Round its lit - tle grave we lin - ger, Till the set - ting sun is low,
In the bright e - ter - nal cit - y, Death can nev - er, nev - er come!
REF.—We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er, There will be a glo-rious dawn!
D. S. for Refrain.
From the val - ley and the moun - tain, Countless throngs shall rise a - gain.
Feel - ing all our hopes have pe1 - ished With the flow'r we cher-ished so.
In His own good time He'll call us, From our rest, to home, sweet home.
We shall meet, to part, no, nev - er, On the res - ur - rec - tion morn!

141 The Rock That is Higher Than I

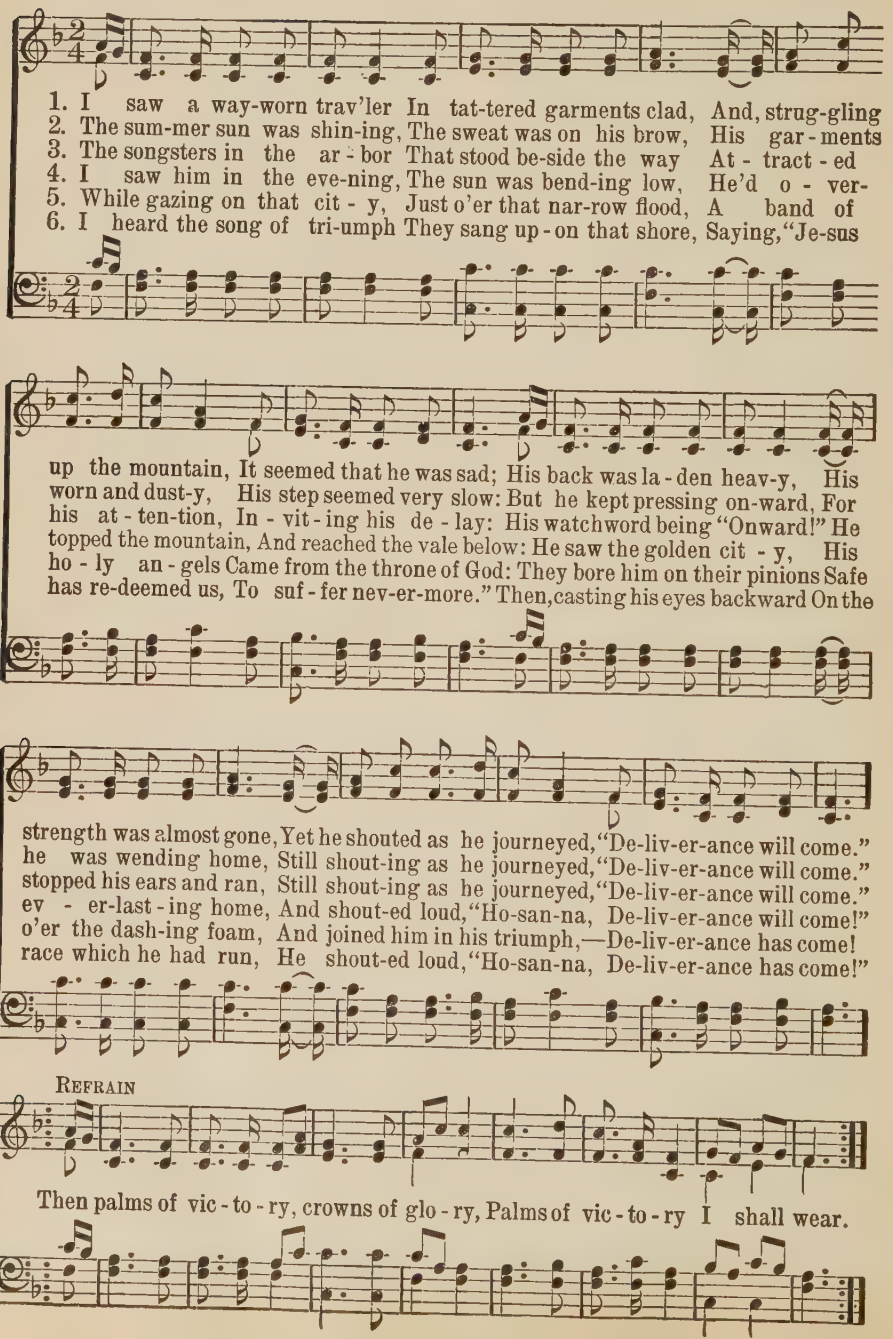
E. JOHNSON — WILLIAM G. FISCHER

1. O some-times the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal,
2. O sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how wea-ry my feet;
3. O near to the Rock let me keep, If bless-ings or sor-rows pre-vail;
And sorrows, sometimes how they sweep Like tempests down o - ver the soul!
But toil - ing in life's dust-y way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!
Or climb-ing the mountain way steep, Or walk - ing the shad-ow - y vale.
REFRAIN
O then to the Rock let me fly, To the
let me fly,
Rock that is high - er than I; O then to the
is high - er than I;
Rock let me fly, To the Rock that is high - er than I!
let me fly,

Deliverance Will Come

JOHN B. MATTHIAS

JOHN B. MATTHIAS


1. I saw a way-worn trav'ler In tat-tered garments clad, And, strug-gling
2. The sum-mer sun was shin-ing, The sweat was on his brow, His gar-ments
3. The songsters in the ar-bor That stood be-side the way At-tract-ed
4. I saw him in the eve-ning, The sun was bend-ing low, He'd o-ver-
5. While gazing on that cit-y, Just o'er that nar-row flood, A band of
6. I heard the song of tri-umph They sang up-on that shore, Saying, "Je-sus
up the mountain, It seemed that he was sad; His back was la-den heav-y, His
worn and dust-y, His step seemed very slow: But he kept pressing on-ward, For
his at-ten-tion, In-vit-ing his de-lay: His watchword being "Onward!" He
topped the mountain, And reached the vale below: He saw the golden cit-y, His
ho-ly an-gels Came from the throne of God: They bore him on their pinions Safe
has re-deemed us, To suf-fer nev-er-more." Then, casting his eyes backward On the
strength was almost gone, Yet he shouted as he journeyed, "De-liv-er-ance will come."
he was wending home, Still shout-ing as he journeyed, "De-liv-er-ance will come."
stopped his ears and ran, Still shout-ing as he journeyed, "De-liv-er-ance will come."
ev-er-last-ing home, And shout-ed loud, "Ho-san-na, De-liv-er-ance will come!"
o'er the dash-ing foam, And joined him in his triumph,—De-liv-er-ance has come!
race which he had run, He shout-ed loud, "Ho-san-na, De-liv-er-ance has come!"
REFRAIN
Then palms of vic-to-ry, crowns of glo-ry, Palms of vic-to-ry I shall wear.

Rest for the Weary

WILLIAM HUNTER J. W. DADMUN

1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There remains a land of rest;
2. He is fit - ting up my man - sion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand,
3. Pain and sickness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
4. Death it-self shall then be vanquished, And his sting shall be withdrawn;
There my Sav-ior's gone be-fore me, To ful - fill my soul's re-quest.
For my stay shall not be tran - sient, In that ho - ly, hap - py land.
But, in that ce - les - tial cen - ter, I a crown of life shall wear.
Shout for glad-ness, oh, ye ran - somed! Hail with joy the ris - ing morn.
CHORUS.
There is rest for the wear-y, There is rest for the wear-y,
On the oth-er side of Jor - dan, In the sweet fields of E - den,
There is rest for the wear - y, There is rest for you.
Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you. A-MEN.

Sweet By and By

S. F. Bennett J. P. Webster

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can
2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The mel - o - di - ous
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our
see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre-
songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a
trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the
Chorus
pare us a dwell - ing-place there. In the sweet by and
sigh for the bless - ing of rest.
bless-ings that hal - low our days.
In the sweet
by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore; In the
by and by, by and by,
sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.
In the sweet by and by,

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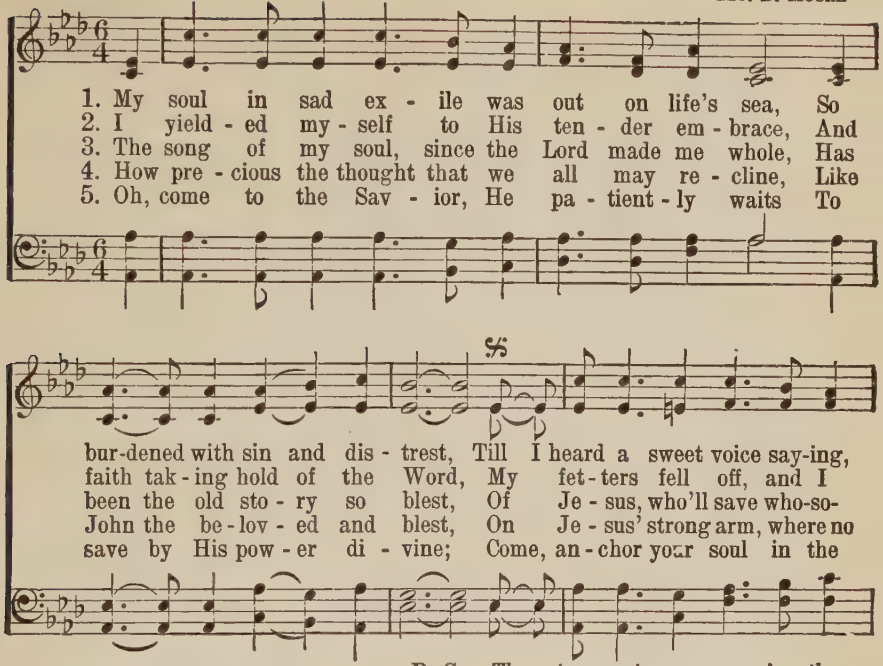
145 The Haven of Rest

H. L. GILMOUR

GEO. D. MOORE


1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So
2. I yield - ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, And
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has
4. How pre - cious the thought that we all may re - cline, Like
5. Oh, come to the Sav - ior, He pa - tient - ly waits To
bur-dened with sin and dis - trest, Till I heard a sweet voice say-ing,
faith tak - ing hold of the Word, My fet - ters fell off, and I
been the old sto - ry so blest, Of Je - sus, who'll save who-so-
John the be - lov - ed and blest, On Je - sus' strong arm, where no
save by His pow - er di - vine; Come, an - chor your soul in the
D. S.—*The tem - pest may sweep o'er the*
"Make me your choice;" And I en-tered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
an - chored my soul; The "Ha-ven of Rest" is my Lord.
ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
tem - pest can harm,— Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
"Ha - ven of Rest," And say, "My Be - lov - ed is mine."
wild, storm-y deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

FINE.

CHORUS

D. S.

I've anchored my soul in the "Ha-ven of Rest," I'll sail the wide seas no more;

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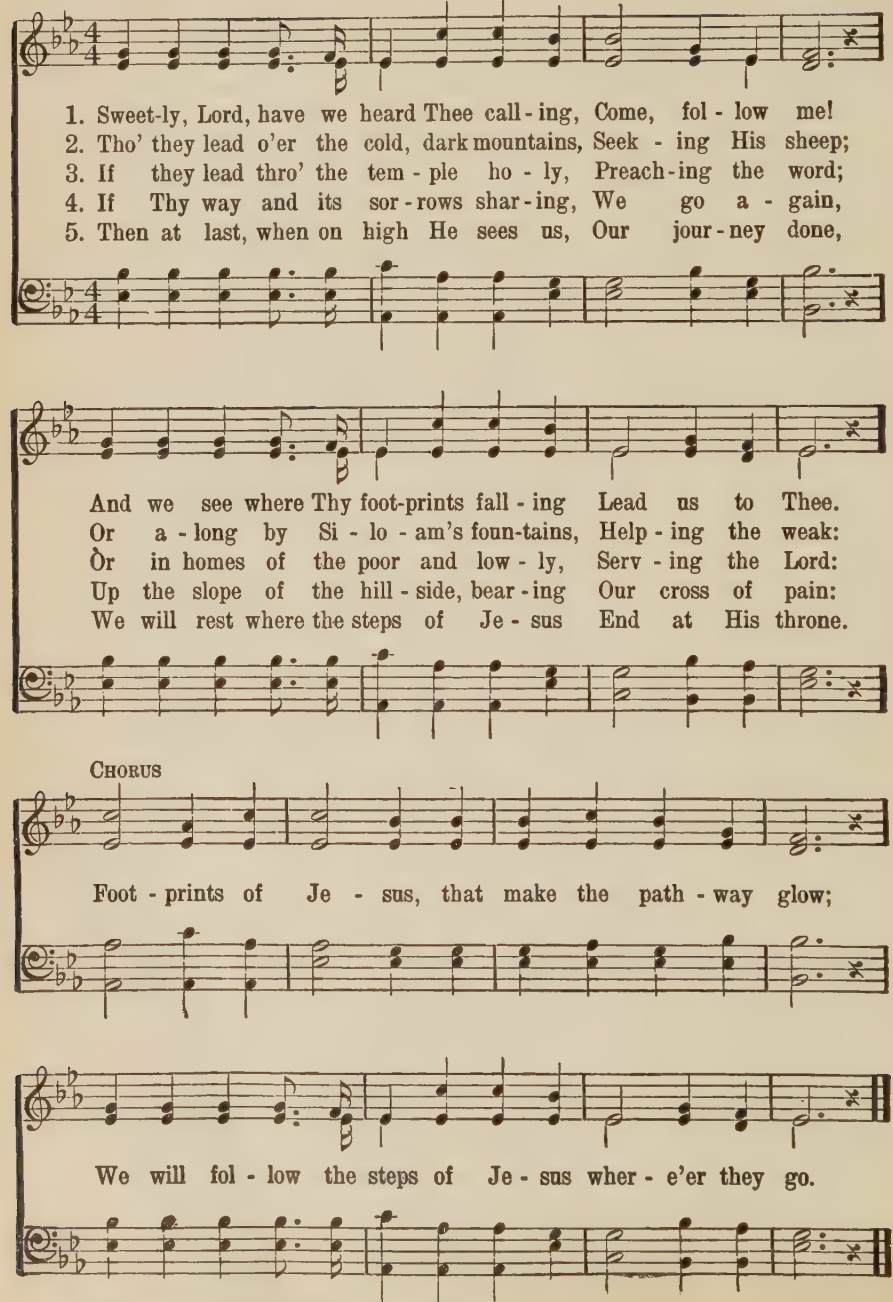
Footsteps of Jesus

MARY B. C. SLADE

A. B. EVERETT


1. Sweet-ly, Lord, have we heard Thee call - ing, Come, fol - low me!
2. Tho' they lead o'er the cold, dark mountains, Seek - ing His sheep;
3. If they lead thro' the tem - ple ho - ly, Preach - ing the word;
4. If Thy way and its sor - rows shar - ing, We go a - gain,
5. Then at last, when on high He sees us, Our jour - ney done,
And we see where Thy foot-prints fall - ing Lead us to Thee.
Or a - long by Si - lo - am's foun-tains, Help - ing the weak:
Or in homes of the poor and low - ly, Serv - ing the Lord:
Up the slope of the hill - side, bear - ing Our cross of pain:
We will rest where the steps of Je - sus End at His throne.
CHORUS
Foot - prints of Je - sus, that make the path - way glow;
We will fol - low the steps of Je - sus wher - e'er they go.

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147 There is Power in the Blood

L. E. J. L. E. JONES

1. Would you be free from the bur - den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your pas-sion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whit - er, much whiter than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv - ice for Je - sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,
pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win? There's
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to Cal - va - ry's tide; There's
pow'r in the blood; Sin-stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow; There's
pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly His prais - es to sing? There's
CHORUS.
won - der-ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r
there is
In the blood of the Lamb; There is pow'r, pow'r,
In the blood of the Lamb; there is
Won - der-work-ing pow'r In the pre - cious blood of the Lamb. A - MEN.

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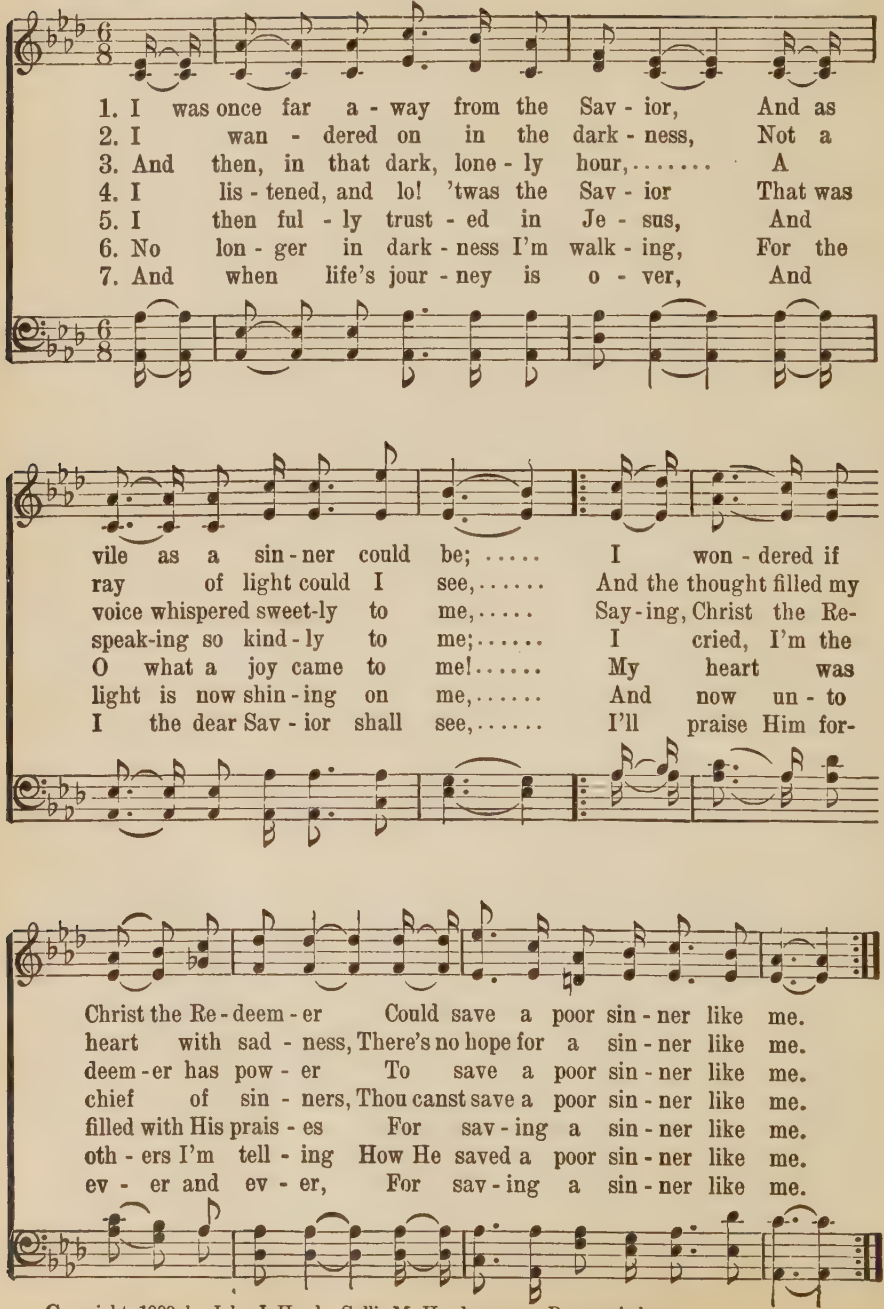
A Sinner Like Me

CHARLES J. BUTLER C. J. BUTLER


1. I was once far a - way from the Sav - ior, And as
2. I wan - dered on in the dark - ness, Not a
3. And then, in that dark, lone - ly hour,..... A
4. I lis - tened, and lo! 'twas the Sav - ior That was
5. I then ful - ly trust - ed in Je - sus, And
6. No lon - ger in dark - ness I'm walk - ing, For the
7. And when life's jour - ney is o - ver, And
vile as a sin - ner could be; ..... I won - dered if
ray of light could I see,..... And the thought filled my
voice whispered sweet-ly to me,..... Say - ing, Christ the Re-
speak-ing so kind - ly to me;..... I cried, I'm the
O what a joy came to me!..... My heart was
light is now shin - ing on me,..... And now un - to
I the dear Sav - ior shall see,..... I'll praise Him for-
Christ the Re - deem - er Could save a poor sin - ner like me.
heart with sad - ness, There's no hope for a sin - ner like me.
deem - er has pow - er To save a poor sin - ner like me.
chief of sin - ners, Thou canst save a poor sin - ner like me.
filled with His prais - es For sav - ing a sin - ner like me.
oth - ers I'm tell - ing How He saved a poor sin - ner like me.
ev - er and ev - er, For sav - ing a sin - ner like me.

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Wondrous Love

Author unknown

1. What won-drous love is this! O my soul! O my soul!
2. When I was sink-ing down, Sink-ing down, Sink-ing down!
3. Ye wing-ed ser-aphs, fly, Bear the news, Bear the news;
4. Ye friends of Zi-on's King, Join the praise, Join the praise;
5. And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on, I'll sing on;
What wondrous love is this! O my soul. What won-drous love is this,
When I was sink-ing down, Sinking down, When I was sink-ing down,
Ye wing-ed ser-aphs, fly, Bear the news: Ye wing-ed ser-aphs, fly,
Ye friends of Zi-on's King, Join the praise: Ye friends of Zi-on's King,
And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on: And when from death I'm free,
That caused the Lord of bliss To send this pre-cious peace To my
Be-neath God's right-eous frown, Christ laid a-side His crown, For my
Like com-ets thro' the sky, Fill vast e-ter-ni-ty With the
With hearts and voi-ces sing, And strike each tune-ful string, In His
I'll sing and joy-ful be, And thro' e-ter-ni-ty, I'll sing
soul, To my soul! To send this pre-cious peace To my soul!
soul, For my soul, Christ laid a-side His crown For my soul.
news, With the news, Fill vast e-ter-ni-ty With the news.
praise, In His praise, And strike each tune-ful string, In His praise.
on, I'll sing on, And thro' e-ter-ni-ty, I'll sing on.

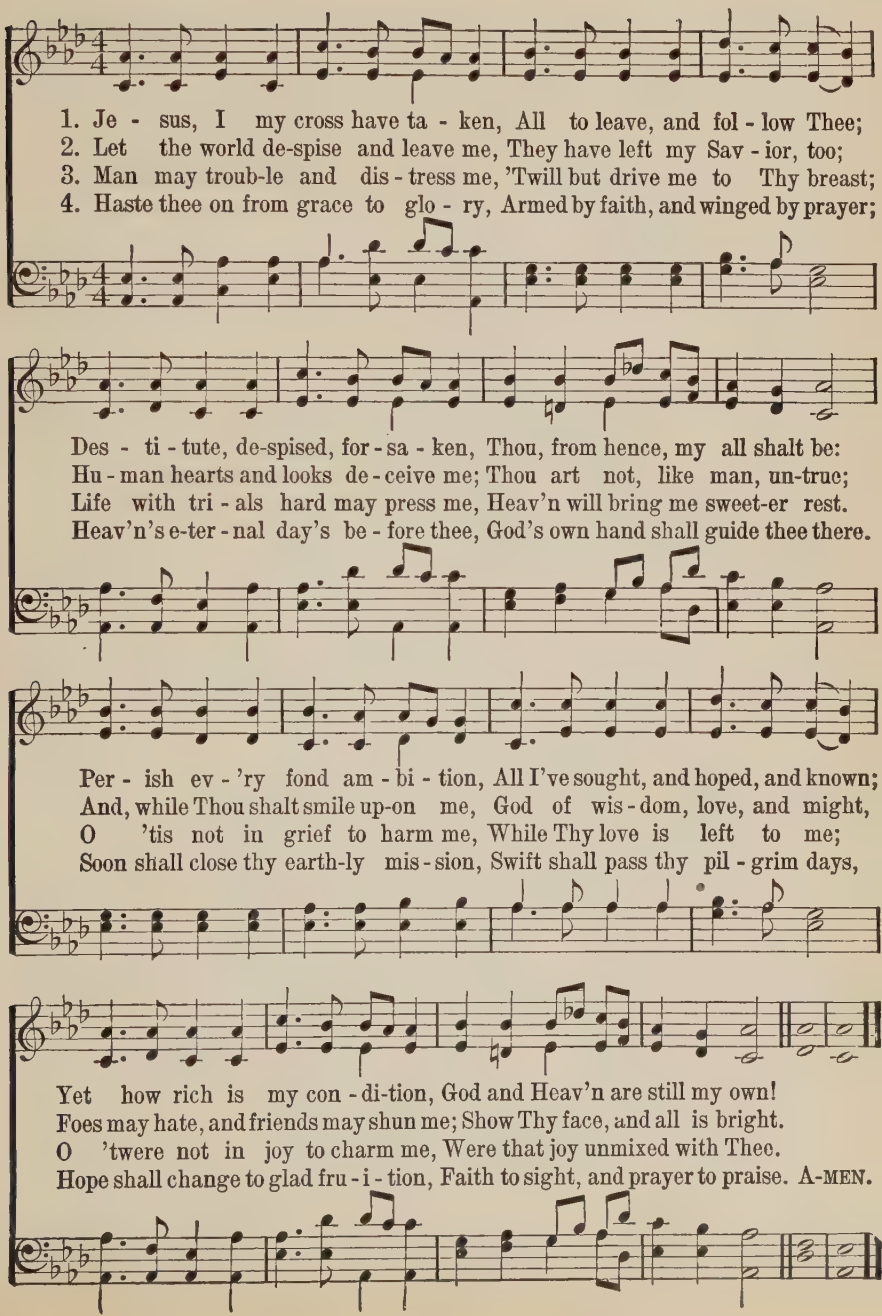
Blessed Assurance

FANNY J. CROSBY — Mrs. J. F. KNAPP

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of
2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vi-sions of rap-ture now
3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-ior am
glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, pur-chase of God,
burst on my sight; An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove
hap-py and blest; Watching and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove,
CHORUS
Born of His Spir-it, washed in His blood.
Ech-oes of mer-cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto-ry, this is my
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.
song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long; This is my sto-ry,
this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long.

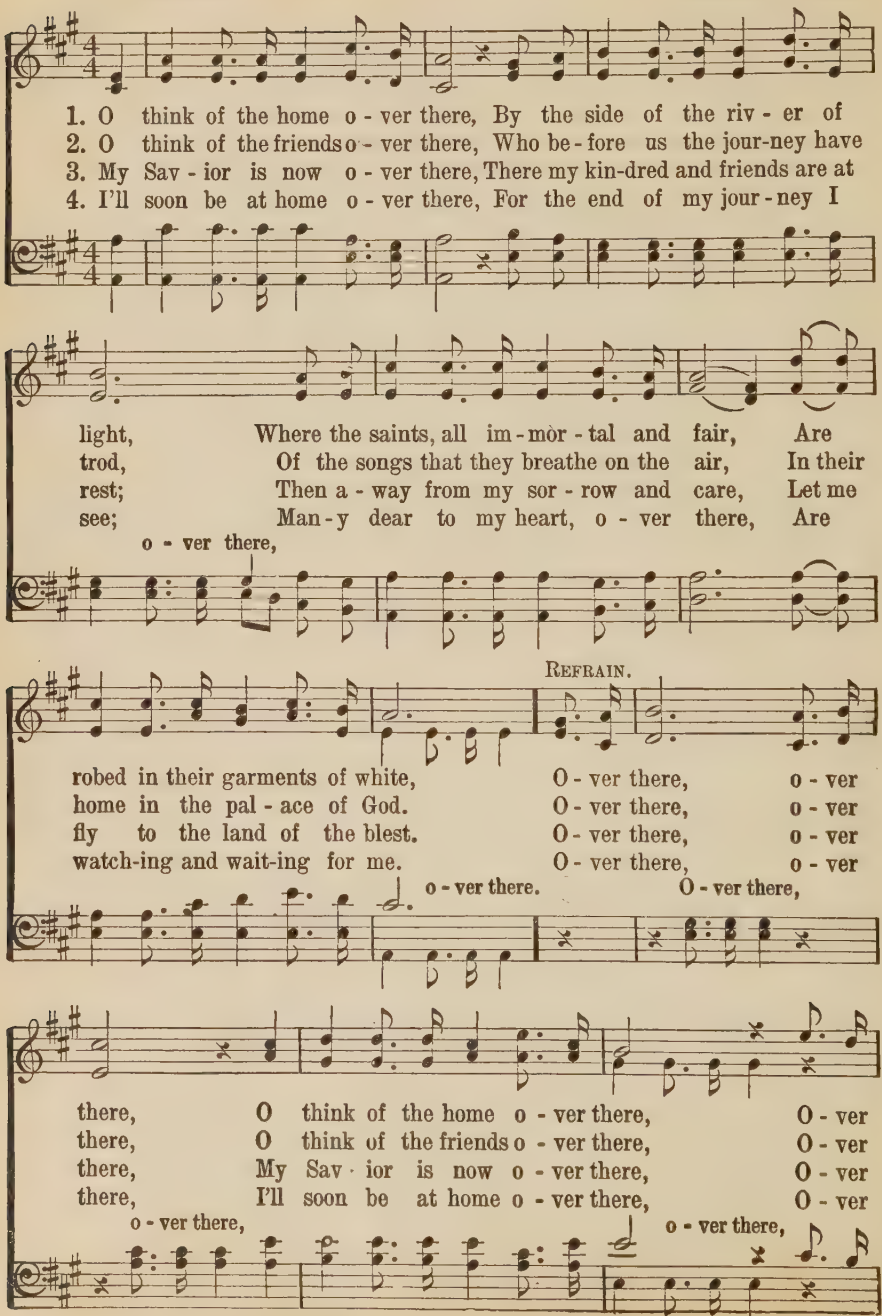
151 Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken

HENRY F. LYTE — From MOZART


1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;
2. Let the world de-spise and leave me, They have left my Sav - ior, too;
3. Man may troub-le and dis - tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
4. Haste thee on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Des - ti - tute, de-spised, for - sa - ken, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Hu - man hearts and looks de - ceive me; Thou art not, like man, un-true;
Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweet-er rest.
Heav'n's e-ter - nal day's be - fore thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
And, while Thou shalt smile up-on me, God of wis - dom, love, and might,
O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me;
Soon shall close thy earth-ly mis - sion, Swift shall pass thy pil - grim days,
Yet how rich is my con - di-tion, God and Heav'n are still my own!
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me; Show Thy face, and all is bright.
O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy unmixed with Thee.
Hope shall change to glad fru - i - tion, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise. A-MEN.

The Home Over There

D. W. C. HUNTINGTON — TULLIUS C. O'KANE


1. O think of the home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of
2. O think of the friends o - ver there, Who be - fore us the jour-ney have
3. My Sav - ior is now o - ver there, There my kin-dred and friends are at
4. I'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my jour - ney I
light, Where the saints, all im - mor - tal and fair, Are
trod, Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their
rest; Then a - way from my sor - row and care, Let me
see; Man - y dear to my heart, o - ver there, Are
o - ver there,
REFRAIN.
robed in their garments of white, O - ver there, o - ver
home in the pal - ace of God. O - ver there, o - ver
fly to the land of the blest. O - ver there, o - ver
watch-ing and wait-ing for me. O - ver there, o - ver
o - ver there.
O - ver there,
there, O think of the home o - ver there, O - ver
there, O think of the friends o - ver there, O - ver
there, My Sav - ior is now o - ver there, O - ver
there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there, O - ver
o - ver there,
o - ver there,

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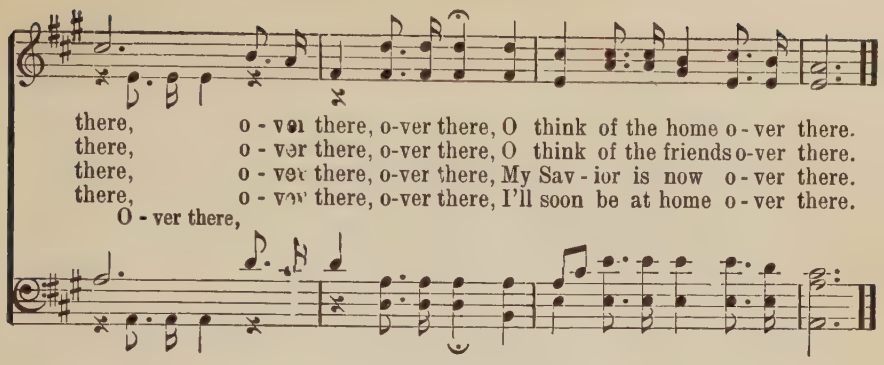
The Home Over There


there, o - ver there, o-ver there, O think of the home o - ver there.
there, o - ver there, o-ver there, O think of the friends o-ver there.
there, o - ver there, o-ver there, My Sav - ior is now o - ver there.
there, o - ver there, o-ver there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there.
O - ver there,

153 Why Do You Wait?

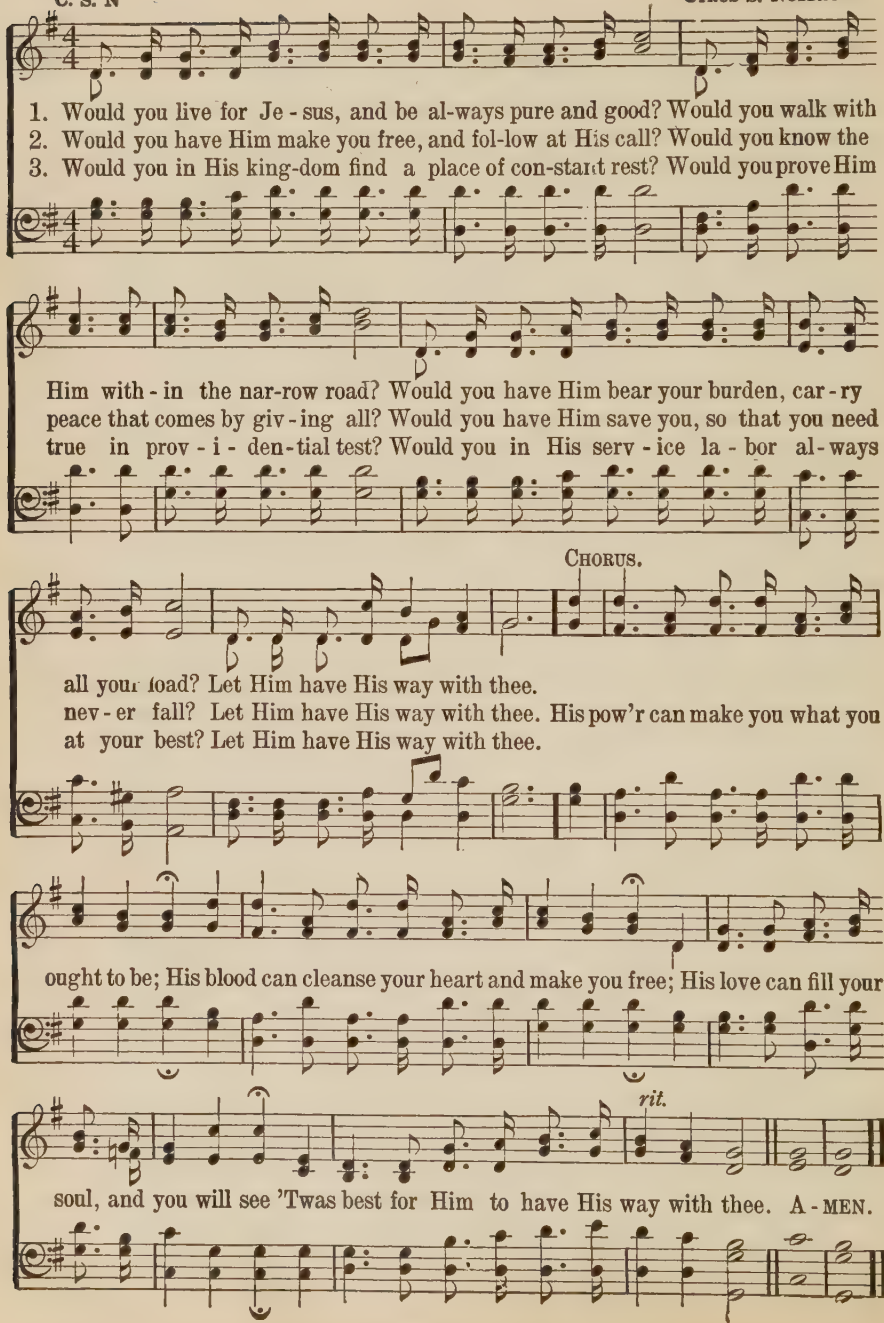
G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, Oh, why do you tar - ry so long? Your
2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur-ther de - lay? There's
3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir - it now striv-ing with-in? Oh,
4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, The har-vest is pass-ing a - way; Your
Sav - ior is wait - ing to give you A place in His sanc - ti - fied throng.
no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth - er way but His way.
why not ac-cept His sal - va - tion, And throw off your bur-den of sin?
Sav - ior is long-ing to bless you, There's danger and death in de - lay.
CHORUS
1
2
Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now?

His Way With Thee

C. S. N

CYRUS S. NUSBAUM


1. Would you live for Je - sus, and be al-ways pure and good? Would you walk with
2. Would you have Him make you free, and fol-low at His call? Would you know the
3. Would you in His king-dom find a place of con-stant rest? Would you prove Him
Him with - in the nar-row road? Would you have Him bear your burden, car - ry
peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that you need
true in prov - i - den-tial test? Would you in His serv - ice la - bor al-ways
CHORUS.
all your load? Let Him have His way with thee.
nev - er fall? Let Him have His way with thee. His pow'r can make you what you
at your best? Let Him have His way with thee.
ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can fill your
rit.
soul, and you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee. A - MEN.

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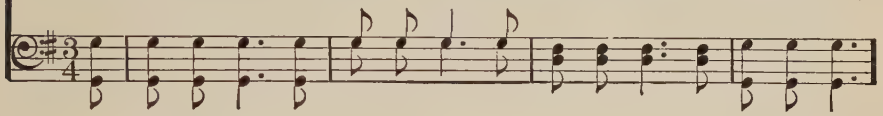
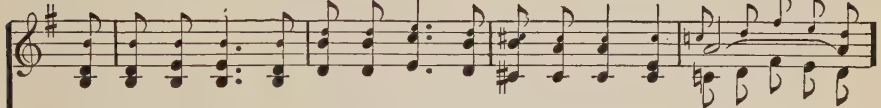
155 He Lifted Me

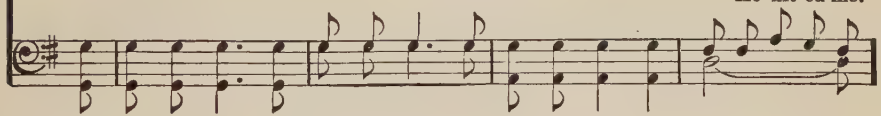
CHARLOTTE G. HOMER — CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. In lov - ing-kind-ness Je - sus came My soul in mer - cy to re-claim,
2. He called me long be - fore I heard, Be - fore my sin-ful heart was stirred,
3. His brow was pierced with many a thorn, His hands by cru - el nails were torn,
4. Now on a high - er plane I dwell, And with my soul I know 'tis well;



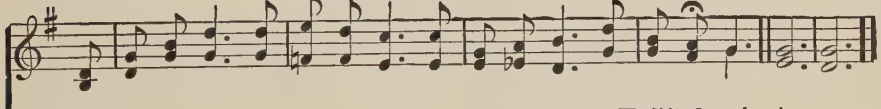


And from the depths of sin and shame Thro' grace He lift - ed me. . . . . .
But when I took Him at His word, For-giv'n He lift - ed me. . . . . .
When from my guilt and grief, forlorn, In love He lift - ed me. . . . . .
Yet how or why, I can-not tell, He should have lift - ed me. . . . . .
He lift-ed me.



CHORUS.

From sink-ing sand He lift - ed me, With ten-der hand He lift - ed me,



From shades of night to plains of light, O praise His name, He lifted me! A-MEN.

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156 I Will Sing the Wondrous Story

F. H. ROWLEY PETER P. BILHORN

1. I will sing the won-drous sto - ry Of the Christ who died for me,
2. I was lost, but Je - sus found me, Found the sheep that went a - stray,
3. I was bruised, but Je - sus healed me; Faint was I from many a fall;
4. Days of dark-ness still come o'er me, Sor - row's paths I oft - en tread,
5. He will keep me till the riv - er Rolls its wa - ters at my feet;
How He left His home in glo - ry For the cross of Cal - va - ry.
Threw His lov - ing arms a-round me, Drew me back in - to His way.
Sight was gone, and fears possessed me, But He freed me from them all.
But the Sav - ior still is with me; By His hand I'm safe - ly led.
Then He'll bear me safe - ly o - ver, Where the loved ones I shall meet.
CHORUS
Yes, I'll sing . . . . . the won-drous sto - - - - ry Of the
Yes, I'll sing the won-drous sto - ry
Christ . . . . who died for me, ... Sing it with . . . . the saints in
Of the Christ who died for me, Sing it with
glo - - - ry, Gath-ered by . . . . . the crys-tal sea. . . . . .
the saints in glo - ry, Gath-ered by the crys-tal sea.

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157 He's a Wonderful Savior to Me

VIRGIL P. BROCK BLANCHE KERR BROCK

1. I was lost in sin but Je-sus res-cued me, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to
2. He's a Friend so true, so pa-tient and so kind, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to
3. He is al-ways near to com-fort and to cheer, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to
4. Dearer grows the love of Je-sus day by day, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to
me; I was bound by fear but Je-sus set me free, He's a
me; Ev-'ry-thing I need in Him I al-ways find, He's a
me; He for-gives my sins, He dries my ev-'ry tear, He's a
me; Sweeter is His grace while pressing on my way, He's a
So won-der-ful!
CHORUS
won-der-ful Sav-ior to me..... For He's a won-der-ful
So won-der-ful!
Sav-ior to me, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to me; I was
won-der-ful!
won-der-ful!
lost in sin, but Je-sus took me in, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to me.

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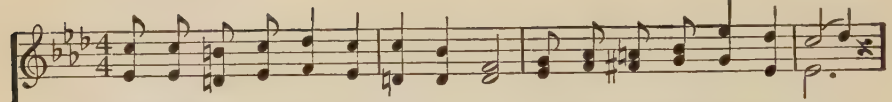
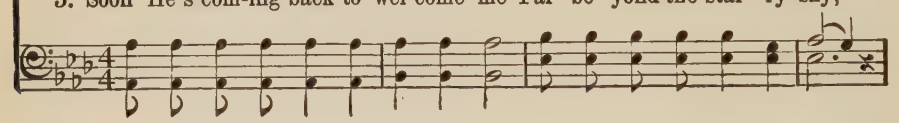
He Keeps Me Singing

L. B. B. L. B. BRIDGERS



1. There's within my heart a mel - o - dy Je - sus whis-pers sweet and low,
2. All my life was wrecked by sin and strife, Dis-cord filled my heart with pain,
3. Feast - ing on the rich - es of His grace, Resting 'neath His shelt'ring wing,
4. Tho' sometimes He leads thro' waters deep, Tri - als fall a - cross the way,
5. Soon He's com-ing back to wel-come me Far be - yond the star - ry sky;

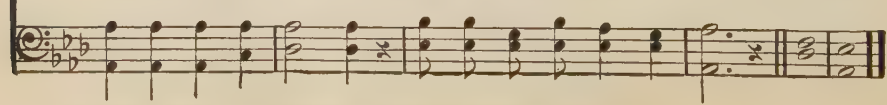


Fear not, I am with thee, peace, be still, In all of life's ebb and flow.
Je - sus swept across the broken strings, Stirred the slumb'ring chords again.
Al - ways look-ing on His smil - ing face, That is why I shout and sing.
Tho' sometimes the path seems rough and steep, See His footprints all the way.
I shall wing my flight to worlds un-known, I shall reign with Him on high.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus,— Sweet - est name I know,

Fills my ev - 'ry long - ing, Keeps me sing-ing as I go. A-MEN.



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159 Saved, Saved!

J. P. S. J. P. Scholfield

1. I've found a friend who is all to me,.... His
2. He saves me from ev-'ry sin and harm,. Se-
3. When poor and need-y and all a-lone,... In
love is ev-er true;..... I love to tell how He
cures my soul each day;..... I'm lean-ing strong on His
love He said to me,..... "Come un-to me and I'll
lift-ed me.... And what His grace can do for you...
might-y arm;.. I know He'll guide me all the way...
lead you home, To live with me e-ter-nal-ly."...
Chorus.
Saved .... by His pow'r di-vine, Saved .... to new life sub-lime!
Saved by His pow'r,
Saved to new life,
rit.
Life now is sweet and my joy is com-plete, For I'm Saved, saved, saved!

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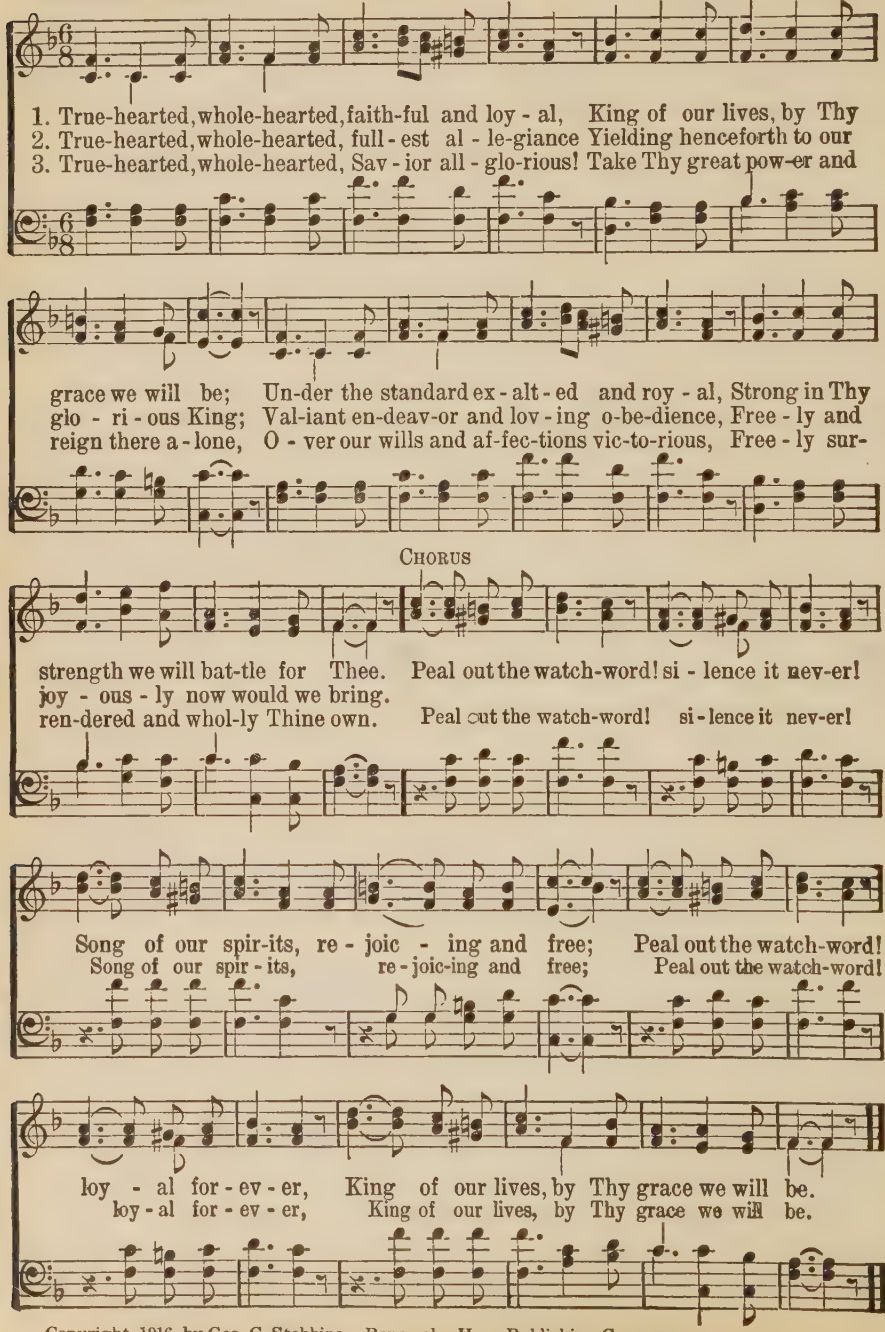
160 True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL — GEO. C. STEBBINS


1. True-hearted, whole-hearted, faith-ful and loy - al, King of our lives, by Thy
2. True-hearted, whole-hearted, full - est al - le-giance Yielding henceforth to our
3. True-hearted, whole-hearted, Sav - ior all - glo-rious! Take Thy great pow-er and
grace we will be; Un-der the standard ex - alt - ed and roy - al, Strong in Thy
glo - ri - ous King; Val-iant en-deav-or and lov - ing o-be-dience, Free - ly and
reign there a - lone, O - ver our wills and af-fec-tions vic-to-rious, Free - ly sur-
CHORUS
strength we will bat-tle for Thee. Peal out the watch-word! si - lence it nev-er!
joy - ous - ly now would we bring.
ren-dered and whol-ly Thine own. Peal out the watch-word! si - lence it nev-er!
Song of our spir-its, re - joic - ing and free; Peal out the watch-word!
Song of our spir - its, re - joic-ing and free; Peal out the watch-word!
loy - al for - ev - er, King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be.
loy - al for - ev - er, King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be.

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161 He Hideth My Soul

FANNY J. CROSBY

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK

Allegretto

1. A won - der - ful Sav - ior is Je - sus my Lord. A won - der - ful
2. A won - der - ful Sav - ior is Je - sus my Lord, He tak - eth my
3. With num - ber - less bless-ings each mo - ment He crowns, And filled with His
4. When clothed in His brightness, transport-ed I rise To meet Him in
Sav - ior to me, He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, Where
bur - den a - way, He hold - eth me up, and I shall not be moved, He
full - ness di - vine, I sing in my rap-ture, oh, glo - ry to God For
clouds of the sky, His per - fect sal - va - tion, His won - der - ful love, I'll
CHORUS
riv - ers of pleas-ure I see.
giv - eth me strength as my day. He hid-eth my soul in the cleft of the rock
such a Re-deem - er as mine!
shout with the mil-lions on high.
That shadows a dry, thirst-y land; He hid-eth my life in the depths of His love,
And cov - ers me there with His hand, And cov - ers me there with His hand.

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162 Tell Me the Story of Jesus

FANNY J. CROSBY JNO. R. SWENEY

1. Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - 'ry word;
2. Fast-ing a - lone in the des - ert, Tell of the days that are past,
3. Tell of the cross where they nailed Him, Writh-ing in an-guish and pain;
CHO.—Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - 'ry word;
FINE
Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweet-est that ev - er was heard.
How for our sins He was tempt - ed, Yet was tri - um-phant at last.
Tell of the grave where they laid Him, Tell how He liv - eth a - gain.
Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweet - est that ev - er was heard.
Tell how the an - gels, in cho - rus, Sang as they welcomed His birth,
Tell of the years of His la - bor, Tell of the sor - row He bore,
Love in that sto - ry so ten - der, Clear - er than ev - er I see:
D. C. for Chorus
"Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Peace and good ti - dings to earth."
He was de-spised and af - flict - ed, Home-less, de - ject - ed and poor.
Stay, let me weep while you whis - per, Love paid the ran - som for me.

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163 I Walk With the King

JAMES ROWE B. D. ACKLEY

1. In sor - row I wan-dered, my spir - it op - prest, But now I am
2. For years in the fet - ters of sin I was bound, The world could not
3. O soul near de - spair in the low-lands of strife, Look up and let
hap - py—se - cure - ly I rest; From morn - ing till eve - ning glad
help me—no com - fort I found; But now like the birds and the
Je - sus come in - to your life; The joy of sal - va - tion to
car - ols I sing, And this is the rea - son—I walk with the King.
sunbeams of spring, I'm free and re - joic - ing—I walk with the King.
you He would bring—Come in - to the sun - light and walk with the King.
CHORUS
I walk with the King, hal-le - lu - jah! I walk with the King, praise His name!
No lon-ger I roam, my soul fa - ces home, I walk and I talk with the King.

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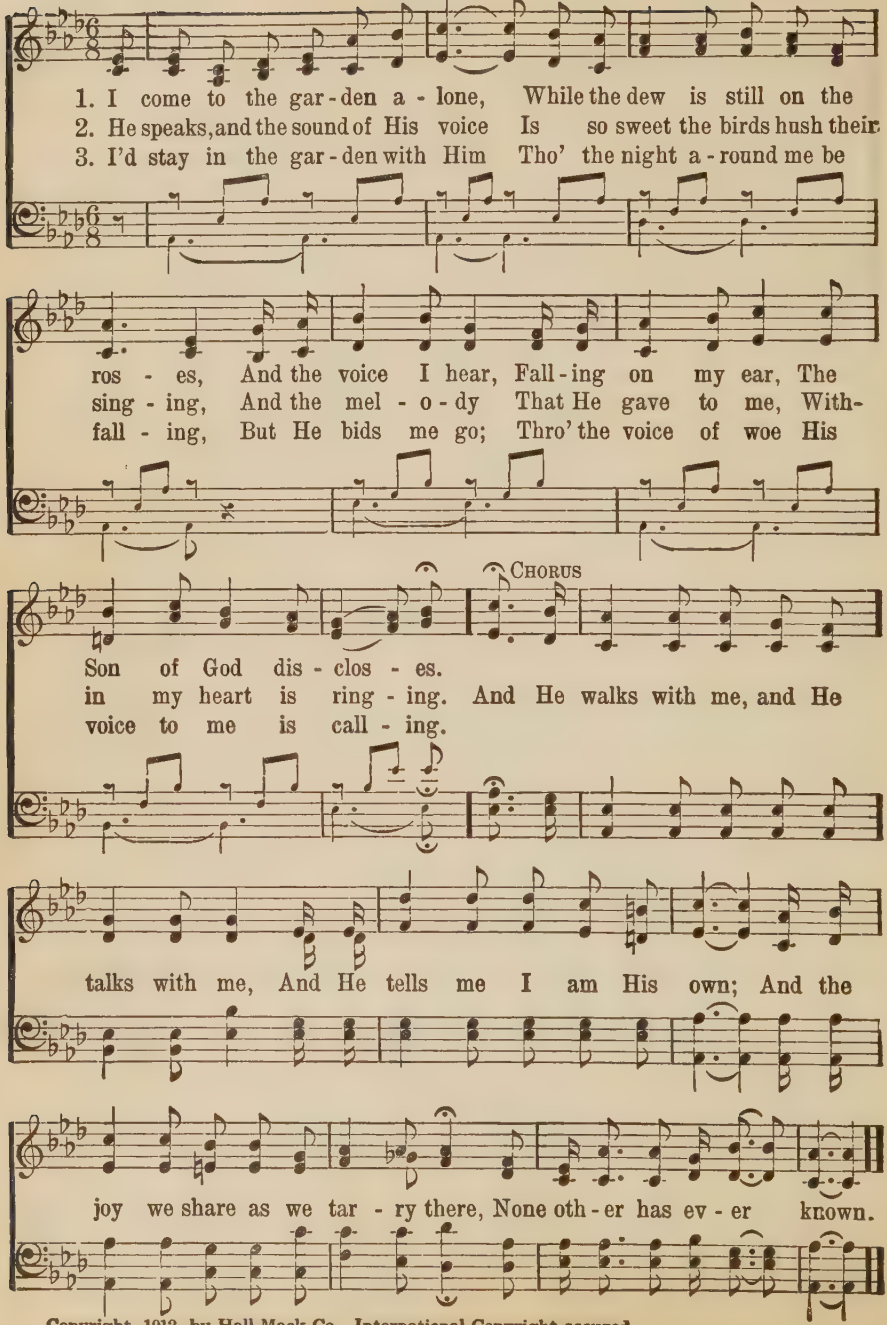
In The Garden

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles


1. I come to the gar - den a - lone, While the dew is still on the
2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet the birds hush their
3. I'd stay in the gar - den with Him Tho' the night a - round me be
ros - es, And the voice I hear, Fall - ing on my ear, The
sing - ing, And the mel - o - dy That He gave to me, With-
fall - ing, But He bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe His
Chorus
Son of God dis - clos - es.
in my heart is ring - ing. And He walks with me, and He
voice to me is call - ing.
talks with me, And He tells me I am His own; And the
joy we share as we tar - ry there, None oth - er has ev - er known.

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165 Help Somebody To-day

Mrs. Frank A. Breck — Chas. H. Gabriel

1. Look all a-round you, find some one in need, Help some-bod-y to - day!
2. Man - y are wait-ing a kind, lov-ing word, Help some-bod-y to - day!
3. Man - y have bur-dens too heav - y to bear, Help some-bod-y to - day!
4. Some are dis-cour-aged and wear-y in heart, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Tho' it be lit - tle—a neigh-bor - ly deed—Help some-bod - y to - day!
Thou hast a mes-sage, O let it be heard, Help some-bod - y to - day!
Grief is the por - tion of some ev - 'ry-where, Help some-bod - y to - day!
Some one the jour-ney to Heaven should start, Help some-bod - y to - day!
Chorus.
Help some-bod - y to - day, . . Some-bod - y a - long life's way; . . Let
to-day, home-ward way;
sorrow be ended, The friendless befriended, Oh, help somebody to-day! A - men.

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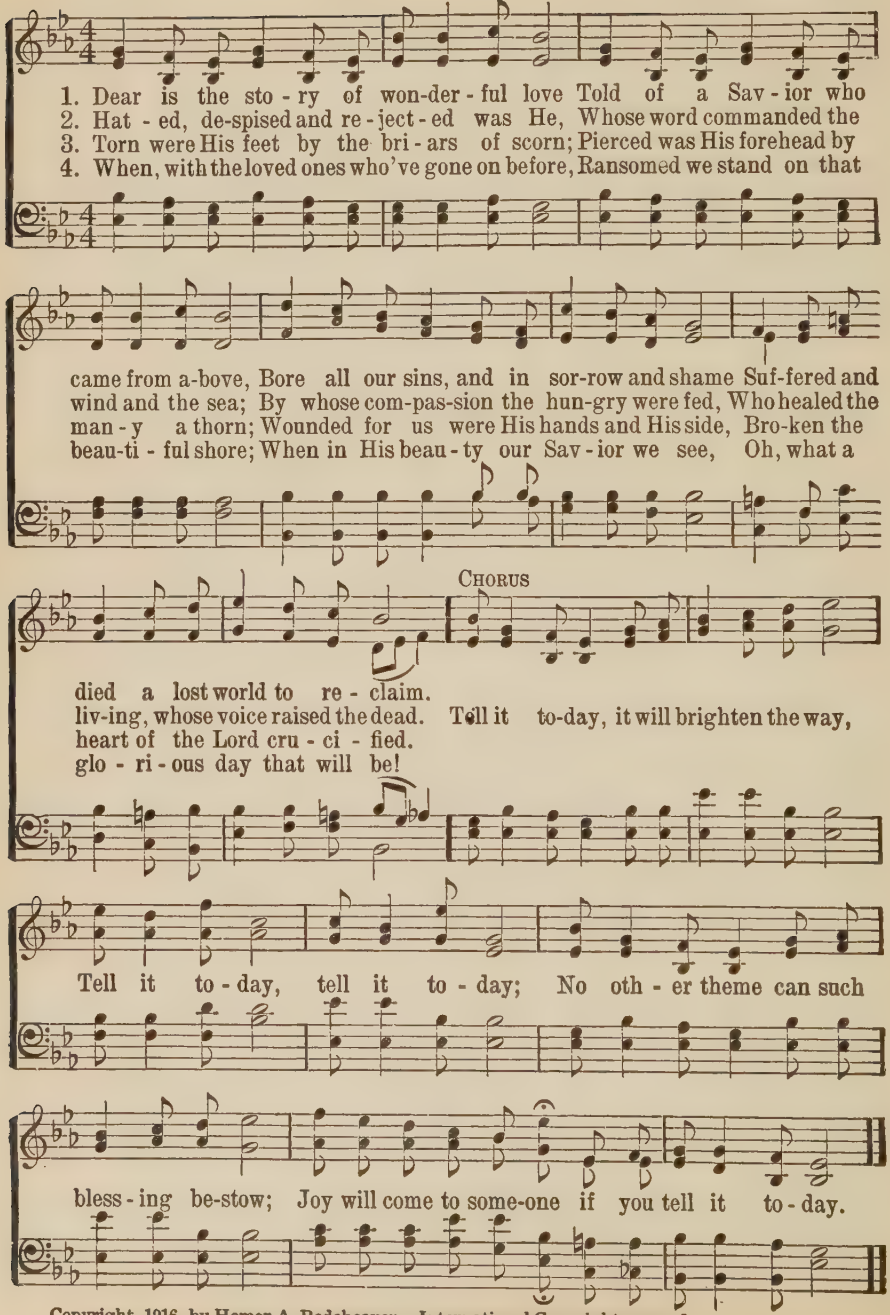
Tell It To-day

C. H. G., Jr. CHAS. H. GABRIEL, Jr.


1. Dear is the sto - ry of won-der - ful love Told of a Sav - ior who
2. Hat - ed, de-spised and re - ject - ed was He, Whose word commanded the
3. Torn were His feet by the bri - ars of scorn; Pierced was His forehead by
4. When, with the loved ones who've gone on before, Ransomed we stand on that
came from a-bove, Bore all our sins, and in sor-row and shame Suf-fered and
wind and the sea; By whose com-pas-sion the hun-gry were fed, Who healed the
man - y a thorn; Wounded for us were His hands and His side, Bro-ken the
beau-ti - ful shore; When in His beau - ty our Sav - ior we see, Oh, what a
CHORUS
died a lost world to re - claim.
liv-ing, whose voice raised the dead. Tell it to-day, it will brighten the way,
heart of the Lord cru - ci - fied.
glo - ri - ous day that will be!
Tell it to - day, tell it to - day; No oth - er theme can such
bless - ing be-stow; Joy will come to some-one if you tell it to - day.

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167 He is Able to Deliver Thee

W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN

1. 'Tis the grand-est theme thro' the a-ges rung; 'Tis the grandest theme for a
2. 'Tis the grand-est theme in the earth or main; 'Tis the grandest theme for a
3. 'Tis the grand-est theme, let the ti-dings roll, To the guilt-y heart, to the
mor - tal tongue; 'Tis the grandest theme that the world e'er sung, "Our God is
mor - tal strain; 'Tis the grandest theme, tell the world a - gain, "Our God is
sin - ful soul; Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole, "Our God is
CHORUS.
a - ble to de - liv - er thee." He is a - - - - ble to de - liv - er thee,
a - ble, He is a - ble
He is a - - - - - ble to de - liv - er thee; Tho' by sin op-prest,
a - ble, He is a - ble
Go to Him for rest; "Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee." A-MEN.

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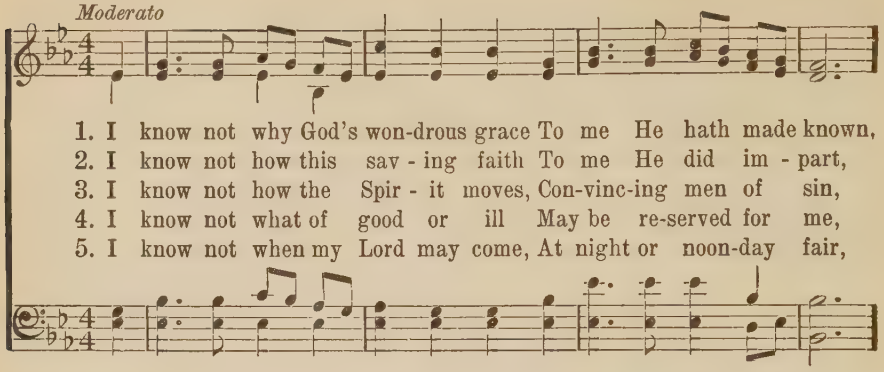
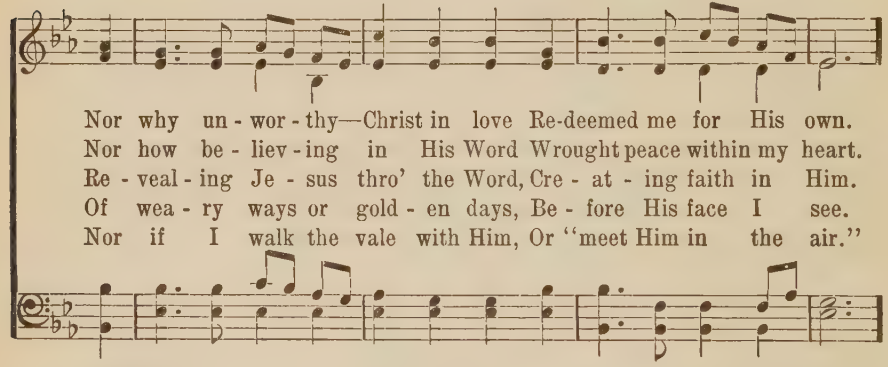
I Know Whom I Have Believed

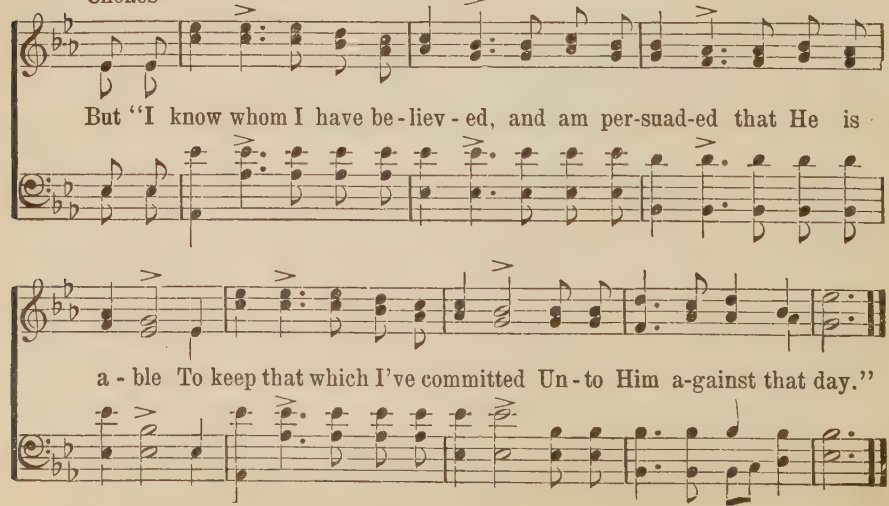
EL NATHAN — JAMES MCGRANAHAN

Moderato


1. I know not why God's won-drous grace To me He hath made known,
2. I know not how this sav - ing faith To me He did im - part,
3. I know not how the Spir - it moves, Con-vinc-ing men of sin,
4. I know not what of good or ill May be re-served for me,
5. I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon-day fair,


Nor why un - wor - thy—Christ in love Re-deemed me for His own.
Nor how be - liev - ing in His Word Wrought peace within my heart.
Re - veal - ing Je - sus thro' the Word, Cre - at - ing faith in Him.
Of wea - ry ways or gold - en days, Be - fore His face I see.
Nor if I walk the vale with Him, Or "meet Him in the air."

CHORUS



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169 The Old Rugged Cross

Rev. G. B. Rev. Geo. Bennard

1. On a hill far a-way stood an old rug-ged cross, The em-blem of
2. Oh, that old rug-ged cross so de-spised by the world, Has a wondrous at-
3. In the old rug-ged cross, stained with blood so di-vine, A won-drous
4. To the old rug-ged cross I will ev-er be true, Its shame and re-
suf-f'ring and shame; And I love that old cross where the dear-est and best
trac-tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His glo-ry a-bove,
beau-ty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Je-sus suf-fered and died,
proach gladly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far a-way,
Chorus
For a world of lost sin-ners was slain.
To bear it to dark Cal-va-ry. So I'll cher-ish the old rug-ged
To par-don and sanc-ti-fy me.
Where His glo-ry for-ev-er I'll share.
cross, the
cross, ... Till my tro-phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the
old rugged cross,
old rug-ged cross, ... And ex-change it some day for a crown.
cross, the old rug-ged cross,

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170 Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love

P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn

1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, (sweet strain,) A
2. Thro' Christ on the cross peace was made, (was made.) My
3. When Je - sus as Lord I had crowned, (had crowned,) My
4. In Je - sus for peace I a - bide, (a - bide,) And
glad and a joy - ous re - frain; (re - frain;) I sing it a-
debt by His death was all paid; (all paid;) No oth - er foun-
heart with this peace did a - bound; (a - bound;) In Him the rich
as I keep close to His side, (His side,) There's noth-ing but
gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
da - tion is laid For peace, the gift of God's love.
bless - ing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
peace doth be - tide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
Chorus
Peace, peace, sweet peace! Won - der - ful gift from a - bove! (a - bove!)
cres.
Oh, won - der - ful, won - der - ful peace! Sweet peace, the gift of God's love!

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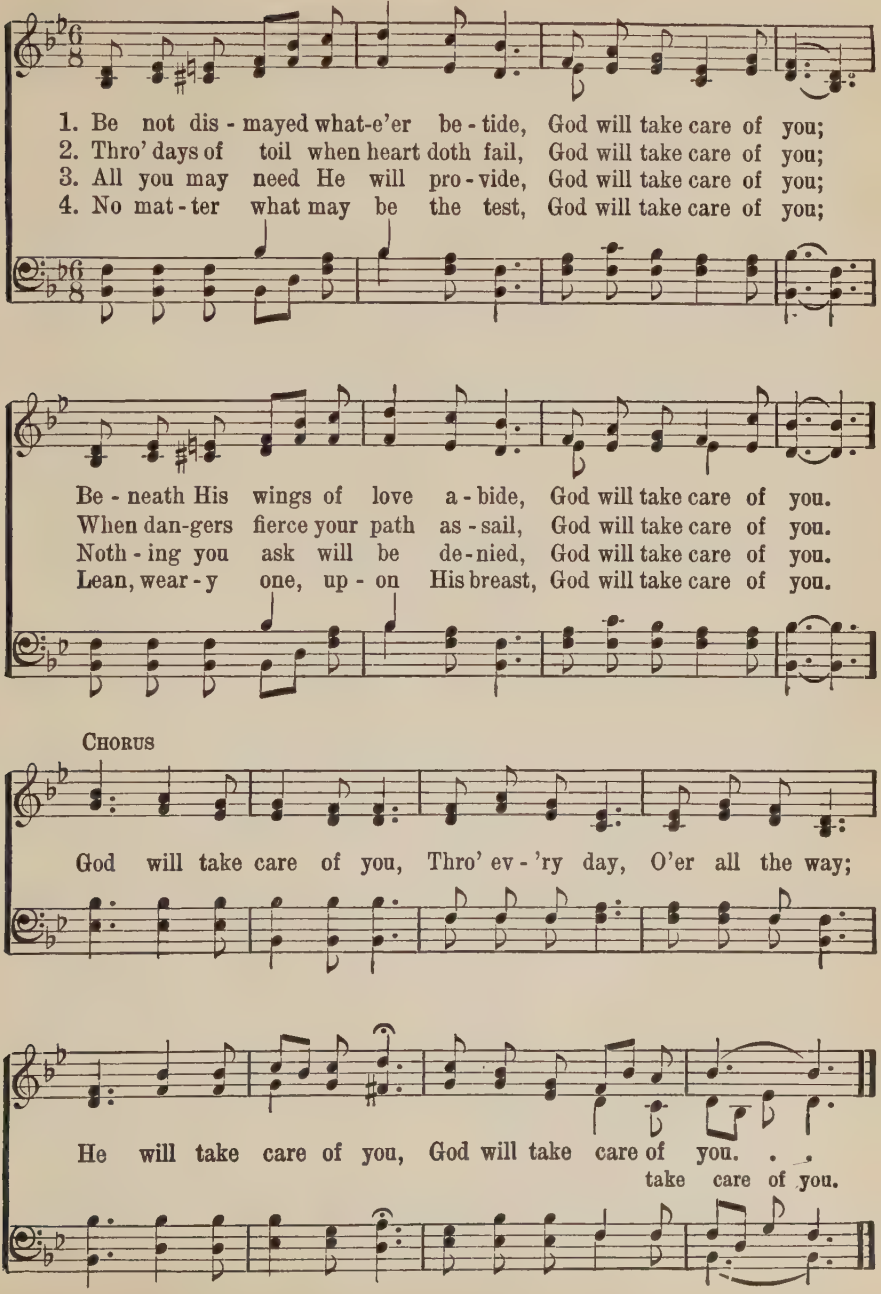
171 God Will Take Care of You

C. D. MARTIN (*Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.*) W. S. MARTIN


1. Be not dis - mayed what-e'er be - tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro - vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat - ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;
Be - neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.
When dan-gers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.
Noth - ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.
Lean, wear - y one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.
CHORUS
God will take care of you, Thro' ev - 'ry day, O'er all the way;
He will take care of you, God will take care of you. . .
take care of you.

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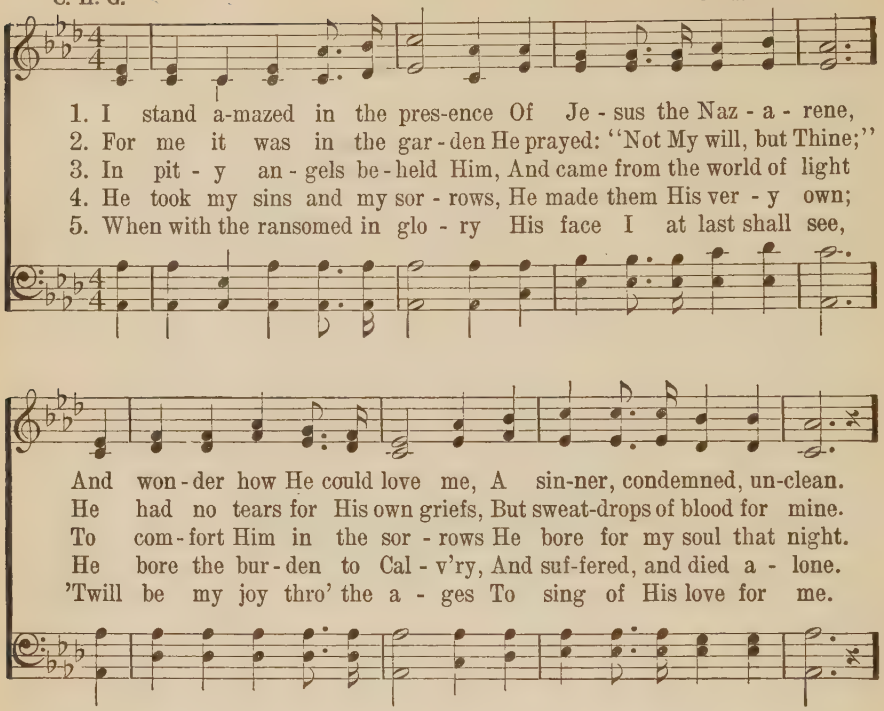
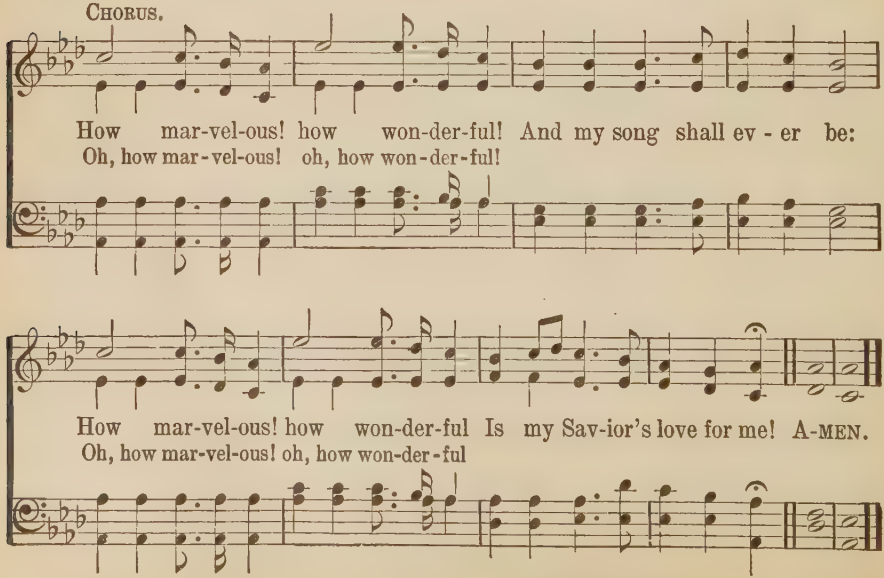
172 My Savior's Love

C. H. G. CHAS. H GABRIEL


1. I stand a-mazed in the pres-ence Of Je - sus the Naz - a - rene,
2. For me it was in the gar - den He prayed: "Not My will, but Thine;"
3. In pit - y an - gels be - held Him, And came from the world of light
4. He took my sins and my sor - rows, He made them His ver - y own;
5. When with the ransomed in glo - ry His face I at last shall see,
And won - der how He could love me, A sin-ner, condemned, un-clean.
He had no tears for His own griefs, But sweat-drops of blood for mine.
To com - fort Him in the sor - rows He bore for my soul that night.
He bore the bur - den to Cal - v'ry, And suf-fered, and died a - lone.
'Twill be my joy thro' the a - ges To sing of His love for me.

CHORUS.


How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful! And my song shall ev - er be:
Oh, how mar-vel-ous! oh, how won-der-ful!
How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful Is my Sav-ior's love for me! A-MEN.
Oh, how mar-vel-ous! oh, how won-der-ful

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173 He Included Me

REV. J. OATMAN, JR. HAMP SEWELL

1. I am so hap-py in Christ to-day, That I go sing-ing a-long my way;
2. Glad-ly I read, "Who-so-ev-er may Come to the fountain of life to-day;"
3. Ever God's Spirit is saying, "Come!" Hear the Bride saying, "No longer roam;"
4. "Freely come drink," words the soul to thrill! O with what joy they my heart do fill!
Yes, I'm so hap-py to know and say, "Je-sus in-clud-ed me too."
But when I read it I al-ways say, "Je-sus in-clud-ed me too."
But I am sure while they're calling home, Je-sus in-clud-ed me too.
For when He said, "Who-so-ev-er will," Je-sus in-clud-ed me too.
CHORUS.
Je-sus in-clud-ed me, Yes, He in-clud-ed me, When the Lord said
"Who-so-ev-er," He in-clud-ed me; Je-sus in-clud-ed me, Yes, He in-
clud-ed me, When the Lord said "Who-so-ev-er," He included me. A-MEN.

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174 Growing Dearer Each Day

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. How sweet is the love of my Sav-ior! 'Tis boundless and deep as the sea; And
2. I know He is ev-er be-side me! E - ter - ni-ty on-ly will prove The
3. Wher-ev - er He leads I will fol-low, Thro' sor-row, or shadow, or sun; And
4. Some day face to face I shall see Him, And oh, what a joy it will be To
best of it all, it is dai-ly Grow-ing sweet-er and sweet-er to me.
height and the depth of His mercy, And the breadth of His in-fi-nite love.
though I be tried in the fur-nace, I can say, "Lord, Thy will be it done."
know that His love, now so precious, Will for-ev - er grow sweet-er to me.
CHORUS.
Sweet - - er and sweeter to me, ... Dear - - er and
Sweeter to me, grow - ing sweet-er to me, Dear-er each day,
dear-er each day; . . . Oh, won - - der-ful love of my
grow - ing dear-er each day; Oh, won-der-ful love, love of my
Sav - ior, Grow-ing dear - - er each step of my way! A-MEN.
Sav - ior, Grow-ing dear-er and dear-er each step of my way!

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The Cross is Not Greater

B. B.

BALLINGTON BOOTH

1. The cross that He gave may be heav-y, But it ne'er outweighs His grace;
2. The thorns in my path are not sharper Than composed His crown for me;
3. The light of His love shin-eth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe;
4. His will I have joy in ful-fill-ing, As I'm walk-ing in His sight;
The storm that I feared may surround me, But it ne'er ex-cludes His face.
The cup that I drink not more bit-ter Than He drank in Geth-sem-a-ne.
The toil of my work grow-eth light-er, As I stoop to raise the low.
My all to the blood I am bring-ing, It a-lone can keep me right.
CHORUS
The cross is not great-er than His grace, The storm can-not
hide His bless-ed face; I am sat-is-fied to know That with
Je-sus here be-low, I can con-quer ev-'ry foe.

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176 Give Me Thy Heart

E. E. HEWITT — ANNIE F. BOURNE

1. "Give me thy heart," says the Fa - ther a - bove, No gift so pre-cious to
2. "Give me thy heart," says the Sav - ior of men, Call - ing in mer - cy a-
3. "Give me thy heart," says the Spir - it di - vine, "All that thou hast, to my
Him as our love, Soft - ly He whis-pers wher - ev - er thou art,
gain and a - gain; "Turn now from sin, and from e - vil de - part,
keep - ing re - sign; Grace more a - bound-ing is mine to im - part,
CHORUS
"Grate - ful - ly trust me, and give me thy heart."
Have I not died for thee? give me thy heart." "Give me thy heart,
Make full sur - ren - der and give me thy heart."
p
Give me thy heart," Hear the soft whisper, wher-ev - er thou art; From this dark
rit.
world He would draw thee a-part, Speak-ing so ten - der-ly, "Give me thy heart."

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Forward!

Mrs. Frank A. Breck

Grant Colfax Tullar

Animato

1. Christ, our mighty Cap-tain, leads a-gainst the foe, We will nev-er fal-ter
2. Sa-tan's fear-ful on-slaughts cannot make us yield While we trust in Christ, our
3. Let our glo-rious ban-ner ev-er be unfurled; From its might-y stronghold
4. Fierce the bat-tle ra-ges—but 'twill not be long, Then tri-um-phant, shall we
when He bids us go; Tho' His righteous pur-pose we may nev-er know,
Buck-ler and our Shield; Press-ing ev-er on—the Spir-it's sword we wield,
e-vil shall be hurled; Christ, our might-y Cap-tain, o-ver-comes the world,
join the blessed throng, Joy-ful-ly u-nit-ing in the vic-tor's song-
Chorus
Yet we'll fol-low all the way.
And we fol-low all the way. For-ward! for-ward! 'tis the Lord's command;
And we fol-low all the way.
If we fol-low all the way.
For-ward! for-ward! To the prom-ised land; For-ward! for-ward!
let the cho-rus ring: We are sure to win with Christ, our King!

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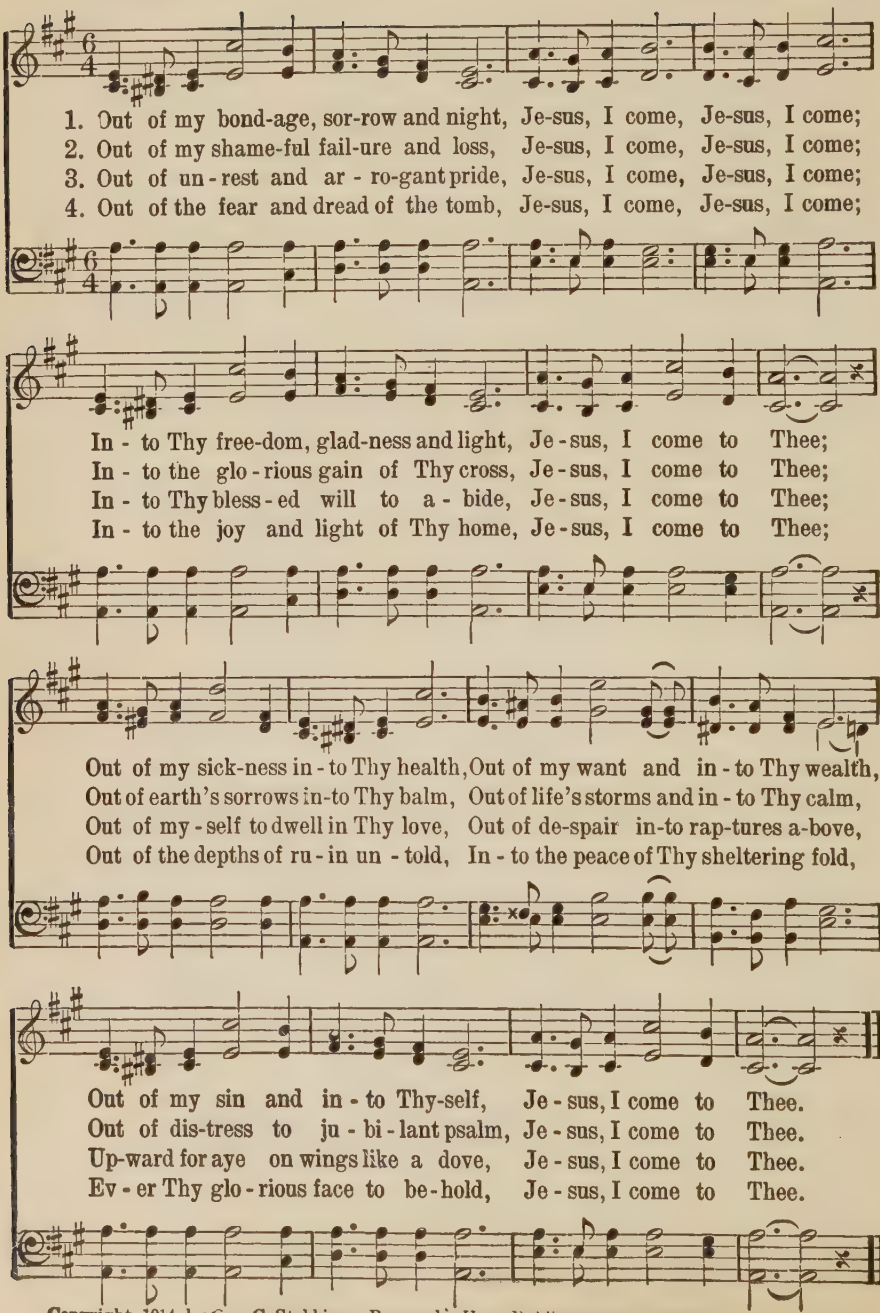
Jesus, I Come

W. T. SLEEPER

GEO. C. STEBBINS


1. Out of my bond-age, sor-row and night, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
2. Out of my shame-ful fail-ure and loss, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
3. Out of un-rest and ar-ro-gant pride, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
In-to Thy free-dom, glad-ness and light, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to the glo-rious gain of Thy cross, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to Thy bless-ed will to a-bide, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to the joy and light of Thy home, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
Out of my sick-ness in-to Thy health, Out of my want and in-to Thy wealth,
Out of earth's sorrows in-to Thy balm, Out of life's storms and in-to Thy calm,
Out of my-self to dwell in Thy love, Out of de-spair in-to rap-tures a-bove,
Out of the depths of ru-in un-told, In-to the peace of Thy sheltering fold,
Out of my sin and in-to Thy-self, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Out of dis-tress to ju-bi-lant psalm, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Up-ward for aye on wings like a dove, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Ev-er Thy glo-rious face to be-hold, Je-sus, I come to Thee.

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179 Just When I Need Him Most

Rev. Wm. Poole — Chas. H. Gabriel

1. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is near, Just when I fal - ter,
2. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is true, Nev - er for - sak - ing
3. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is strong, Bear - ing my bur - dens
4. Just when I need Him, He is my all, An - swer-ing when up-
just when I fear; Read - y to help me, read - y to cheer,
all the way thro'; Giv - ing for bur - dens pleas - ures a - new,
all the day long; For all my sor - row giv - ing a song,
on Him I call; Ten - der - ly watch - ing lest I should fall,
Chorus.
Just when I need Him most. Just when I need Him most,
Just when I need Him most; Je - sus is near to
com - fort and cheer, Just when I need Him most. A - MEN.

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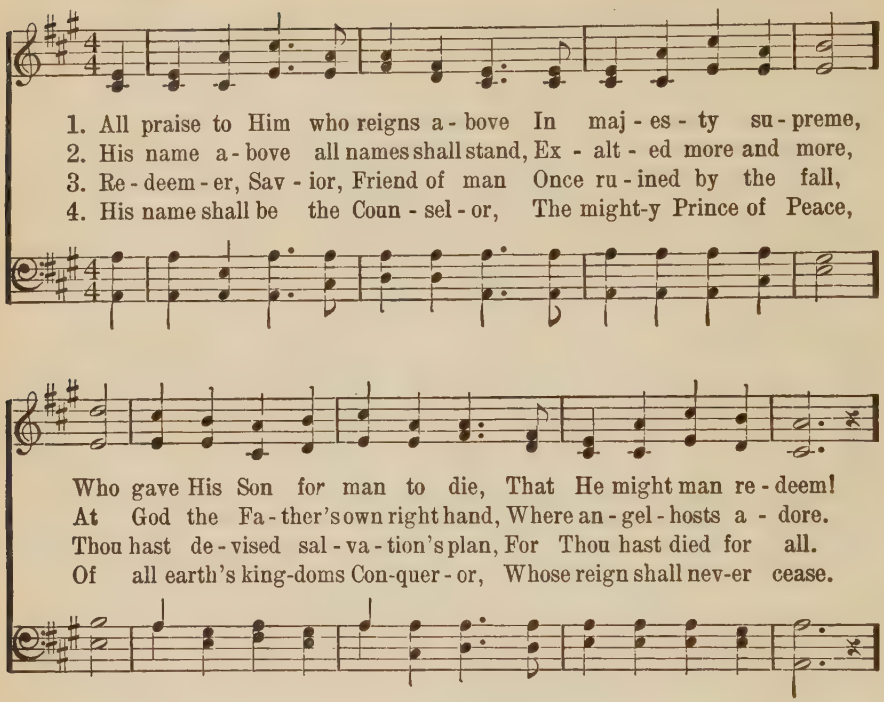
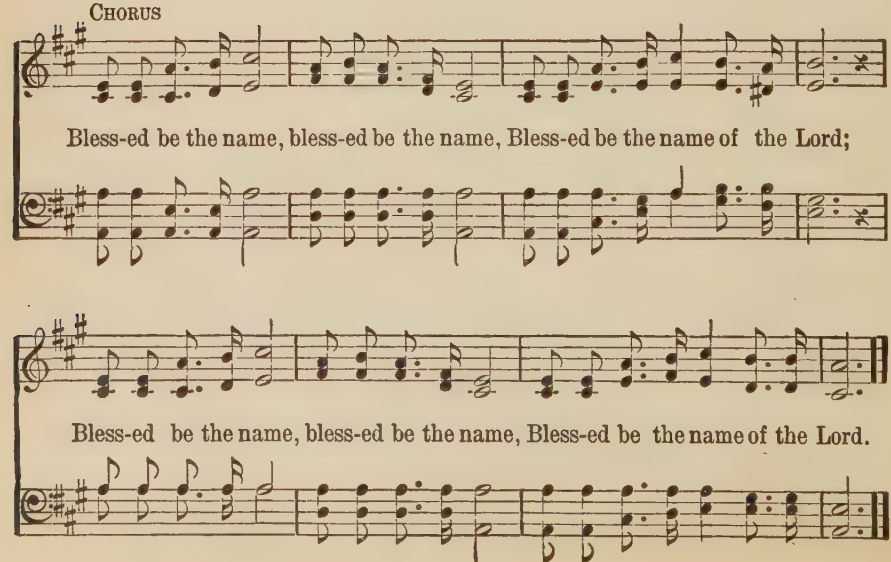
180 Blessed Be the Name

W. H. CLARK — Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK


1. All praise to Him who reigns a - bove In maj - es - ty su - preme,
2. His name a - bove all names shall stand, Ex - alt - ed more and more,
3. Re - deem - er, Sav - ior, Friend of man Once ru - ined by the fall,
4. His name shall be the Coun - sel - or, The might-y Prince of Peace,
Who gave His Son for man to die, That He might man re - deem!
At God the Fa - ther's own right hand, Where an - gel - hosts a - dore.
Thou hast de - vised sal - va - tion's plan, For Thou hast died for all.
Of all earth's king-doms Con-quer - or, Whose reign shall nev-er cease.

CHORUS


Bless-ed be the name, bless-ed be the name, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord;
Bless-ed be the name, bless-ed be the name, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord.

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181 Jesus is All the World to Me

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON

1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My Friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;
He is my strength from day to day, With - out Him I would fall.
I go to Him for bless-ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.
Oh, how could I this Friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleet - ing days shall end.
When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can
He sends the sun - shine and the rain, He sends the har - vest's
Fol - low - ing Him I know I'm right, He watch - es o'er me
Beau - ti - ful life with such a Friend; Beau - ti - ful life that
f pp
cheer me so; When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my Friend.
gold - en grain; Sun-shine and rain, har - vest of grain, He's my Friend.
day and night; Fol - low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my Friend.
has no end; E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my Friend.

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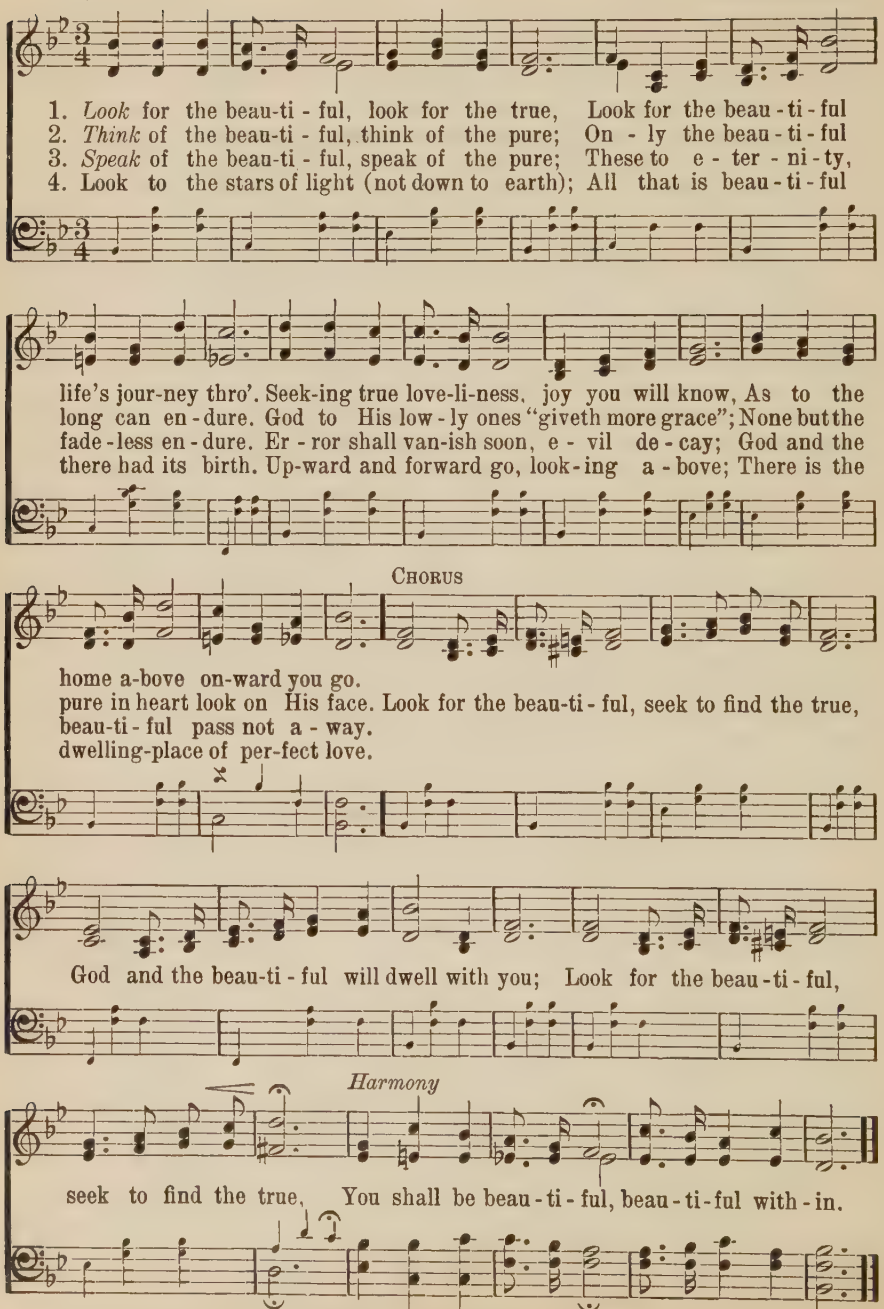
Look For the Beautiful

T. H. THORO HARRIS


1. *Look* for the beau-ti - ful, look for the true, Look for the beau - ti - ful
2. *Think* of the beau-ti - ful, think of the pure; On - ly the beau - ti - ful
3. *Speak* of the beau-ti - ful, speak of the pure; These to e - ter - ni - ty,
4. Look to the stars of light (not down to earth); All that is beau - ti - ful
life's jour-ney thro'. Seek-ing true love-li-ness, joy you will know, As to the
long can en - dure. God to His low - ly ones "giveth more grace"; None but the
fade - less en - dure. Er - ror shall van-ish soon, e - vil de - cay; God and the
there had its birth. Up-ward and forward go, look - ing a - bove; There is the
CHORUS
home a-bove on-ward you go.
pure in heart look on His face. Look for the beau-ti - ful, seek to find the true,
beau-ti - ful pass not a - way.
dwelling-place of per-fect love.
God and the beau-ti - ful will dwell with you; Look for the beau - ti - ful,
Harmony
seek to find the true, You shall be beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful with - in.

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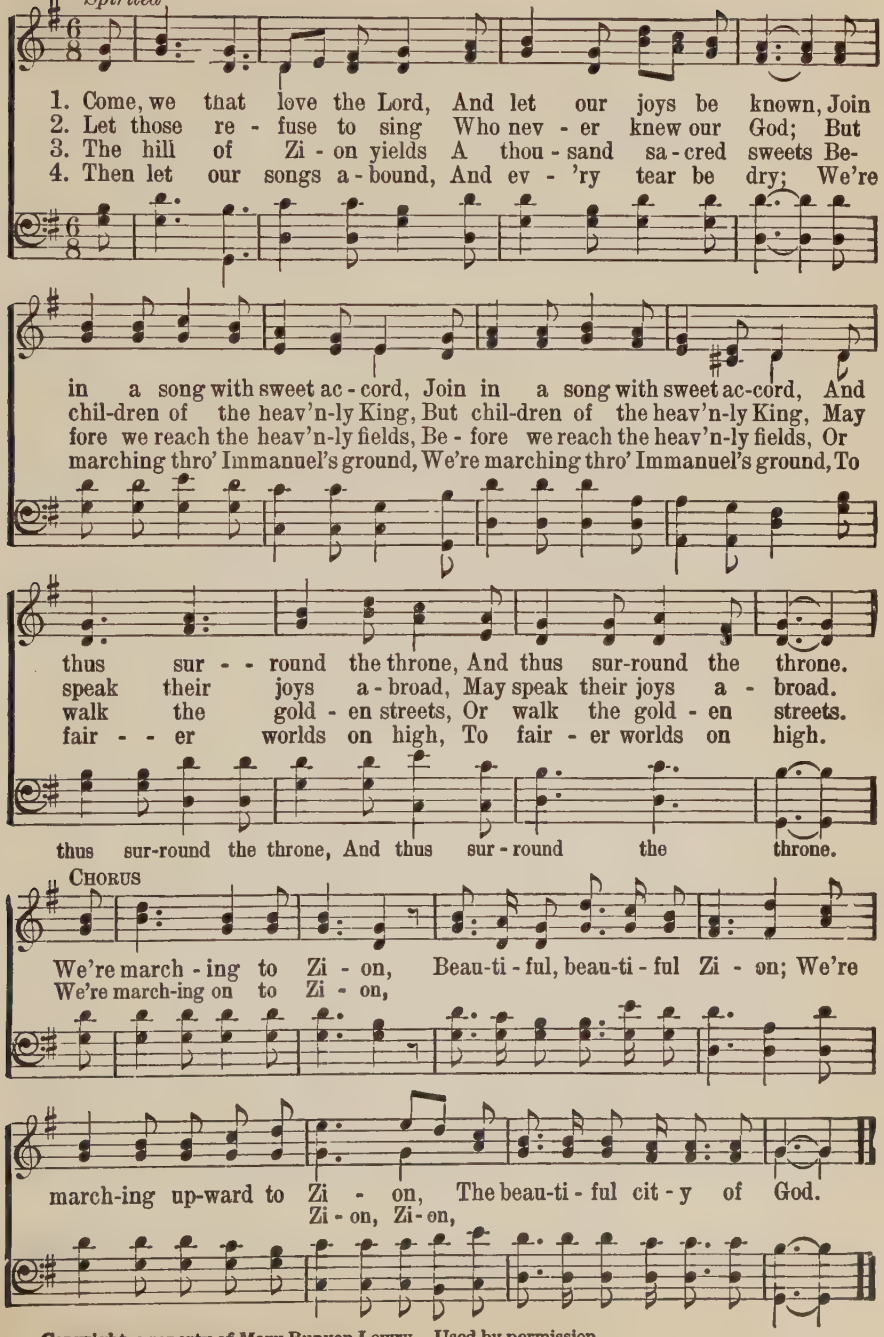
183 We're Marching to Zion

ISAAC WATTS — ROBERT LOWRY

Spirited


1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets Be-
4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're
in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, And
chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, But chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, May
fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Or
marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To
thus sur - - round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
fair - - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.
thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.
CHORUS
We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful Zi - on; We're
We're march-ing on to Zi - on,
march-ing up-ward to Zi - on, The beau-ti - ful cit - y of God.
Zi - on, Zi - on,

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Love Lifted Me

JAMES ROWE

HOWARD E. SMITH

1. I was sink-ing deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Ver-y deep-ly
2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev-er to Him I'll cling, In His bless-ed
3. Souls in dan-ger, look a-bove, Je-sus com-plete-ly saves; He will lift you
stained with-in, Sink-ing to rise no more; But the Mas-ter of the sea
pres-ence live, Ev-er His prais-es sing. Love so might-y and so true
by His love Out of the an-gry waves. He's the Mas-ter of the sea,
Heard my despairing cry, From the wa-ters lift-ed me, Now safe am I.
Mer-its my soul's best songs; Faith-ful, lov-ing serv-ice, too, To Him be-longs.
Bil-lows His will o-bey; He your Sav-ior wants to be—Be saved to-day.
CHORUS
Love lift-ed me! . . . . Love lift-ed me! . . . . When noth-ing
e-ven me! e-ven me!
1
2
else could help, Love lift-ed me. Love lift-ed me.

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185 Dearer Than All is Jesus

V. McC. VIVIAN McCOWN

1. Tho' all the joys of earth com-bine To make my path-way bright,
2. Tho' friends be ev - er kind and true, Un - fail - ing, ev - er near;
3. Tho' oft the days so dark may be I can - not see His face,
4. But some glad day He'll call to me To lay my bur - dens down;
My joy e - ter - nal, Light Di-vine, My Joy of joys is Je - sus.
Tho' friends be man - y or but few, My dear - est Friend is Je - sus.
'Tis then I think of Cal - va - ry, And bear my cross for Je - sus.
With Him for - ev - er-more I'll be, And wear my crown for Je - sus.
p CHORUS
Dear-er than all, dear - er than all, Tho' joy or grief o'er-take me, His
Dear-er than all, dear - er than all, Tho' all the world for-sake me, He
1
cres.
lov - ing arm Shields me from harm And keeps me close to Him.
2
guides me, keeps me, loves me still; Dear - er than all is Je - sus.

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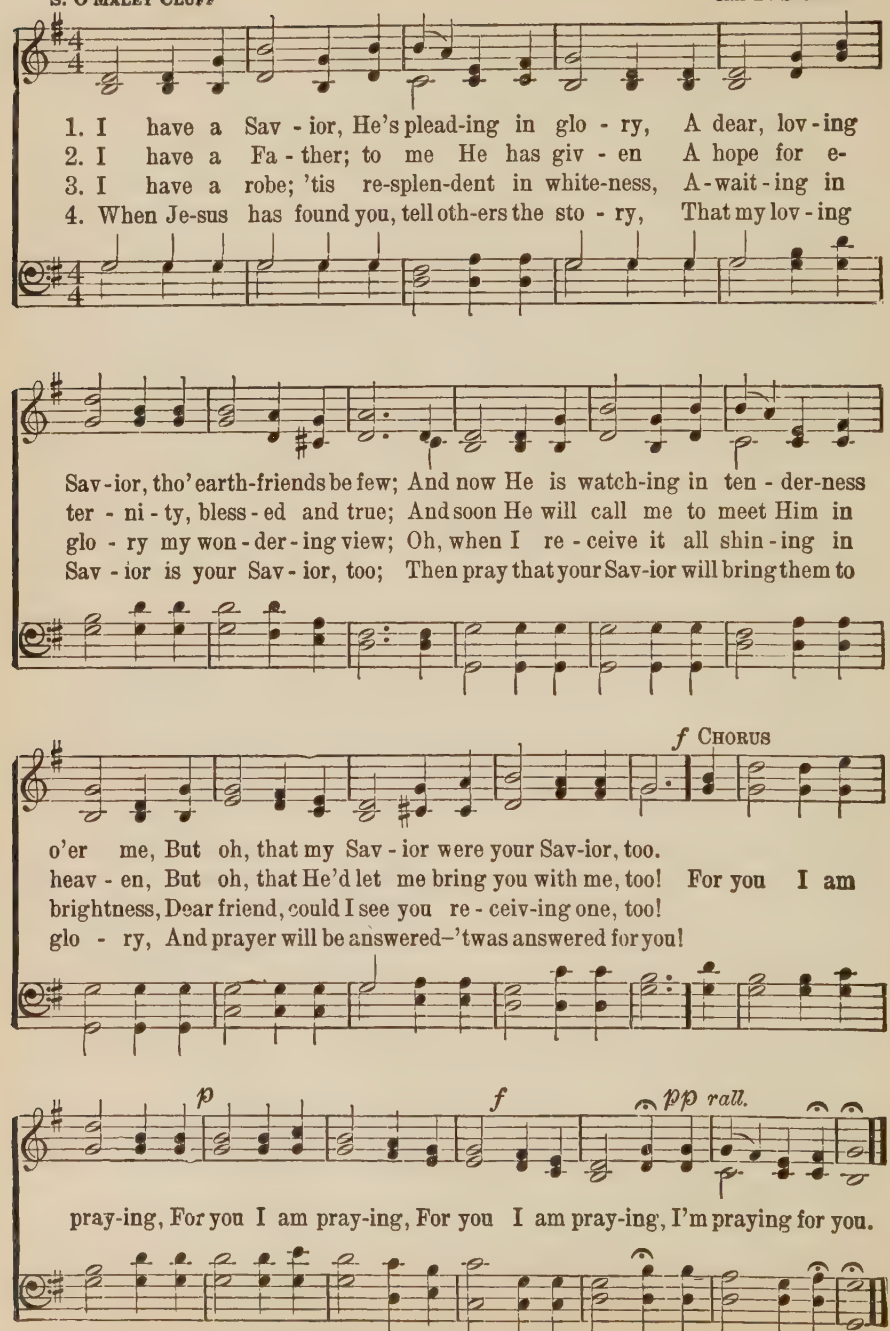
I Am Praying for You

S. O'Maley Cluff

Ira D. Sankey


1. I have a Sav - ior, He's plead-ing in glo - ry, A dear, lov - ing
2. I have a Fa - ther; to me He has giv - en A hope for e-
3. I have a robe; 'tis re-splen-dent in white-ness, A-wait - ing in
4. When Je-sus has found you, tell oth-ers the sto - ry, That my lov - ing
Sav - ior, tho' earth-friends be few; And now He is watch-ing in ten - der-ness
ter - ni - ty, bless - ed and true; And soon He will call me to meet Him in
glo - ry my won - der - ing view; Oh, when I re - ceive it all shin - ing in
Sav - ior is your Sav - ior, too; Then pray that your Sav-ior will bring them to
f Chorus
o'er me, But oh, that my Sav - ior were your Sav-ior, too.
heav - en, But oh, that He'd let me bring you with me, too! For you I am
brightness, Dear friend, could I see you re - ceiv-ing one, too!
glo - ry, And prayer will be answered–'twas answered for you!
p
f
pp rall.
pray-ing, For you I am pray-ing, For you I am pray-ing, I'm praying for you.

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187 Christ Receiveth Sinful Men

Arr. from NEUMASTER, 1671 JAMES McGRANAHAN

1. Sin - ners Je - sus will re - ceive; Sound this word of grace to all
2. Come, and He will give you rest; Trust Him, for His word is plain;
3. Now my heart con-demns me not, Pure be - fore the law I stand;
4. Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin;
Who the heav'n - ly path-way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
He will take the sin - ful - est; Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
He who cleansed me from all spot, Sat - is - fied its last de-mand.
Purged from ev - 'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with Him I en - ter in.
REFRAIN
Sing it o'er. . . . . and o'er a - gain; . . . . . Christ re-
Sing it o'er a-gain, Sing it o'er a-gain; Christ re-
ceiv - - - eth sin-ful men; . . . . . Make the mes - - - sage
ceiv-eth sin - ful men, Christ re-ceiv - eth sin - ful men; Make the message plain,
clear and plain: . . . . . Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
Make the mes-sage plain:

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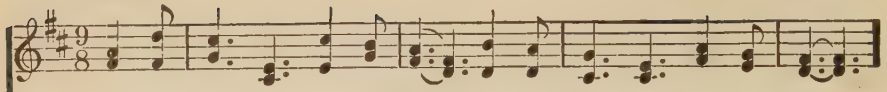
Why Not Now?

EL NATHAN

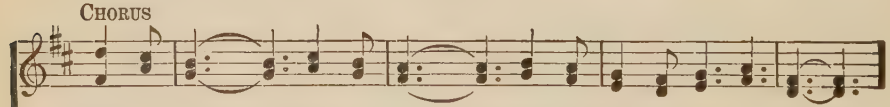
C. C. CASE



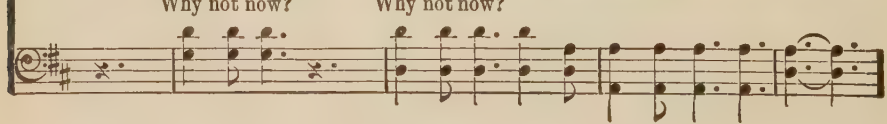
1. While we pray and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wan-dered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troub-led mind;
4. Come to Christ, con - fes - sion make; Come to Christ, and par - don take;

While our Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth-er, come?
Do not turn from God thy face, But to - day ac - cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.

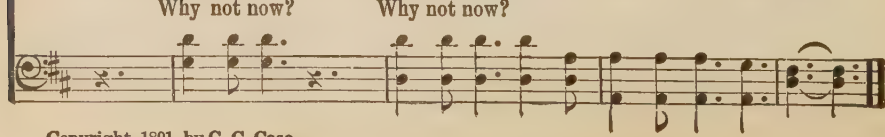
CHORUS



Why not now?... Why not now?... Why not come to Je - sus now?
Why not now? Why not now?



Why not now?... Why not now?... Why not come to Je - sus now?
Why not now? Why not now?



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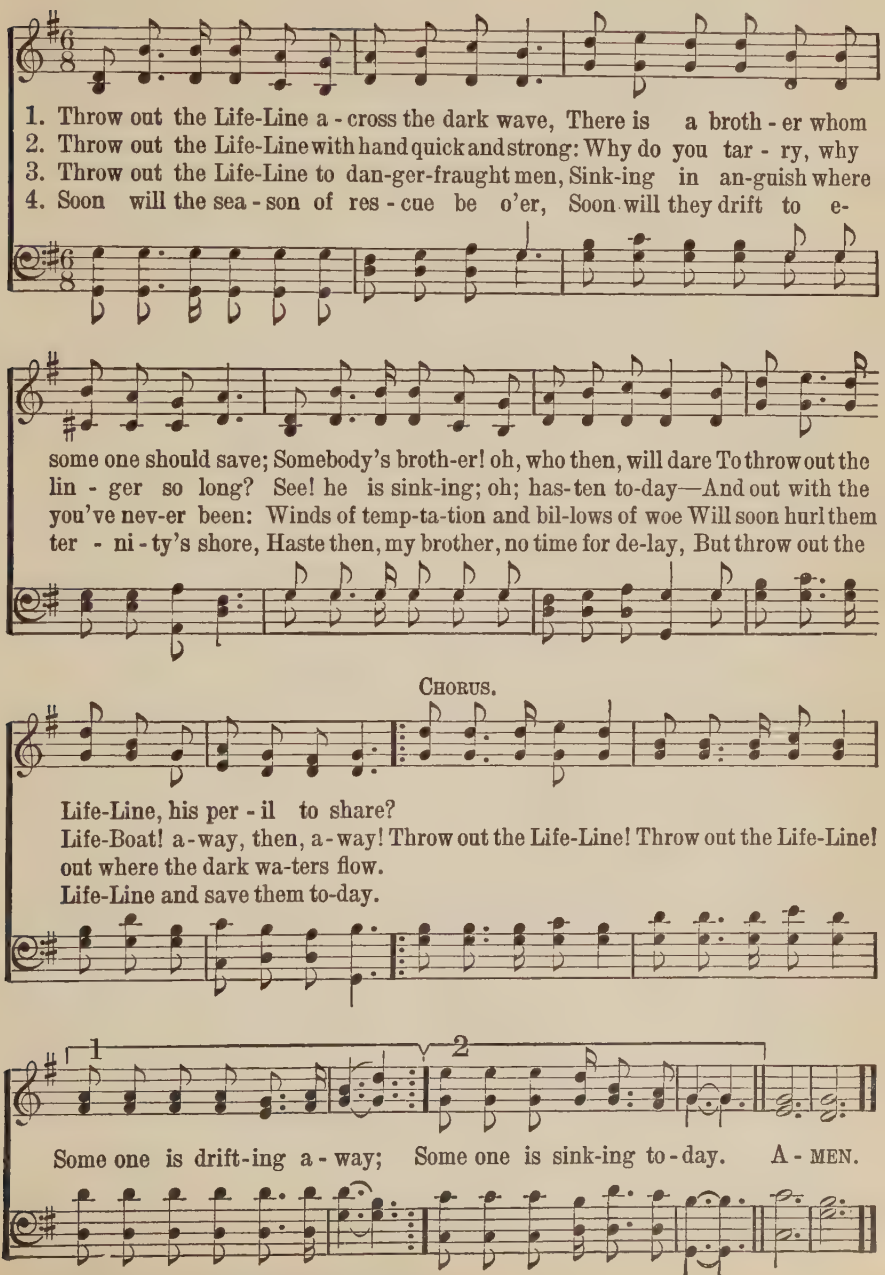
189 Throw Out the Life-Line

EDWARD S. UFFORD

E. S. UFFORD
Arr. by GEORGE C. STEBBINS


1. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a broth - er whom
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong: Why do you tar - ry, why
3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan-ger-fraught men, Sink-ing in an-guish where
4. Soon will the sea - son of res - cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e-
some one should save; Somebody's broth-er! oh, who then, will dare To throw out the
lin - ger so long? See! he is sink-ing; oh; has-ten to-day—And out with the
you've nev-er been: Winds of temp-ta-tion and bil-lows of woe Will soon hurl them
ter - ni - ty's shore, Haste then, my brother, no time for de-lay, But throw out the
CHORUS.
Life-Line, his per - il to share?
Life-Boat! a-way, then, a-way! Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line!
out where the dark wa-ters flow.
Life-Line and save them to-day.
1
2
Some one is drift-ing a - way; Some one is sink-ing to - day. A - MEN.

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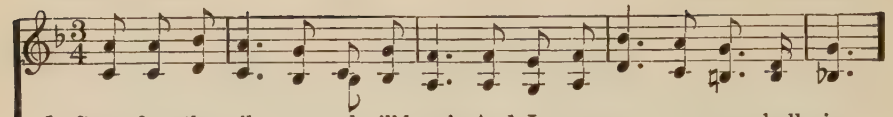
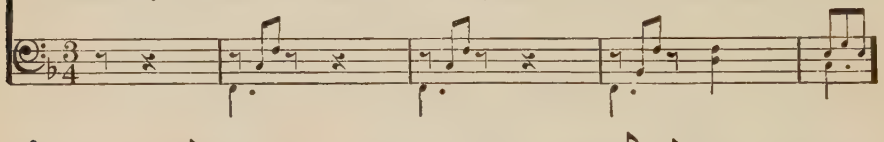
Saved By Grace

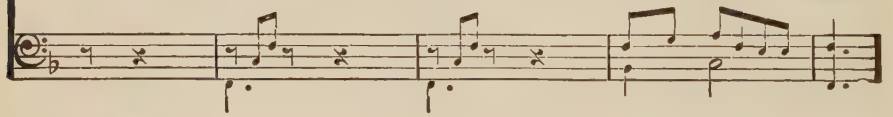
FANNY J. CROSBY GEO. C. STEBBINS



1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2. Some day my earth - ly house will fall, I can-not tell how soon 'twill be,
3. Some day, when fades the gold-en sun Be-neath the ros - y - tint - ed west,
4. Some day: till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimmed and burning bright,

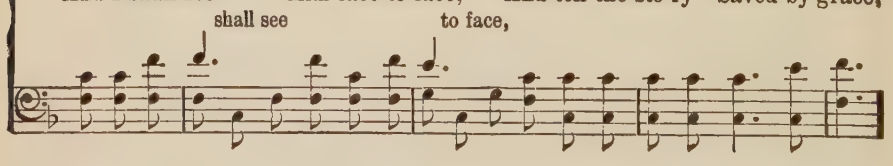


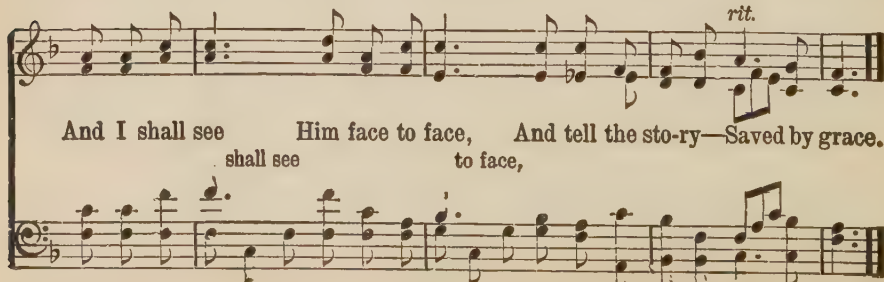
But O, the joy when I shall wake With-in the pal - ace of the King!
But this I know—my All in All Has now a place in Heav'n for me.
My bless - ed Lord will say, "Well done!" And I shall en - ter in - to rest.
That when my Sav - ior opes the gate, My soul to Him may take its flight.



CHORUS

And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the sto-ry—Saved by grace;





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191 One More Day's Work for Jesus

ANNA. B. WARNER — Rev. ROBT. LOWRY

1. One more day's work for Je - sus; One less of life for
2. One more day's work for Je - sus; How sweet the work has
3. One more day's work for Je - sus; Oh, yes, a wea - ry
4. Oh, bless - ed work for Je - sus! Oh, rest, at Je - sus'
me! But Heav'n is near - er, And Christ is dear - er, Than
been, To tell the sto - ry, To show the glo - ry, When
day; But Heav'n shines clear-er, And rest comes near - er, At
feet! There toil seems pleas - ure, My wants are treas - ure, And
yes - ter - day to me; His love and light Fill all my soul to-night.
Christ's flock en-ter in! How it did shine In this poor heart of mine!
each step of the way; And, Christ in all, Be - fore His face I fall.
pain for Him is sweet. Lord, if I may, I'll serve an - oth - er day.
CHORUS
One more day's work for Je - sus, One more day's work for Je - sus,
One more day's work for Je - sus, One less of life for me!

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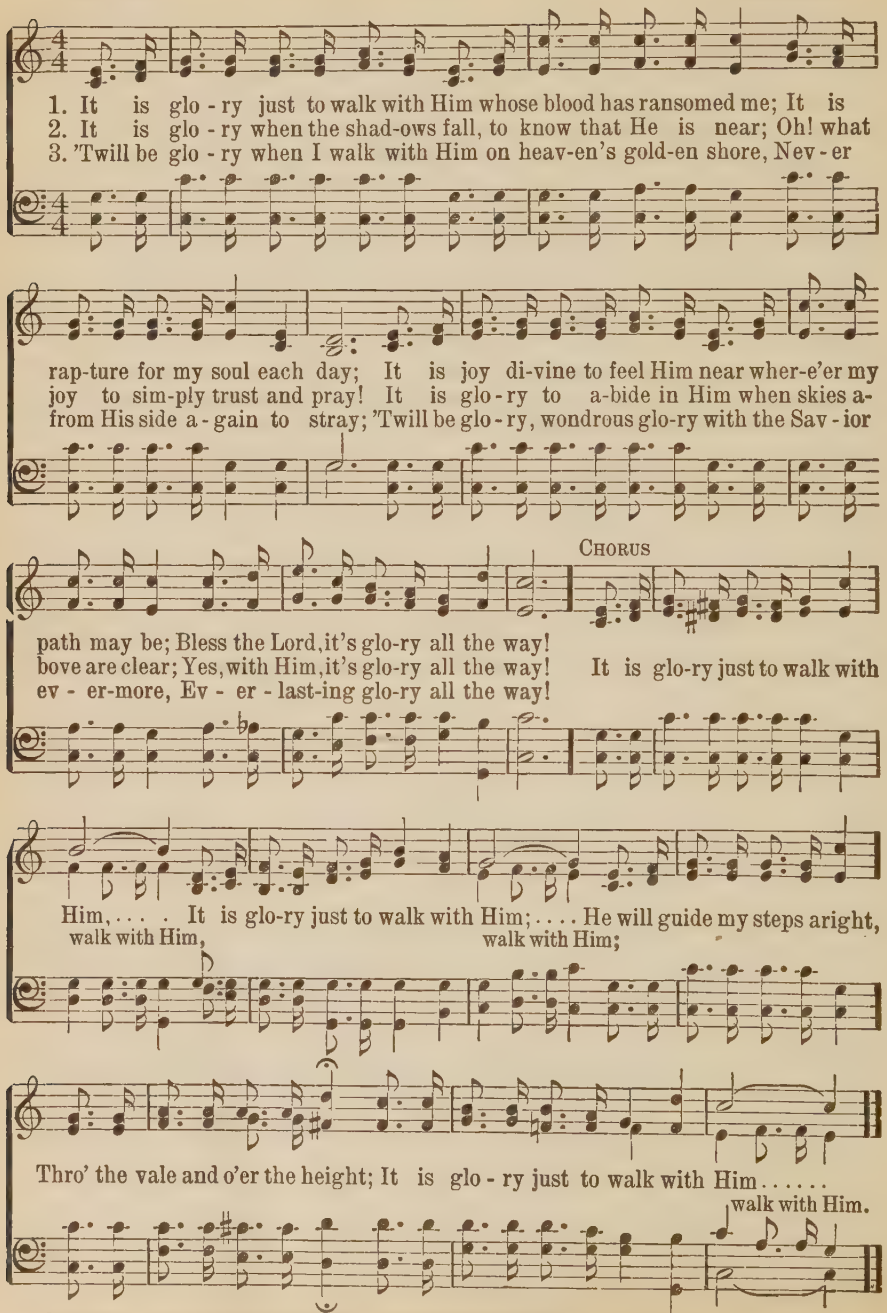
192 It is Glory Just to Walk With Him

AVIS M. BURGESON HALDOR LILLENAS


1. It is glo - ry just to walk with Him whose blood has ransomed me; It is
2. It is glo - ry when the shad-ows fall, to know that He is near; Oh! what
3. 'Twill be glo - ry when I walk with Him on heav-en's gold-en shore, Nev - er
rap-ture for my soul each day; It is joy di-vine to feel Him near wher-e'er my
joy to sim-ply trust and pray! It is glo - ry to a-bide in Him when skies a-
from His side a - gain to stray; 'Twill be glo - ry, wondrous glo-ry with the Sav - ior
CHORUS
path may be; Bless the Lord, it's glo-ry all the way!
bove are clear; Yes, with Him, it's glo-ry all the way! It is glo-ry just to walk with
ev - er-more, Ev - er - last-ing glo-ry all the way!
Him, ... It is glo-ry just to walk with Him; . . . . He will guide my steps aright,
walk with Him, walk with Him;
Thro' the vale and o'er the height; It is glo - ry just to walk with Him . . . . . .
walk with Him.

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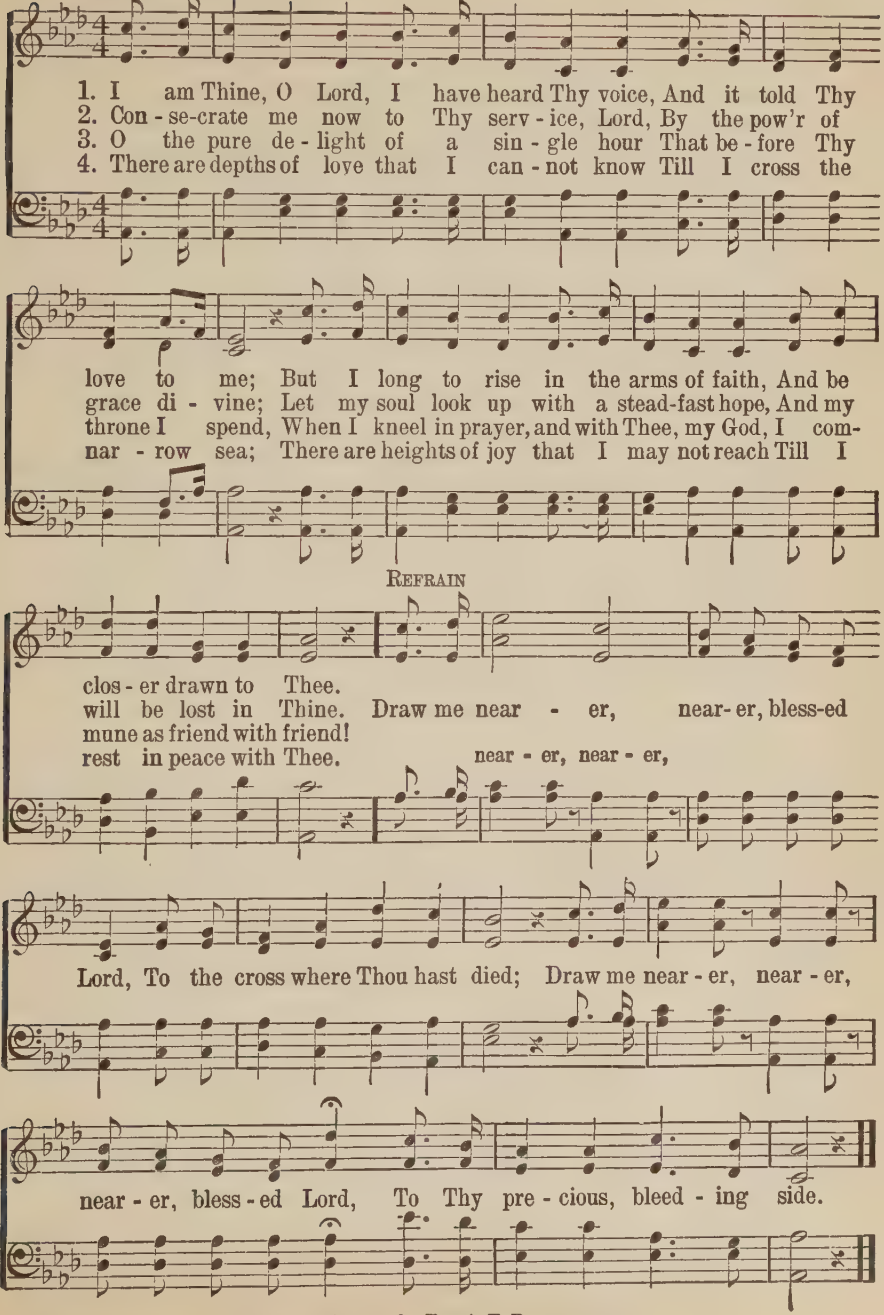
193 I Am Thine, O Lord

FANNY J. CROSBY W. H. DOANE


1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy
2. Con - se-crate me now to Thy serv - ice, Lord, By the pow'r of
3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be - fore Thy
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the
love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be
grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope, And my
throne I spend, When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God, I com-
nar - row sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I
REFRAIN
clos - er drawn to Thee.
will be lost in Thine. Draw me near - er, near-er, bless-ed
mune as friend with friend!
rest in peace with Thee.
near - er, near - er,
Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me near - er, near - er,
near - er, bless - ed Lord, To Thy pre - cious, bleed - ing side.

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O That Will Be Glory

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. When all my la-bors and tri-als are o'er, And I am safe on that
2. When, by the gift of His in-fi-nite grace, I am ac-cord-ed in
3. Friends will be there I have loved long a-go; Joy like a riv-er a-

beau-ti-ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a-dore,
Heav-en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav-ior, I know,

rit. CHORUS. *Faster.*

Will thro' the a-ges be glo-ry for me. . . . O that will be
O . . . . . that will

glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; When by His grace
be glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me;. . . . . .

rit.

I shall look on His face, That will be glo-ry, be glo-ry for me. A-MEN.

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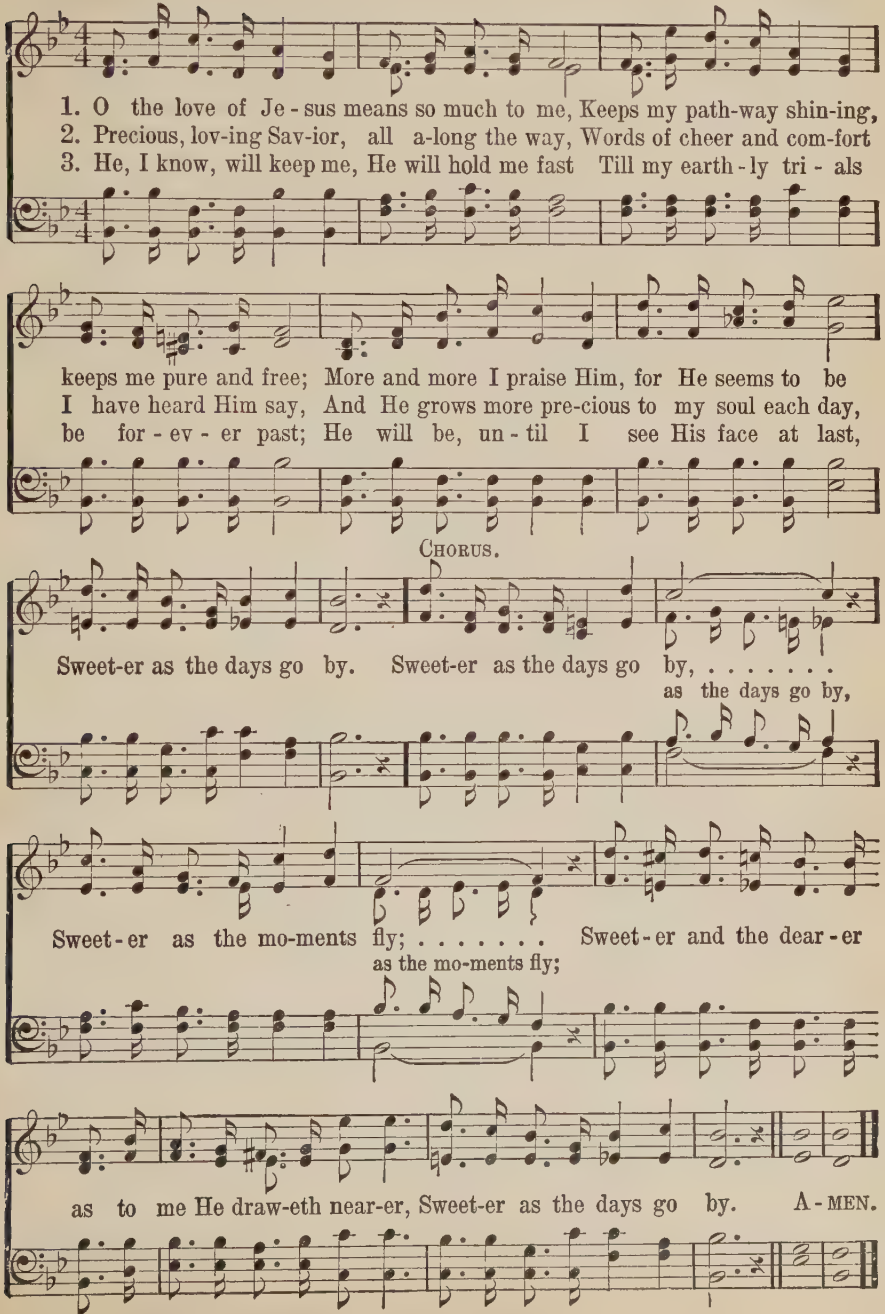
195 Sweeter as the Days Go By

JAMES ROWE HAMP SEWELL


1. O the love of Je - sus means so much to me, Keeps my path-way shin-ing,
2. Precious, lov-ing Sav-ior, all a-long the way, Words of cheer and com-fort
3. He, I know, will keep me, He will hold me fast Till my earth - ly tri - als
keeps me pure and free; More and more I praise Him, for He seems to be
I have heard Him say, And He grows more pre-cious to my soul each day,
be for - ev - er past; He will be, un - til I see His face at last,
CHORUS.
Sweet-er as the days go by. Sweet-er as the days go by, ... as the days go by,
Sweet - er as the mo-ments fly; . . . . . Sweet - er and the dear - er as the mo-ments fly;
as to me He draw-eth near-er, Sweet-er as the days go by. A - MEN.

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196 Can the World See Jesus in You?

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris

1. Do we live so close to the Lord to - day, Pass-ing to and fro on life's bus - y way, That the world in us can a like - ness see To the
2. Do we love, with love to His own ɔ. - kin, All His creatures lost in the mire of sin? Will we reach a hand, what-so-e'er it cost, To re-
3. As an o - pen book they our lives will read, To our words and acts giv-ing dai - ly heed; Will they be at - tract - ed, or turn a - way From the
Chorus
Man of Cal - va - ry?....
claim a sin - ner lost?... Can the world see Je - sus in me? Can the
Christ we love to - day?...
Man of Cal-va-ry? Can the world see Je-sus in me?
world see Je - sus in you? Does your love to Him ring true,
Can the world see..... Je - sus in you?
And your life and serv-ice too? Can the world see Je - sus in you?
me—in you?

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197 He is So Precious to Me

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. So pre-cious is Je-sus, my Sav-ior, my King, His praise all the day long with rap-ture I sing; To Him in my weak-ness for strength I can cling,
2. He stood at my heart's door 'mid sunshine and rain, And pa-tient-ly wait-ed an en-trance to gain; What shame that so long He en-treat-ed in vain,
3. I stand on the moun-tain of bless-ing at last, No cloud in the heav-ens a shad-ow to cast; His smile is up-on me, the val-ley is past,
4. I praise Him be-cause He ap-point-ed a place Where, some day, thro' faith in His won-der-ful grace, I know I shall see Him—shall look on His face,
CHORUS. Faster.
For He is so pre-cious to me. For He is so pre-cious to me, . . . so pre-cious to me,
For He is so pre-cious to me; . . . . 'Tis Heav-en be-low so pre-cious to me;
rit.
My Re-deem-er to know, For He is so pre-cious to me. A-MEN.

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198 Will There Be Any Stars?

E. E. HEWITT — JNO. R. SWENEY

1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a
3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His
sun go-eth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Sav-ior I stand, Will there
win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day, When His
feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit-y of gold, Should there
CHORUS.
be an-y stars in my crown?
praise like the sea-bil-low rolls. Will there be an-y stars, an-y stars in my
be an-y stars in my crown.
crown When at evening the sun go-eth down? . . . When I wake with the blest
go-eth down?
In the mansions of rest, Will there be an-y stars in my crown? . . A-MEN.
an-y stars in my crown?

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199 The Way of the Cross Leads Home

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the
3. Then I bid fare-well to the way of the world, To walk in it
way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub - lime,
nev - er - more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,
CHORUS.
If the way of the cross I miss.
Where the soul is at home with God. The way of the cross leads
Where He waits at the o - pen door.
home, The way of the cross leads home; It is
leads home, leads home;
sweet to know, as I on - ward go, The way of the cross leads home. A - MEN.

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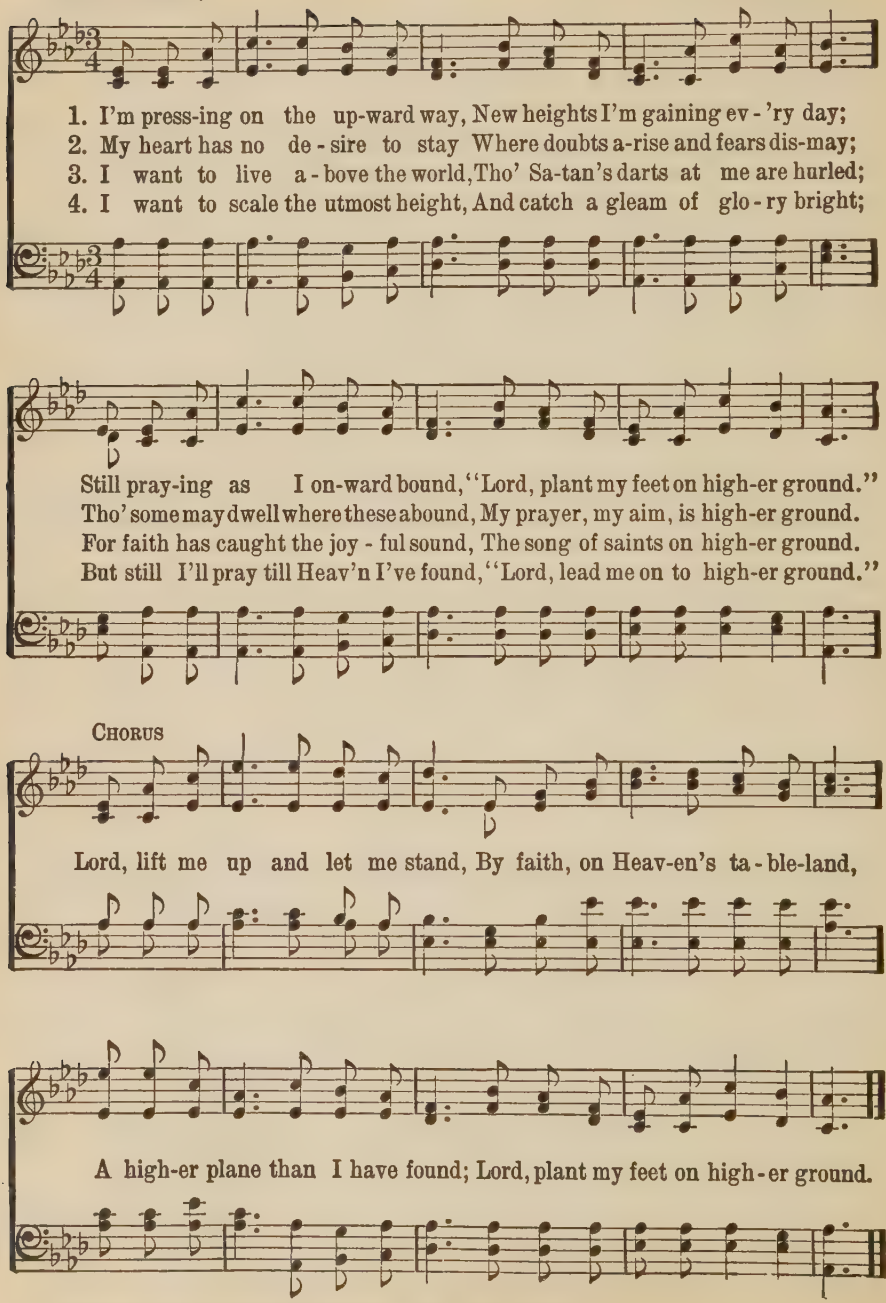
Higher Ground

JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. CHAS. H. GABRIEL


1. I'm press-ing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gaining ev-'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts a-rise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;
Still pray-ing as I on-ward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My prayer, my aim, is high-er ground.
For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on high-er ground.
But still I'll pray till Heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high-er ground."
CHORUS
Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on Heav-en's ta-ble-land,
A high-er plane than I have found; Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground.

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201 Jesus Is Calling

FANNY J. CROSBY

GEO. C. STEBBINS

1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing thee home—Call - ing to - day,
2. Je - sus is call - ing the wea - ry to rest— Call - ing to - day,
3. Je - sus is wait-ing; O come to Him now— Wait-ing to - day,
4. Je - sus is plead-ing; O list to His voice: Hear Him to - day,
call - ing to - day; Why from the sun - shine of love wilt thou roam
call - ing to - day; Bring Him thy bur - den and thou shalt be blest:
wait - ing to - day; Come with thy sins; at His feet low - ly bow;
hear Him to - day; They who be - lieve on His name shall re - joice;
REFRAIN
Far-ther and far-ther a - way?
He will not turn thee a - way.
Come, and no lon-ger de - lay.
Quick-ly a - rise and a - way.
Call - - ing to - day, ...
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day,
Call - - ing to - day, ...
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day,
Je - - - - sus is
Je - sus is ten - der - ly
call - - - - ing, is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day.
call - ing to - day,

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202 Give of Your Best to the Master

H. B. G. Mrs. CHARLES BARNARD

1. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;
2. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give Him first place in your heart;
3. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Naught else is wor - thy His love;
REF.—Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;
FINE
Throw your soul's fresh, glowing ar - dor In - to the bat - tle for truth.
Give Him first place in your serv - ice, Con - se - crate ev - 'ry part.
He gave Him - self for your ran - som, Gave up His glo - ry a - bove:
Clad in sal - va-tion's full ar - mor, Join in the bat - tle for truth.
Je - sus has set the ex - am - ple; Dauntless was He, young and brave;..
Give, and to you shall be giv - en; God His be - lov - ed Son gave;..
Laid down His life with-out mur - mur, You from sin's ru - in to save;...
rall.
D. C.
Give Him your loy - al de - vo - tion, Give Him the best that you have.....
Grate-ful - ly seek-ing to serve Him, Give Him the best that you have.....
Give Him your heart's ad-o - ra - tion, Give Him the best that you have.....

203 Beulah Land

EDGAR PAGE JNO. R. SWENEY

1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free - ly mine;
2. My Sav - ior comes and walks with me, And sweet com-mun-ion here have we;
3. A sweet per-fume up - on the breeze Is borne from ev - er - ver - nal trees,
4. The zeph- yrs seem to float to me, Sweet sounds of Heaven's mel - o - dy,
Here shines undimmed one bliss-ful day, For all my night has passed a - way.
He gen - tly leads me by His hand, For this is Heav- en's bor - der-land.
And flow'rs, that nev-er - fad - ing grow, Where streams of life for - ev - er flow.
As an-gels with the white-robed throng Join in the sweet Re-demp-tion song.
CHORUS
O Beu - lah Land, sweet Beu-lah Land, As on thy high - est mount I stand,
I look a- way a- cross the sea, Where mansions are pre-pared for me, And
view the shin - ing glo - ry-shore,—My Heav'n, my home for - ev - er-more!

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Grace, Enough For Me

E. O. E. E. O. Excell

1. In look-ing thro' my tears one day, I saw Mount Cal - va-
2. While standing there, my trem-bling heart, Once full of ag - o-
3. When I be - held my ev - 'ry sin Nailed to the cru - el
4. When I am safe with-in the veil, My por - tion there will

ry; Be-neath the cross there flowed a stream Of grace, e - nough for
ny, Could scarce be-lieve the sight I saw Of grace, e - nough for
tree, I felt a flood go thro' my soul Of grace, e - nough for
be, To sing thro' all the years to come Of grace, e - nough for

Chorus.

me. Grace is flow-ing from Cal - va - ry, . . .
e-nough for me. Grace is flow-ing from Cal - va - ry for me,

Grace as fath-om-less as the sea, . . Grace for time and e-
Grace as fath-om-less as the roll-ing sea, Grace for time and e-

ter - ni - ty, . . . Grace, . . e-nough for me. A - men.
ter - ni - ty, His a-bun-dant grace I see, e-nough for me.

205 When You Know Jesus, Too

INA DULEY OGDON B. D. ACKLEY

1. When you my Je - sus un-der - stand, When you ac-cept His lov-ing hand,
2. His joy will gladden ev-'ry day, His bless-ing shine a-long the way,
3 You'll see His mer-cy thro' your tears, His peace will hal - low all the years,
4. You'll know His way is al-ways best, And glad-ly leave to Him the rest,
A hap - py morn will dawn for you, When you know Je - sus, too.
And you will share His prom-ise true, When you know Je - sus, too.
The val - ley holds no dread for you, When you know Je - sus, too.
And tell what He has done for you, When you know Je - sus, too.
CHORUS
When you know Him, when you know Him You'll love Him just as others do; . . . . . as oth-ers do;
A hap - py morn will dawn for you When you know my Je - sus, too.

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Jesus Saves

PRISCILLA J. OWENS — WM. J. KIRKPATRICK

1. We have heard the joy - ful sound: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle strife, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Spread the ti - dings all a - round: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Tell to sin - ners far and wide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Let the na - tions now re - joice,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves;
Sing, ye is - lands of the sea; Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves;
Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves;
Shout sal - va - tion full and free; High - est hills and deep-est caves;
On - ward!—'tis our Lord's com-mand; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
This our song of vic - to - ry,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

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207 I Love to Tell the Story

CATHERINE HANKEY — WILLIAM G. FISCHER

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be-cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my longings As noth-ing else can do.
2. I love to tell the sto - ry, More won - der - ful it seems Than all the gold-en fan - cies Of all our gold-en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee.
3. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it, More won-der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard The mes-sage of sal- va - tion From God's own ho-ly word.
4. I love to tell the sto - ry, For those who know it best Seem hun - ger - ing and thirst-ing To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have loved so long.
CHORUS
I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo-ry To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Jesus and His love.

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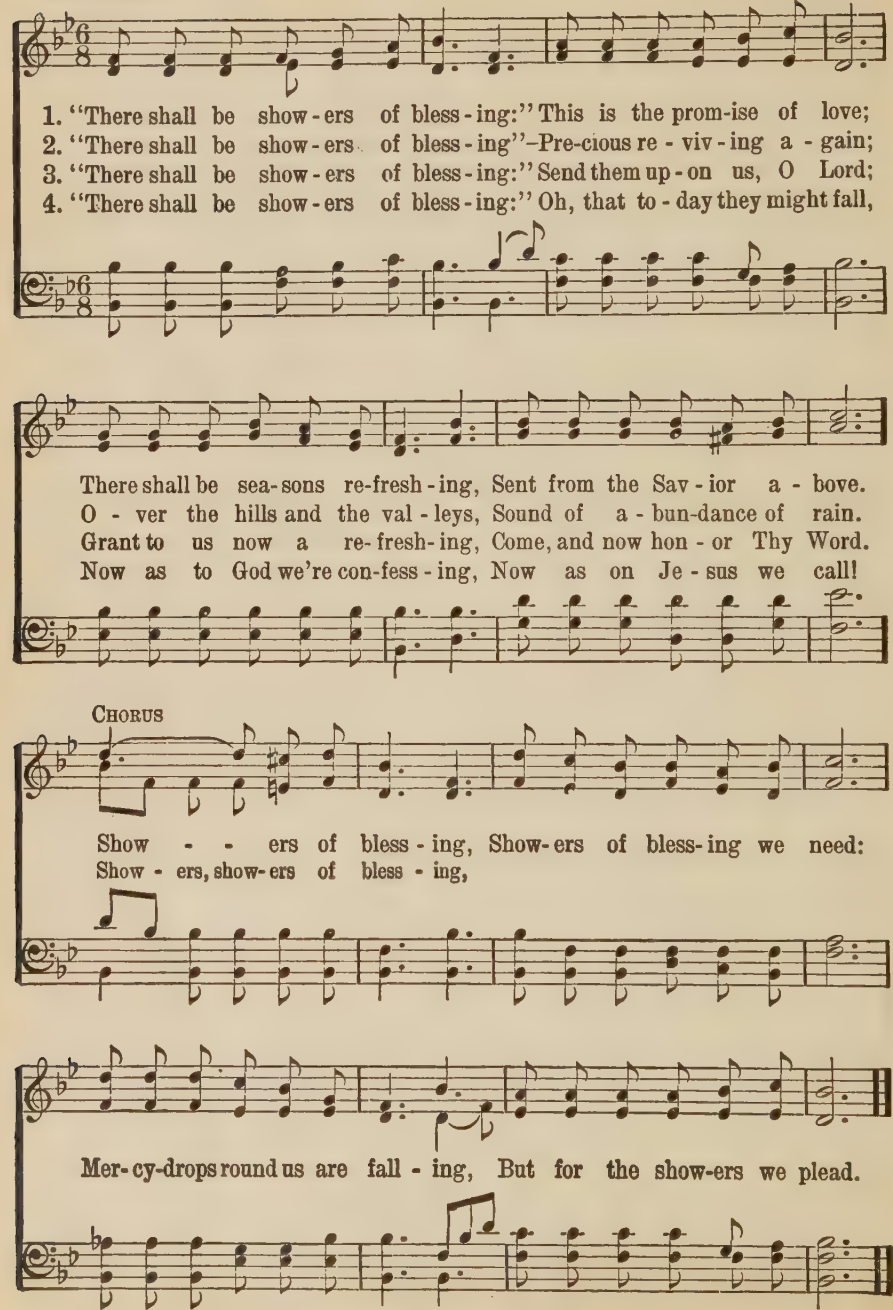
208 There Shall Be Showers of Blessing

EL NATHAN JAMES MCGRANAHAN


1. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" This is the prom-ise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"–Pre-cious re-viv-ing a-gain;
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Send them up-on us, O Lord;
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Oh, that to-day they might fall,
There shall be sea-sons re-fresh-ing, Sent from the Sav-ior a-bove.
O-ver the hills and the val-leys, Sound of a-bun-dance of rain.
Grant to us now a re-fresh-ing, Come, and now hon-or Thy Word.
Now as to God we're con-fess-ing, Now as on Je-sus we call!
CHORUS
Show - - ers of bless-ing, Show-ers of bless-ing we need:
Show-ers, show-ers of bless-ing,
Mer-cy-drops round us are fall-ing, But for the show-ers we plead.

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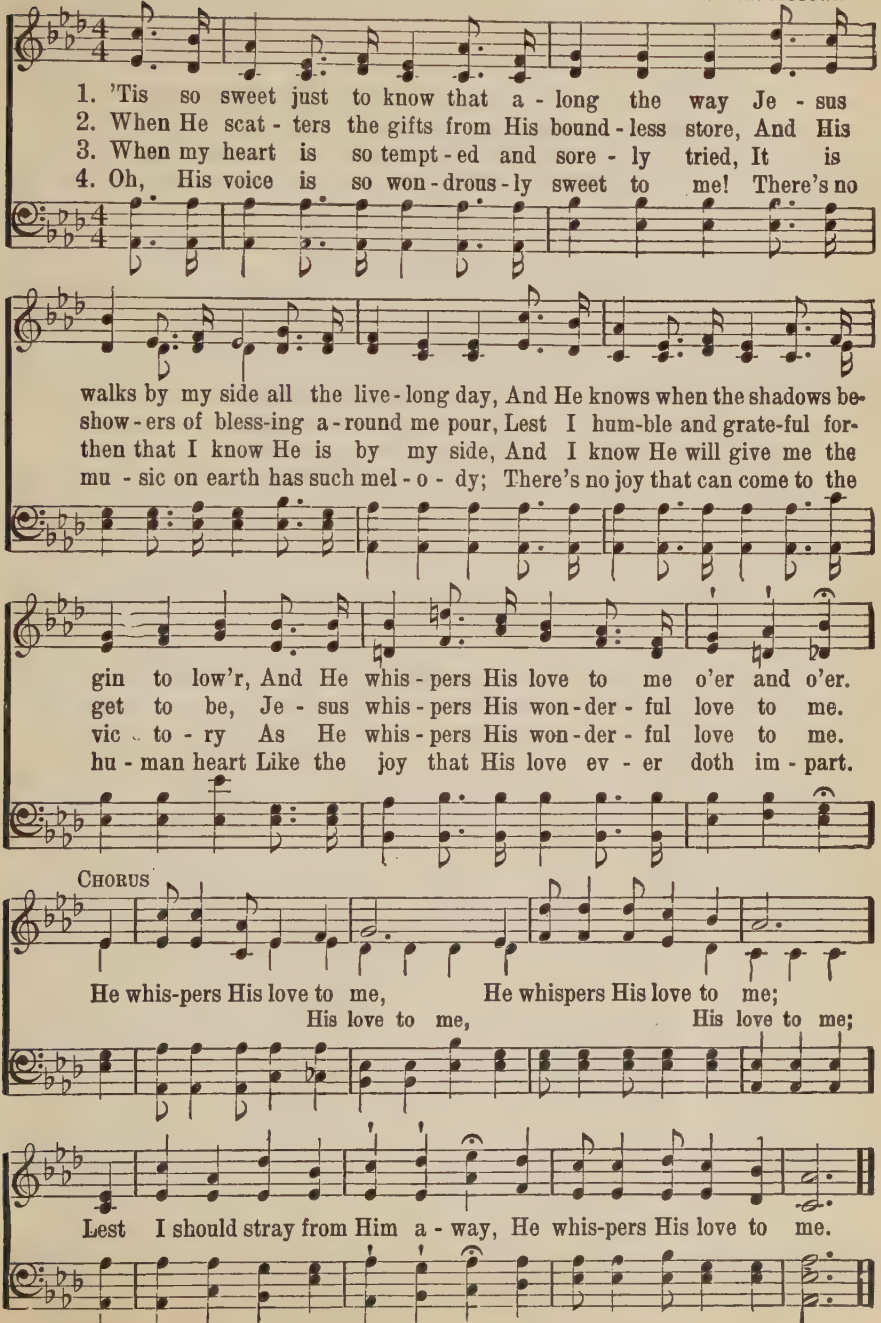
209 He Whispers His Love to Me

V. McC. VIVIAN McCOWN


1. 'Tis so sweet just to know that a - long the way Je - sus
walks by my side all the live - long day, And He knows when the shadows be-
gin to low'r, And He whis - pers His love to me o'er and o'er.
2. When He scat - ters the gifts from His bound - less store, And His
show - ers of bless-ing a - round me pour, Lest I hum-ble and grate-ful for-
get to be, Je - sus whis - pers His won - der - ful love to me.
3. When my heart is so tempt - ed and sore - ly tried, It is
then that I know He is by my side, And I know He will give me the
vic - to - ry As He whis - pers His won - der - ful love to me.
4. Oh, His voice is so won - drous - ly sweet to me! There's no
mu - sic on earth has such mel - o - dy; There's no joy that can come to the
hu - man heart Like the joy that His love ev - er doth im - part.
CHORUS
He whis-pers His love to me, He whispers His love to me;
His love to me, His love to me;
Lest I should stray from Him a - way, He whis-pers His love to me.

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210 When the Roll is Called Up Yonder

J. M. B. J. M. Black

1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting sun, Let us
morning breaks, e-ter-nal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall gather
glo - ry of His res - ur-rec-tion share; When His cho - sen ones shall gather
talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then when all of life is o - ver,
o - ver on the oth-er shore, And the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.
to their home beyond the skies, And the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.
and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.
Chorus.
When the roll . . . . . is called up yon - - - - der, When the
When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there,
roll . . . . is called up yon - - der, When the roll . . . . is called up
When the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there,
When the roll is called up

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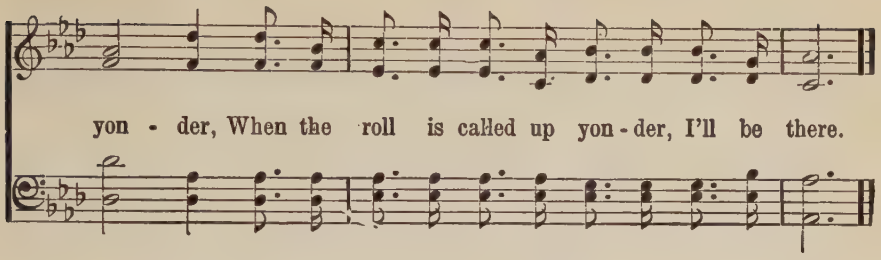
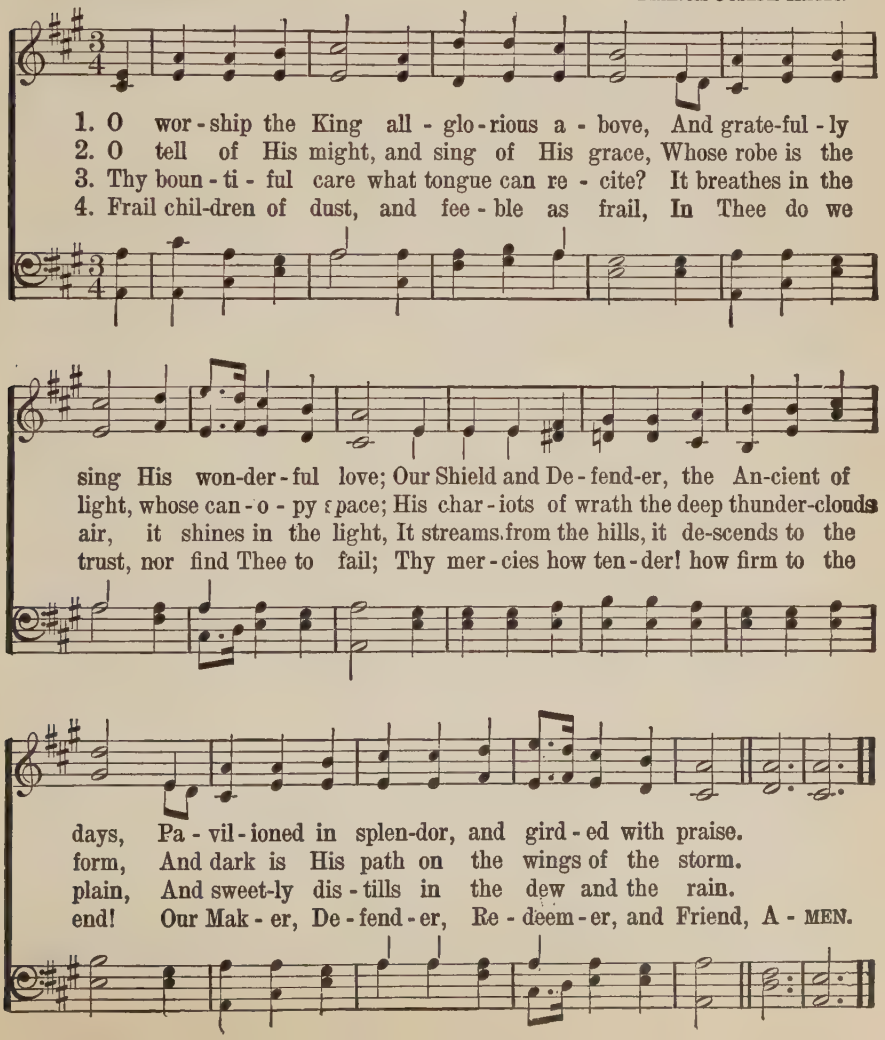
When the Roll is Called Up Yonder



211 O Worship the King

Sir ROBERT GRANT — FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN


1. O wor - ship the King all - glo - rious a - bove, And grate-ful - ly
2. O tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
3. Thy boun - ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the
4. Frail chil-dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In Thee do we
sing His won-der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fend-er, the An-cient of
light, whose can - o - py space; His char - iots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds
air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de-scends to the
trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer - cies how ten - der! how firm to the
days, Pa - vil - ioned in splen-dor, and gird - ed with praise.
form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
plain, And sweet-ly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.
end! Our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, and Friend, A - MEN.

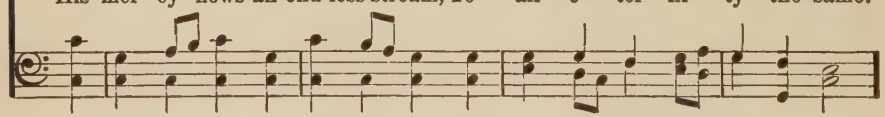
212 King of Kings

Psalm 136

J. B. Herbert

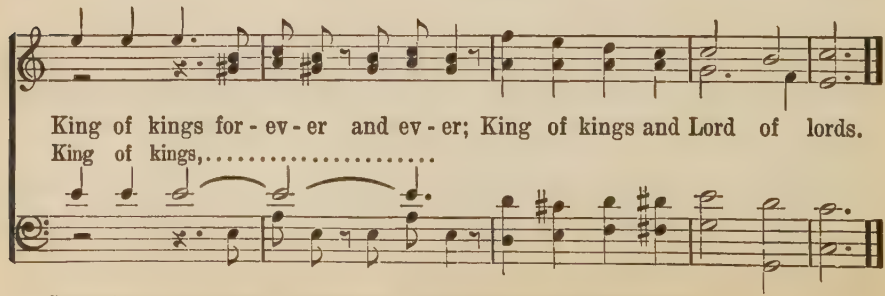
1. O thank the Lord, the Lord of love; O thank the God of gods a - bove;
2. Give thanks to God, for good is He; Thanks to the God of gods give ye;
3. Who tho't on us a - midst our woes, And res - cued us from all our foes;
4. O praise the Lord for He is kind; Give thanks to Him with heart and mind;

O thank the might-y King of kings, Whose arm hath done such wondrous things.
Thanks give the Lord of lords un - to, Who on - ly won - ders great can do:
Who dai - ly feeds each liv-ing thing; O thank the heav'n's Al-might-y King.
His mer - cy flows an end-less stream, To all e - ter - ni - ty the same.



Chorus (*Suggested by the "Hallelujah Chorus"*)

King of kings for - ev - er and ev-er; Lord of lords, for - ev - er and ev-er;
King of kings,..... Lord of lords,.....



King of kings for - ev - er and ev - er; King of kings and Lord of lords.
King of kings,.....

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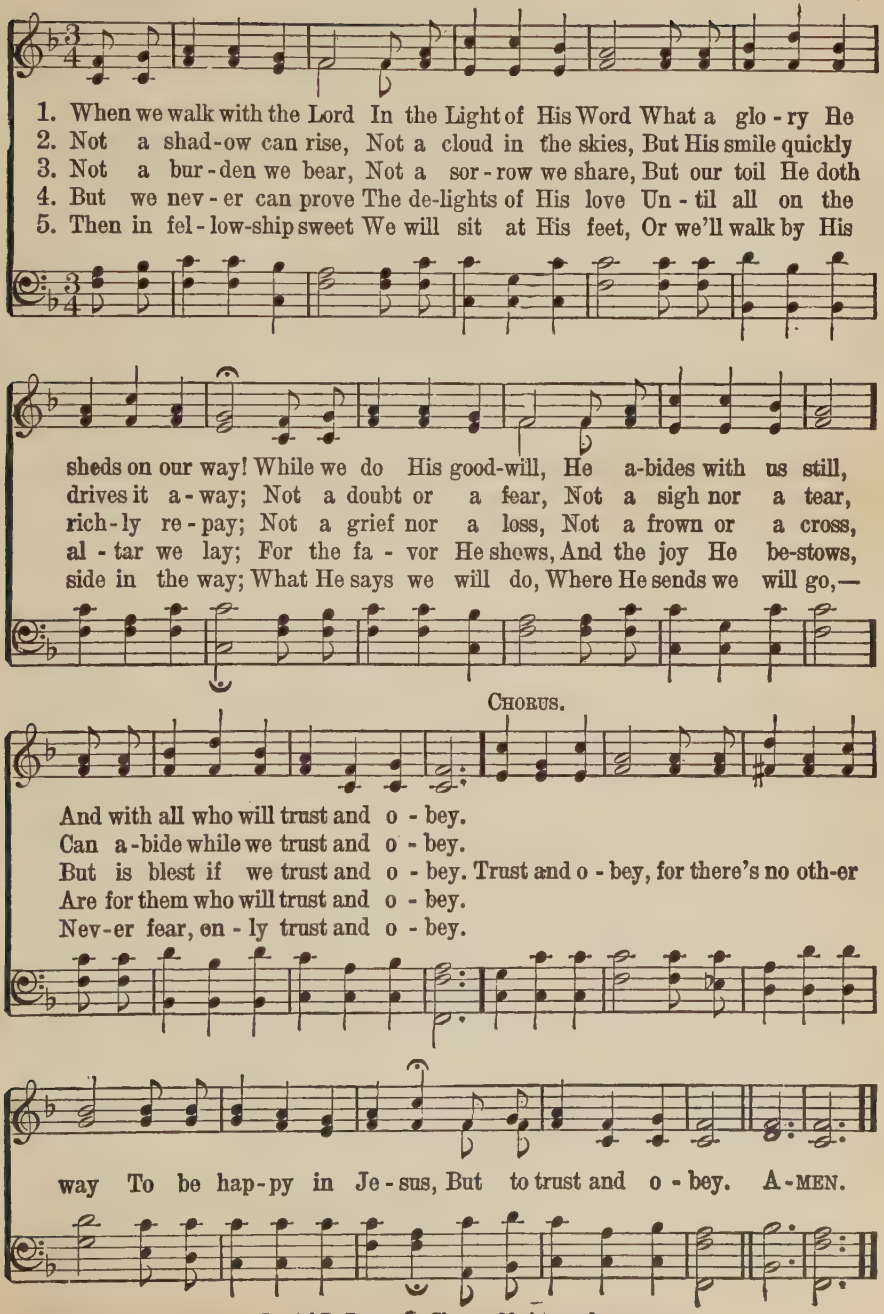
213 Trust and Obey

J. H. SAMMIS D. B. TOWNER


1. When we walk with the Lord In the Light of His Word What a glo - ry He
2. Not a shad - ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly
3. Not a bur - den we bear, Not a sor - row we share, But our toil He doth
4. But we nev - er can prove The de-lights of His love Un - til all on the
5. Then in fel - low-ship sweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His
sheds on our way! While we do His good-will, He a-bides with us still,
drives it a - way; Not a doubt or a fear, Not a sigh nor a tear,
rich - ly re - pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown or a cross,
al - tar we lay; For the fa - vor He shows, And the joy He be-stows,
side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He sends we will go,—
CHORUS.
And with all who will trust and o - bey.
Can a-bide while we trust and o - bey.
But is blest if we trust and o - bey. Trust and o - bey, for there's no oth-er
Are for them who will trust and o - bey.
Nev-er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey.
way To be hap-py in Je - sus, But to trust and o - bey. A-MEN.

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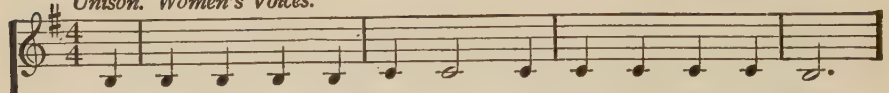
214 The Whole Wide World For Jesus

WILL L. THOMPSON

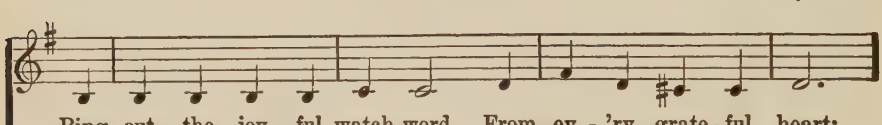
Unison. Women's Voices.



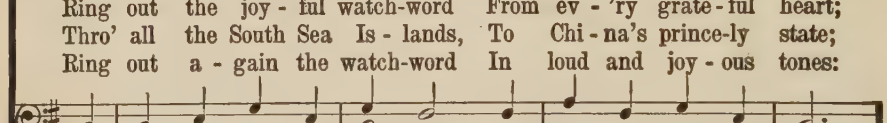
1. The whole wide world for Je - sus! Once more, be - fore we part,
2. The whole wide world for Je - sus! From out the Gold - en Gate,
3. The whole wide world for Je - sus! Its hearts, and homes, and thrones;

Unison. Men's Voices.

Ring out the joy - ful watch-word From ev - 'ry grate - ful heart;
Thro' all the South Sea Is - lands, To Chi - na's prince-ly state;
Ring out a - gain the watch-word In loud and joy - ous tones:

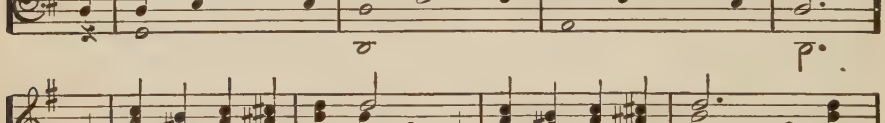


The whole wide world for Je - sus! Be this our bat - tle - cry; . . . . The
From In-dia's vales and mountains, Thro' Per-sia's land of bloom, . . . To
The whole wide world for Je - sus! With prayer the song we'll wing, . . . And

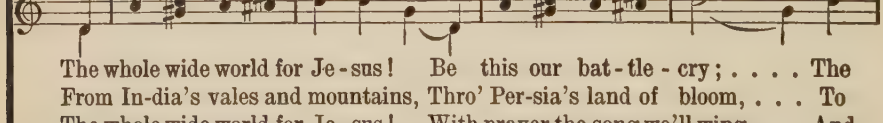


The whole wide world for Je - sus! Be this our bat - tle-
From In - dia's vales and mountains, Thro' Per-sia's land of
The whole wide world for Je - sus! With prayer the song we'll

CHORUS.



Cru - ci - fied shall con-quer, And vic - to - ry is nigh.
sto - ried Pal - es - ti - na, And Af-ric's des - ert gloom. This whole wide world
speed the prayer with la-bor, Till earth shall crown Him King.



cry; . . . . shall con - quer,
bloom, Pal - es - ti - na,
wing, ... with la - bor,

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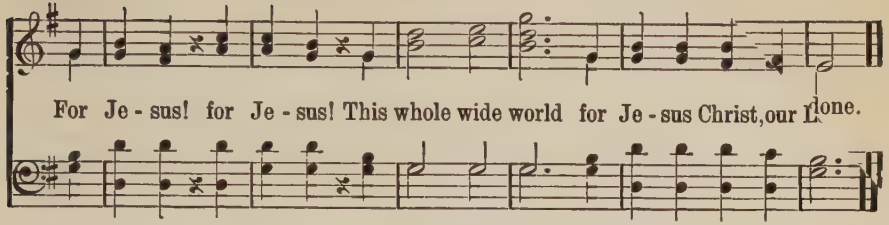
The Whole Wide World For Jesus



215 Beautiful River

R. L. ROBERT LOWRY

1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er, Where bright an-gel feet have trod;
2. On the bos - om of the riv - er, Where the Sav - ior-King we own,
3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur - den down;
4. Soon we'll reach the shining riv - er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease;
With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flow-ing by the throne of God?
We shall meet, and sor-row nev - er, 'Neath the glo - ry of the throne.
Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro-vide a robe and crown.
Soon our hap - py hearts will qui - ver With the mel - o - dy of peace.
CHORUS
p
Yes, we'll gather at the riv - er, The beau - ti-ful, the beau-ti - ful riv - er,
Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

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Count Your Blessings

E. O. Excell

bil-lows you are tem - pest - tossed, When you are dis-
r-dened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
h-ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
n-flict, whether great or small, Do not be dis-

cour-aged, think-ing all is lost, Count your man-y bless-ings, name them
heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y bless-ings, ev - 'ry
prom-ised you His wealth un - told; Count your man-y bless-ings, mon-ey
cour-aged, God is o - ver all; Count your man-y bless-ings, an - gels

one by one, And it will sur-prise you what the Lord hath done.
doubt will fly, And you will be sing-ing as the days go by.
can - not buy Your re-ward in Heav-en, nor your home on high.
will at - tend, Help and com-fort give you to your jour-ney's end.

Chorus.

Count your bless-ings, Name them one by one; Count your
Count your man-y bless-ings, Name them one by one; Count your man-y

bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your bless-ings,
bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your man-y bless-ings,

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Count Your Blessings

217 Full Surrender

VICTOR M. HATFIELD — SUSIE E. HATFIELD

1. The Sav - ior said in plead-ing tones, "My child, give Me thy heart;"
2. A - gain He spoke; I knew the voice; It plead - ed as be - fore;
3. At last His plead - ing won my heart; I yield - ed to His call;
I heard the call, and tim - id - ly Re - plied, "I'll give Thee part."
My self - ish spir - it would not break; I said, "I'll give Thee more."
"For-give my stub - born will," I cried; "Dear Lord, I give Thee all."
CHORUS
Oh, doubt-ing heart! Oh, faith - less heart! Ac - cept the Sav - ior's call;
The sweet-est peace you'll on - ly know When you have giv - en all.

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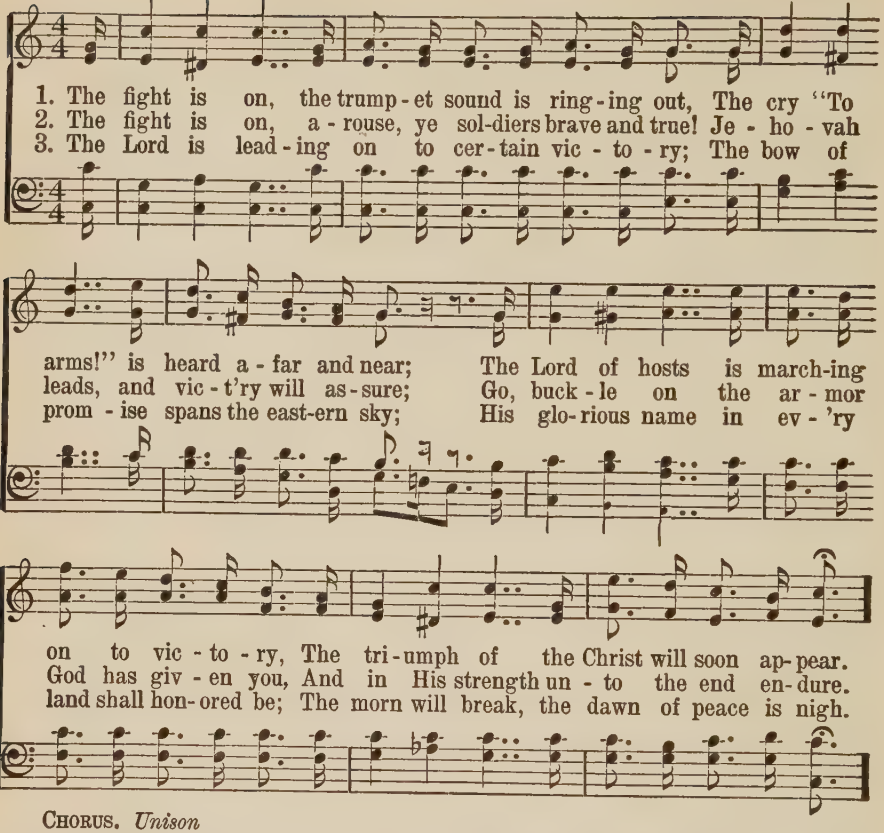
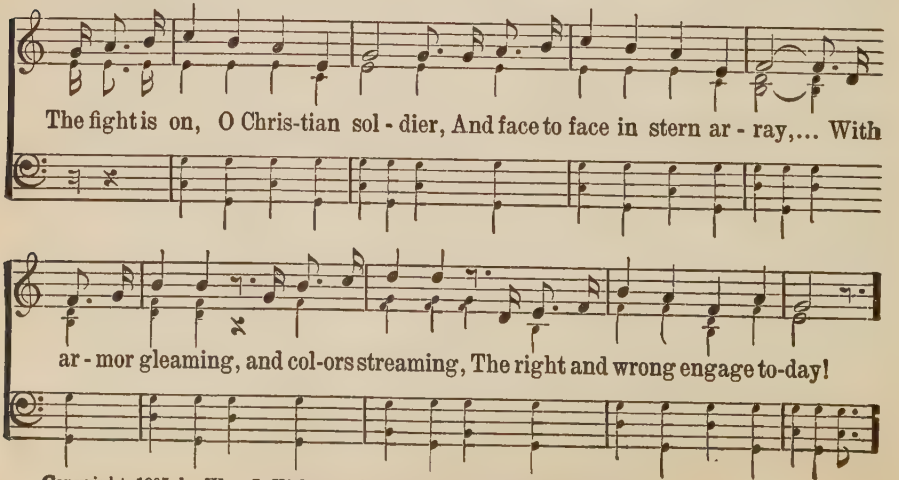
The Fight is On

C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. Morris


1. The fight is on, the trump-et sound is ring-ing out, The cry "To
2. The fight is on, a-rouse, ye sol-diers brave and true! Je-ho-vah
3. The Lord is lead-ing on to cer-tain vic-to-ry; The bow of
arms!" is heard a-far and near; The Lord of hosts is march-ing
leads, and vic-t'ry will as-sure; Go, buck-le on the ar-mor
prom-ise spans the east-ern sky; His glo-rious name in ev-'ry
on to vic-to-ry, The tri-umph of the Christ will soon ap-pear.
God has giv-en you, And in His strength un-to the end en-dure.
land shall hon-ored be; The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.

Chorus. *Unison*


The fight is on, O Chris-tian sol-dier, And face to face in stern ar-ray,... With
ar-mor gleaming, and col-ors streaming, The right and wrong engage to-day!

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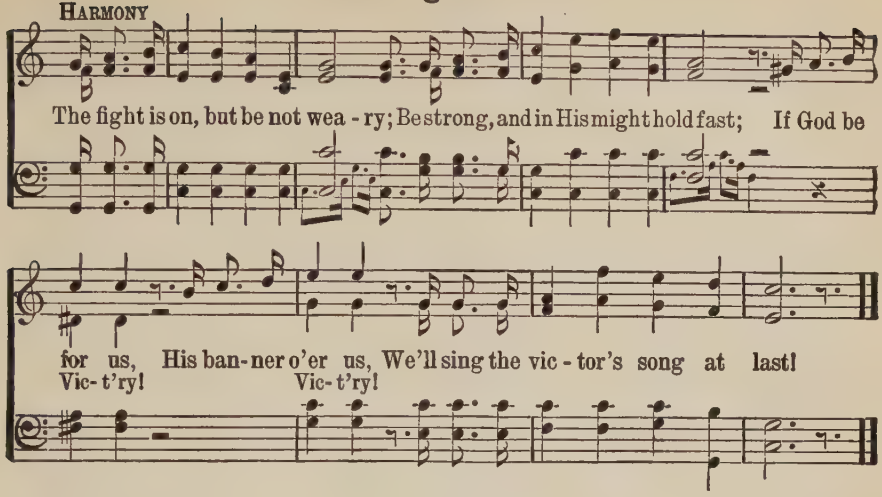
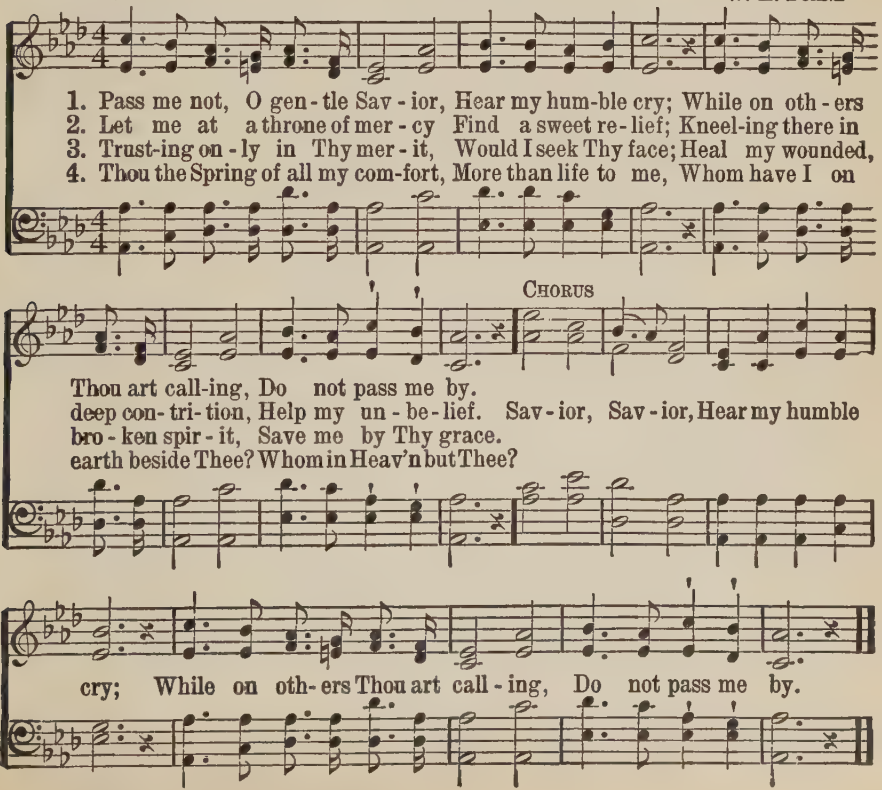
The Fight is On

HARMONY


The fight is on, but be not wea - ry; Be strong, and in His might hold fast; If God be
for us, His ban-ner o'er us, We'll sing the vic - tor's song at last!
Vic- t'ry! Vic- t'ry!

219 Pass Me Not

FANNY J. CROSBY W. H. DOANE


1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - ior, Hear my hum-ble cry; While on oth - ers
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief; Kneel-ing there in
3. Trust-ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my wounded,
4. Thou the Spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me, Whom have I on
CHORUS
Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.
deep con- tri- tion, Help my un - be - lief. Sav - ior, Sav - ior, Hear my humble
bro - ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
earth beside Thee? Whom in Heav'n but Thee?
cry; While on oth- ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

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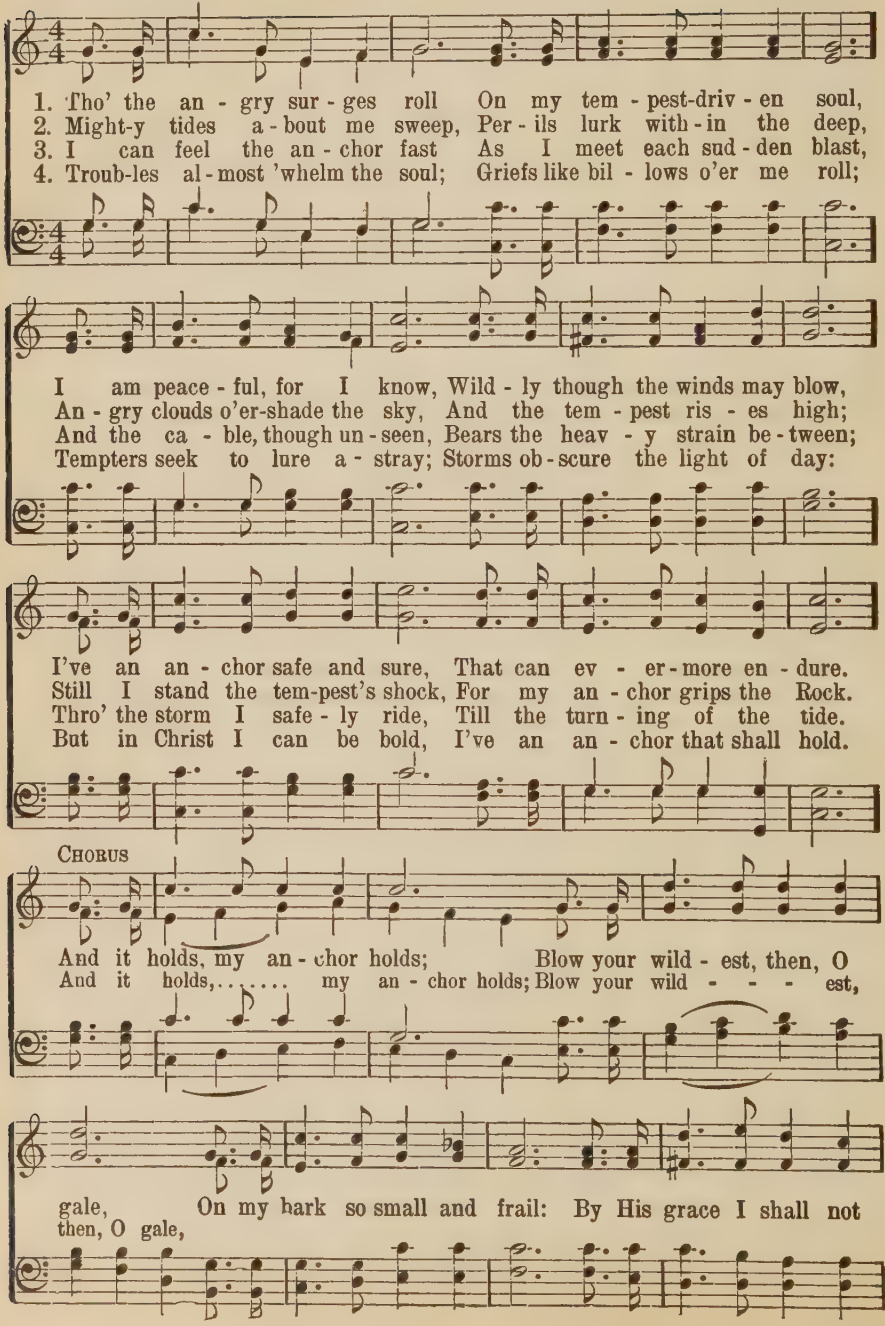
220 My Anchor Holds

W. C. MARTIN, arr. D. B. TOWNER


1. Tho' the an - gry sur - ges roll On my tem - pest-driv - en soul,
2. Might-y tides a - bout me sweep, Per - ils lurk with - in the deep,
3. I can feel the an - chor fast As I meet each sud - den blast,
4. Troub-les al - most 'whelm the soul; Griefs like bil - lows o'er me roll;
I am peace - ful, for I know, Wild - ly though the winds may blow,
An - gry clouds o'er-shade the sky, And the tem - pest ris - es high;
And the ca - ble, though un - seen, Bears the heav - y strain be - tween;
Tempters seek to lure a - stray; Storms ob - scure the light of day:
I've an an - chor safe and sure, That can ev - er - more en - dure.
Still I stand the tem-pest's shock, For my an - chor grips the Rock.
Thro' the storm I safe - ly ride, Till the turn - ing of the tide.
But in Christ I can be bold, I've an an - chor that shall hold.
CHORUS
And it holds, my an - chor holds; Blow your wild - est, then, O
And it holds,..... my an - chor holds; Blow your wild - - - - est,
gale, On my bark so small and frail: By His grace I shall not
then, O gale,

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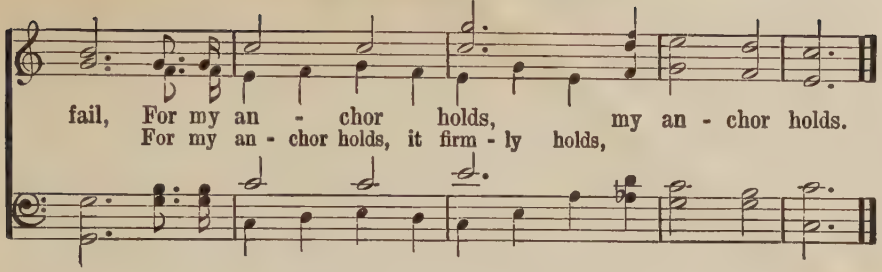
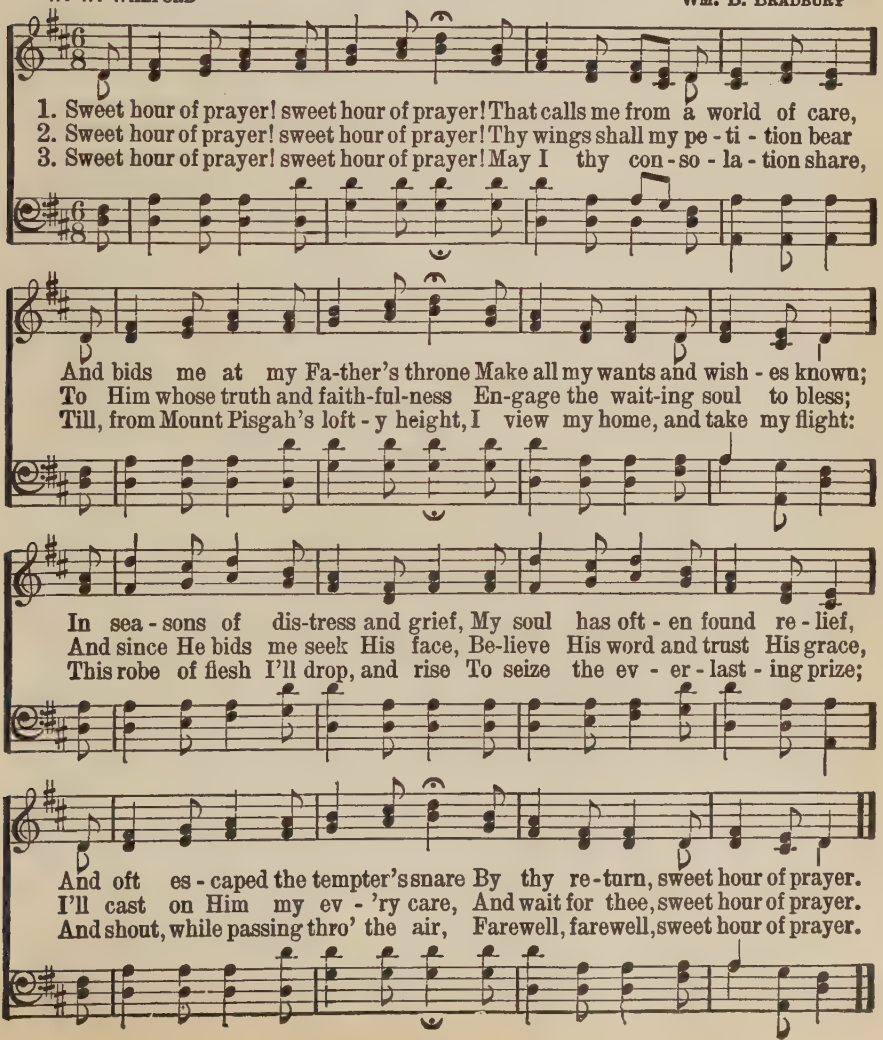
My Anchor Holds



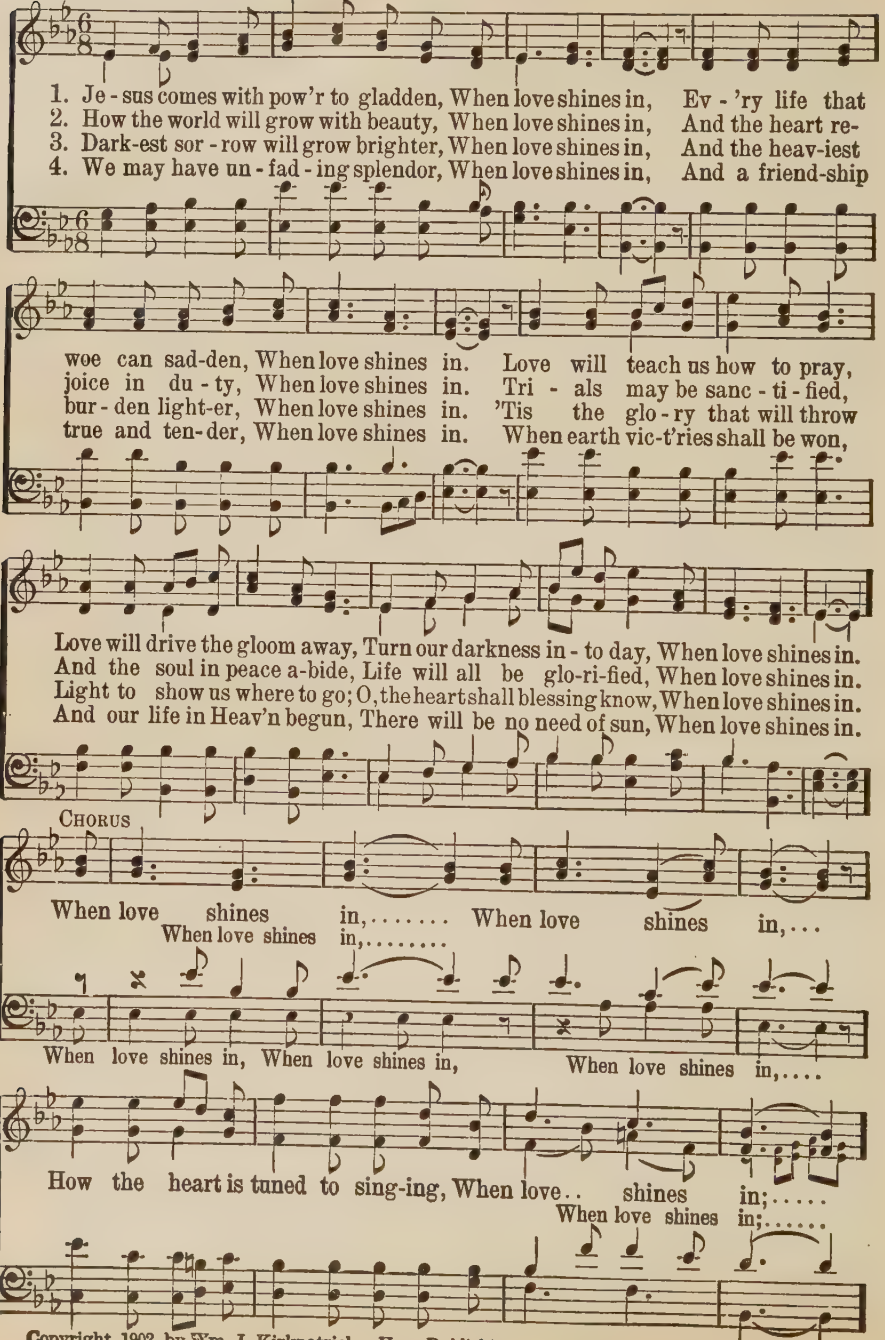
221 Sweet Hour of Prayer

W. W. WALFORD — WM. B. BRADBURY


1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear
3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! May I thy con - so - la - tion share,
And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne Make all my wants and wish - es known;
To Him whose truth and faith-ful-ness En-gage the wait-ing soul to bless;
Till, from Mount Pisgah's loft - y height, I view my home, and take my flight:
In sea - sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word and trust His grace,
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize;
And oft es - caped the tempter's snare By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer.
I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
And shout, while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

222 When Love Shines In

Mrs. Frank A. Breck — Wm. J. Kirkpatrick


1. Je - sus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in, Ev - 'ry life that
2. How the world will grow with beauty, When love shines in, And the heart re-
3. Dark-est sor - row will grow brighter, When love shines in, And the heav-iest
4. We may have un - fad - ing splendor, When love shines in, And a friend-ship
woe can sad-den, When love shines in. Love will teach us how to pray,
joice in du - ty, When love shines in. Tri - als may be sanc - ti - fied,
bur - den light-er, When love shines in. 'Tis the glo - ry that will throw
true and ten-der, When love shines in. When earth vic-t'ries shall be won,
Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our darkness in - to day, When love shines in.
And the soul in peace a-bide, Life will all be glo-ri-fied, When love shines in.
Light to show us where to go; O, the heart shall blessing know, When love shines in.
And our life in Heav'n begun, There will be no need of sun, When love shines in.
Chorus
When love shines in,..... When love shines in,...
When love shines in,.....
When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in,....
How the heart is tuned to sing-ing, When love.. shines in;.....
When love shines in;.....

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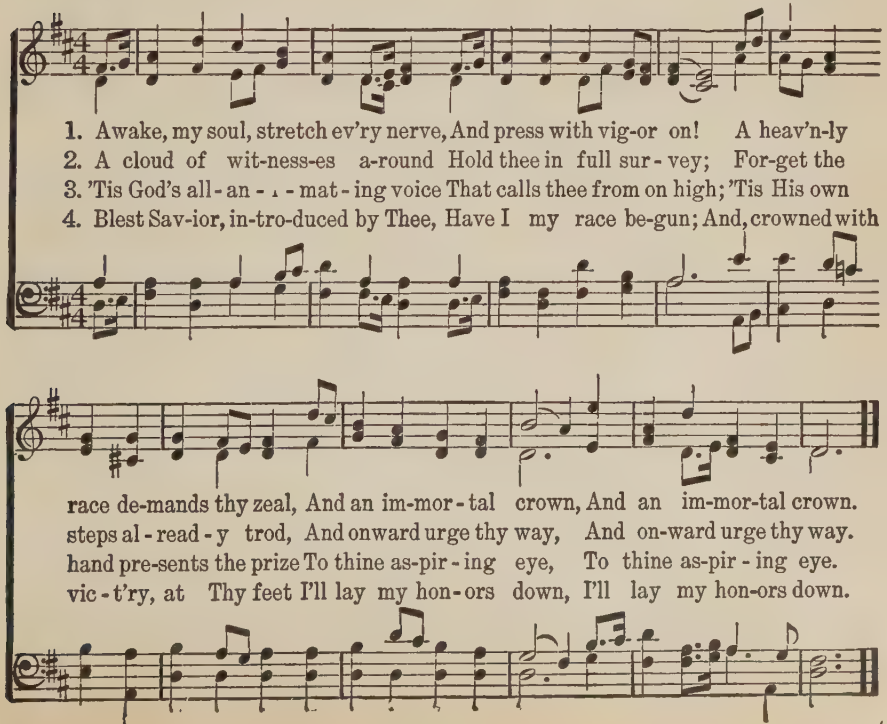
When Love Shines In

When love shines in,..... When love shines in,..
When love shines in,.....
When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in,...
Joy and peace to oth - ers bring-ing, When love shines in...
When love, when love shines in....

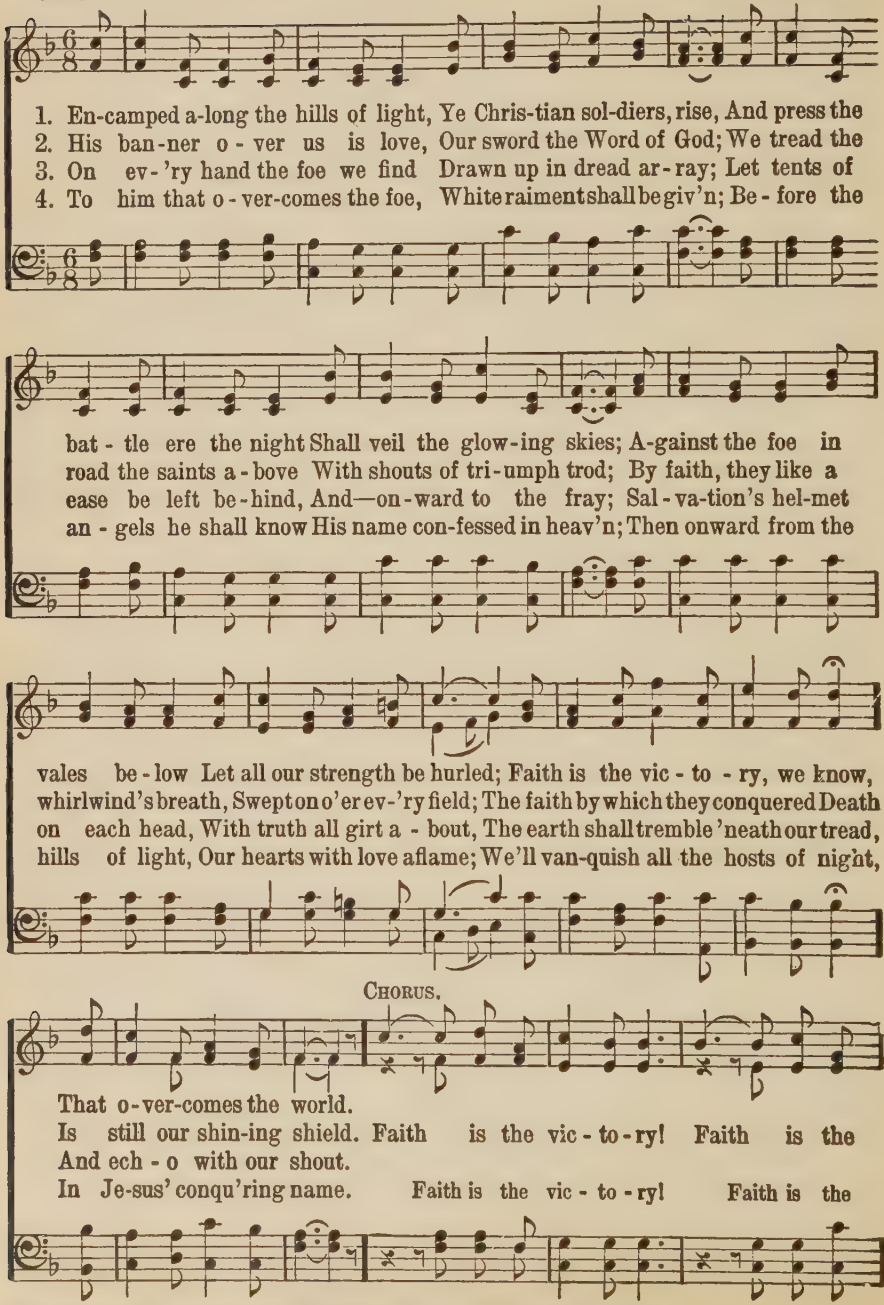
223 Awake, My Soul, Stretch Every Nerve

PHILIP DODDRIDGE HANDEL


1. Awake, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve, And press with vig-or on! A heav'n-ly
2. A cloud of wit-ness-es a-round Hold thee in full sur - vey; For-get the
3. 'Tis God's all - an - - mat - ing voice That calls thee from on high; 'Tis His own
4. Blest Sav-ior, in-tro-duced by Thee, Have I my race be-gun; And, crowned with
race de-mands thy zeal, And an im-mor - tal crown, And an im-mor-tal crown.
steps al - read - y trod, And onward urge thy way, And on-ward urge thy way.
hand pre-sents the prize To thine as-pir - ing eye, To thine as-pir - ing eye.
vic - t'ry, at Thy feet I'll lay my hon - ors down, I'll lay my hon-ors down.

224 Faith Is the Victory

JOHN H. YATES — IRA D. SANKEY


1. En-camped a-long the hills of light, Ye Chris-tian sol-diers, rise, And press the
2. His ban-ner o - ver us is love, Our sword the Word of God; We tread the
3. On ev-'ry hand the foe we find Drawn up in dread ar-ray; Let tents of
4. To him that o - ver-comes the foe, White raiment shall be giv'n; Be - fore the
bat - tle ere the night Shall veil the glow-ing skies; A-gainst the foe in
road the saints a - bove With shouts of tri-umph trod; By faith, they like a
ease be left be-hind, And—on-ward to the fray; Sal-va-tion's hel-met
an - gels he shall know His name con-fessed in heav'n; Then onward from the
vales be - low Let all our strength be hurled; Faith is the vic - to - ry, we know,
whirlwind's breath, Swept on o'er ev-'ry field; The faith by which they conquered Death
on each head, With truth all girt a - bout, The earth shall tremble 'neath our tread,
hills of light, Our hearts with love aflame; We'll van-quish all the hosts of night,
CHORUS.
That o-ver-comes the world.
Is still our shin-ing shield. Faith is the vic - to - ry! Faith is the
And ech - o with our shout.
In Je-sus' conqu'ring name. Faith is the vic - to - ry! Faith is the

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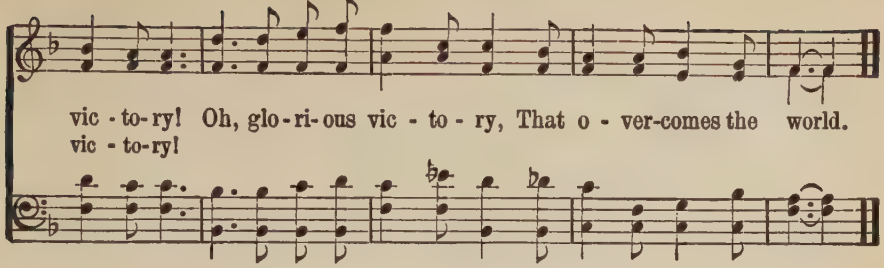
Faith Is the Victory



225 Take Time to Be Holy

W. D. LONGSTAFF GEO. C. STEBBINS

1. Take time to be ho - ly, Speak oft with thy Lord; A - bide in Him
2. Take time to be ho - ly, The world rush-es on;.. Spend much time in
3. Take time to be ho - ly, Let Him be thy Guide, And run not be-
4. Take time to be ho - ly, Be calm in thy soul;. Each tho't and each
al - ways, And feed on His Word. Make friends of God's chil - dren;
se - cret With Je - sus a - lone— By look - ing to Je - sus,
fore Him, What - ev - er be - tide;.. In joy or in sor - row,
mo - tive Be - neath His con - trol;.. Thus led by His Spir - it
Help those who are weak; For - get-ting in noth-ing His bless-ing to seek.
Like Him thou shalt be;.. Thy friends in thy con-duct His likeness shall see..
Still fol - low thy Lord, And, look-ing to Je - sus, Still trust in His Word.
To foun-tains of love, Thou soon shalt be fit - ted For serv-ice a - bove.

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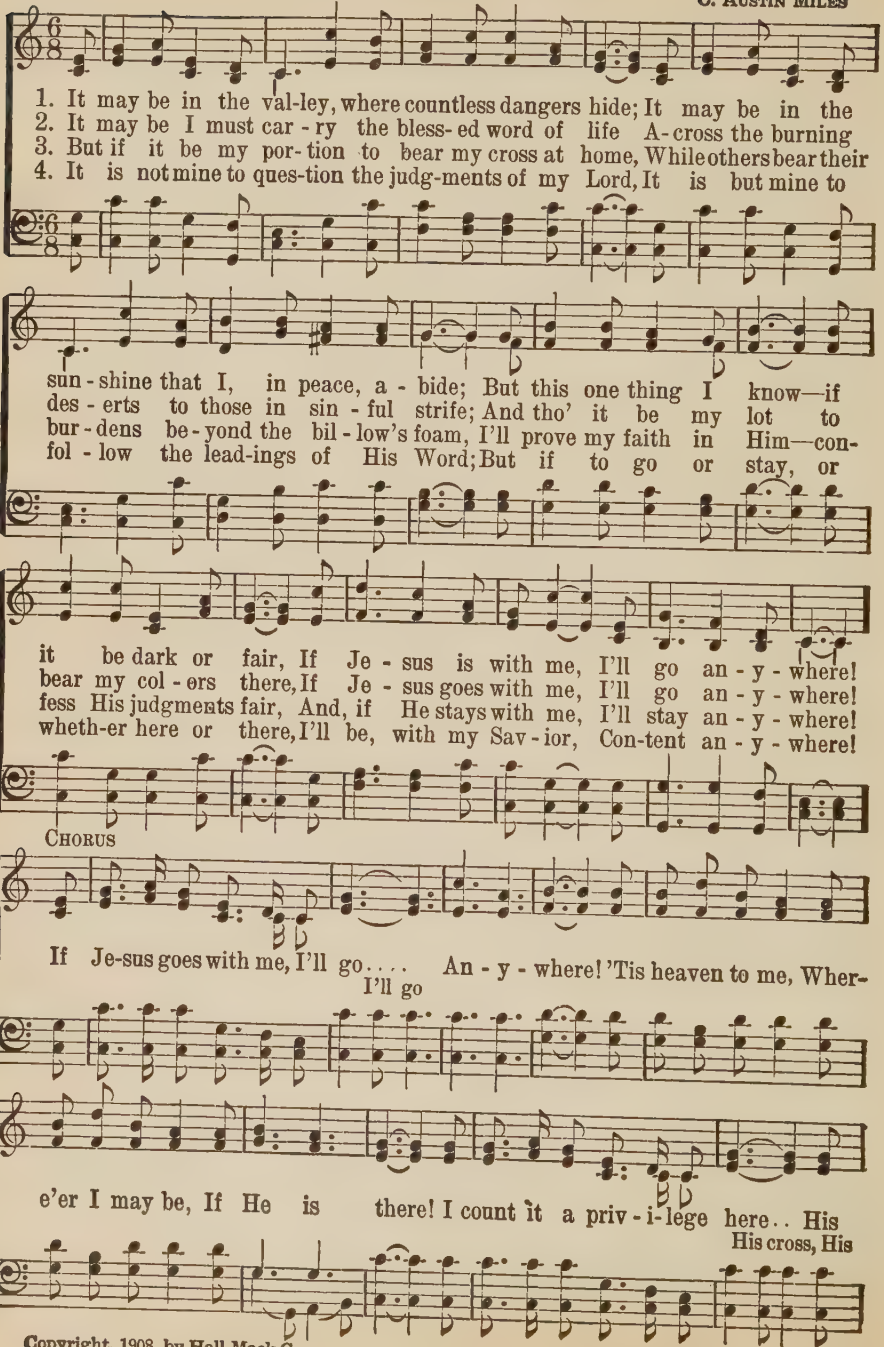
226 If Jesus Goes With Me

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles


1. It may be in the val-ley, where countless dangers hide; It may be in the
2. It may be I must car-ry the bless-ed word of life A-cross the burning
3. But if it be my por-tion to bear my cross at home, While others bear their
4. It is not mine to ques-tion the judg-ments of my Lord, It is but mine to
sun-shine that I, in peace, a-bide; But this one thing I know—if
des-erts to those in sin-ful strife; And tho' it be my lot to
bur-dens be-yond the bil-low's foam, I'll prove my faith in Him—con-
fol-low the lead-ings of His Word; But if to go or stay, or
it be dark or fair, If Je-sus is with me, I'll go an-y-where!
bear my col-ors there, If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go an-y-where!
fess His judgments fair, And, if He stays with me, I'll stay an-y-where!
wheth-er here or there, I'll be, with my Sav-ior, Con-tent an-y-where!
Chorus
If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go.... An-y-where! 'Tis heaven to me, Wher-
I'll go
e'er I may be, If He is there! I count it a priv-i-lege here.. His
His cross, His

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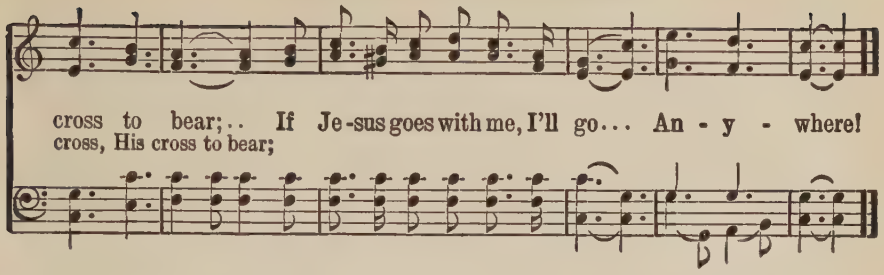
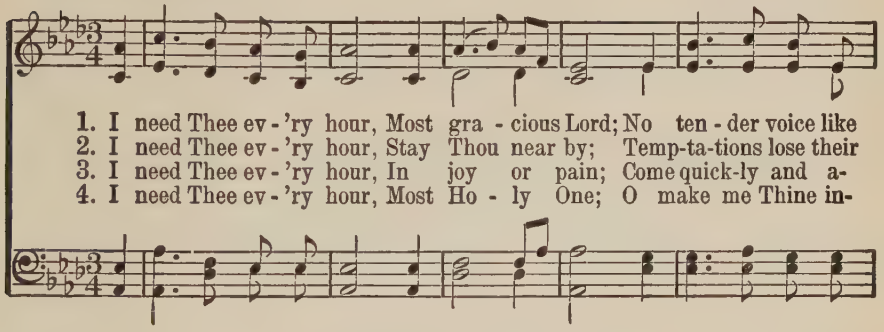
If Jesus Goes With Me

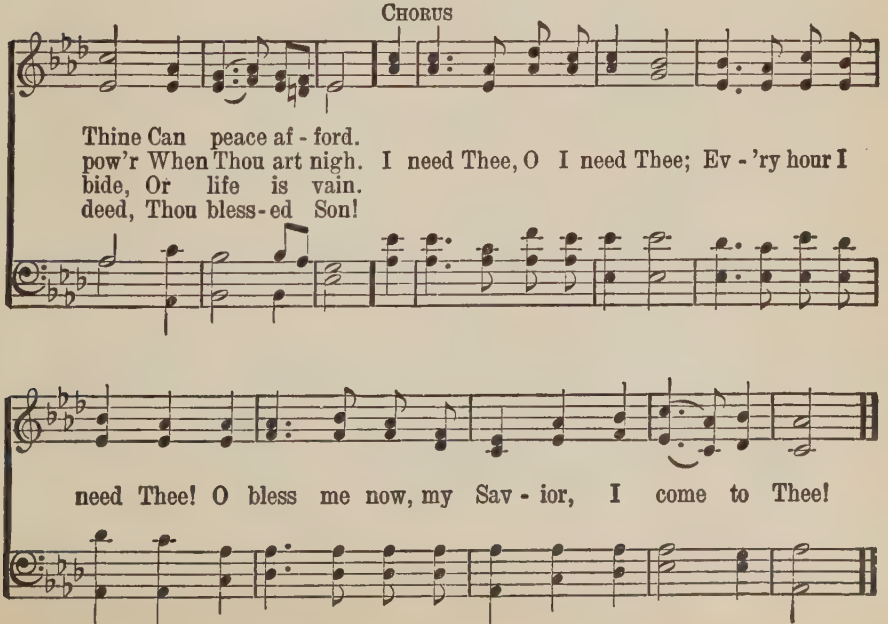


227 I Need Thee Every Hour

Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWKS — Rev. ROBERT LOWRY


1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like
2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp-ta-tions lose their
3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly and a-
4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in-

CHORUS


Thine Can peace af - ford.
pow'r When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev - 'ry hour I
bide, Or life is vain.
deed, Thou bless-ed Son!
need Thee! O bless me now, my Sav - ior, I come to Thee!

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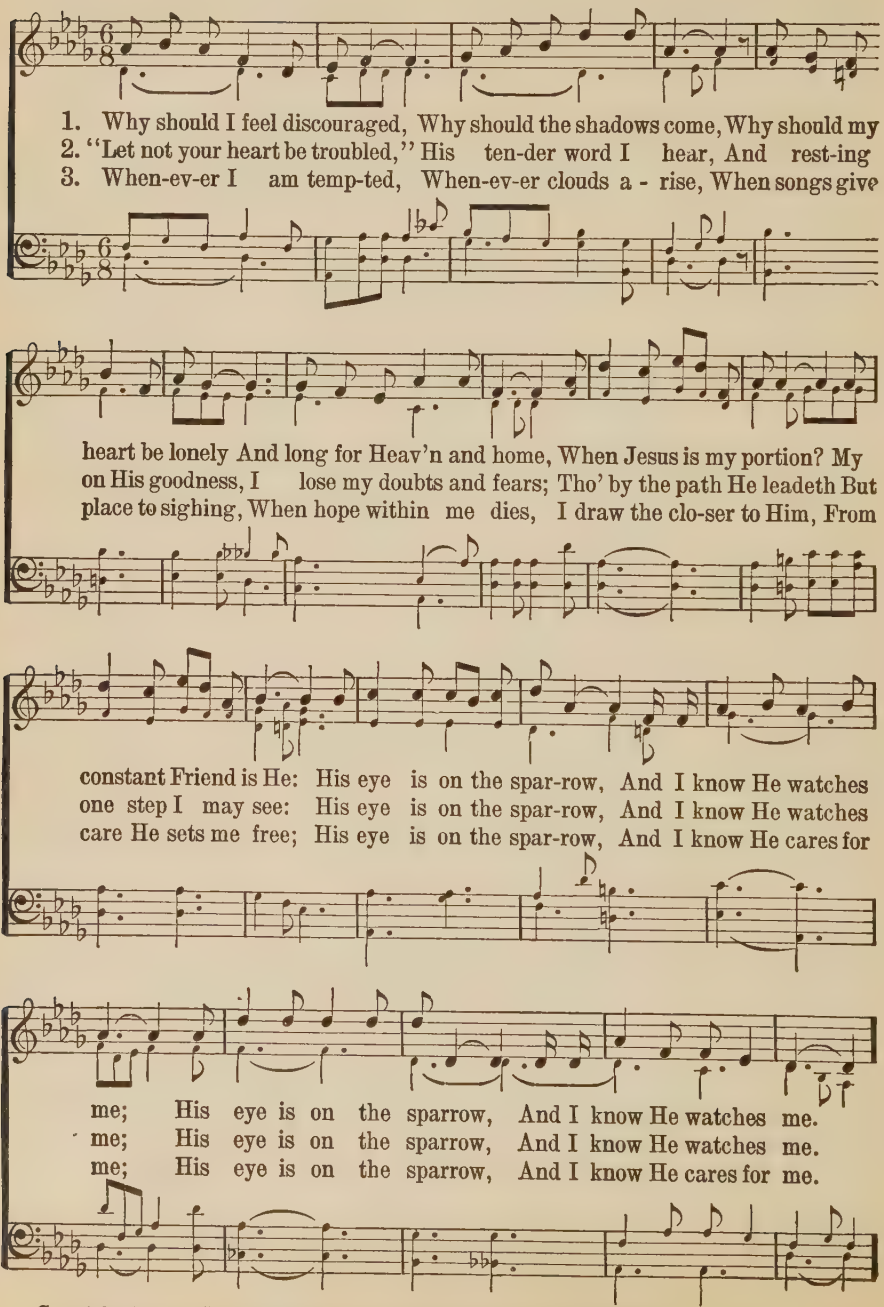
228 His Eye is On the Sparrow

Mrs. C. D. Martin — Chas. H. Gabriel


1. Why should I feel discouraged, Why should the shadows come, Why should my heart be lonely And long for Heav'n and home, When Jesus is my portion? My constant Friend is He: His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watches me;
2. "Let not your heart be troubled," His ten-der word I hear, And rest-ing on His goodness, I lose my doubts and fears; Tho' by the path He leadeth But one step I may see: His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watches me;
3. When-ev-er I am temp-ted, When-ev-er clouds a - rise, When songs give place to sighing, When hope within me dies, I draw the clo-ser to Him, From care He sets me free; His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He cares for me.
His eye is on the sparrow, And I know He watches me.
His eye is on the sparrow, And I know He watches me.
His eye is on the sparrow, And I know He cares for me.

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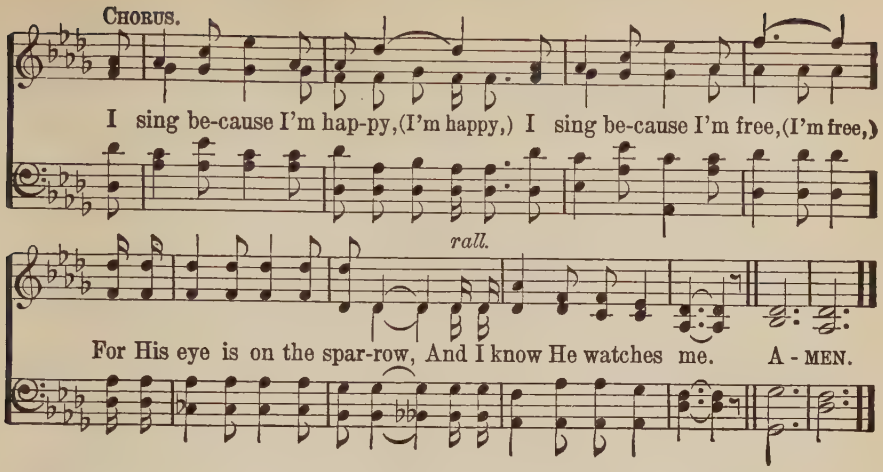
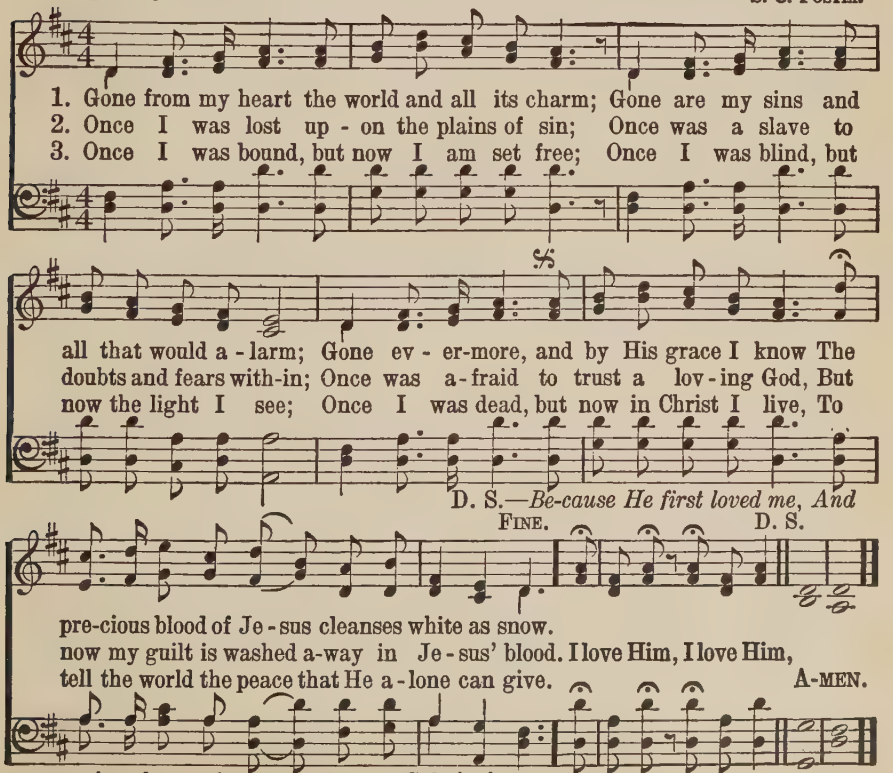
His Eye is On the Sparrow


CHORUS.
I sing be-cause I'm hap-py,(I'm happy,) I sing be-cause I'm free,(I'm free,)
rall.
For His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watches me. A - MEN.

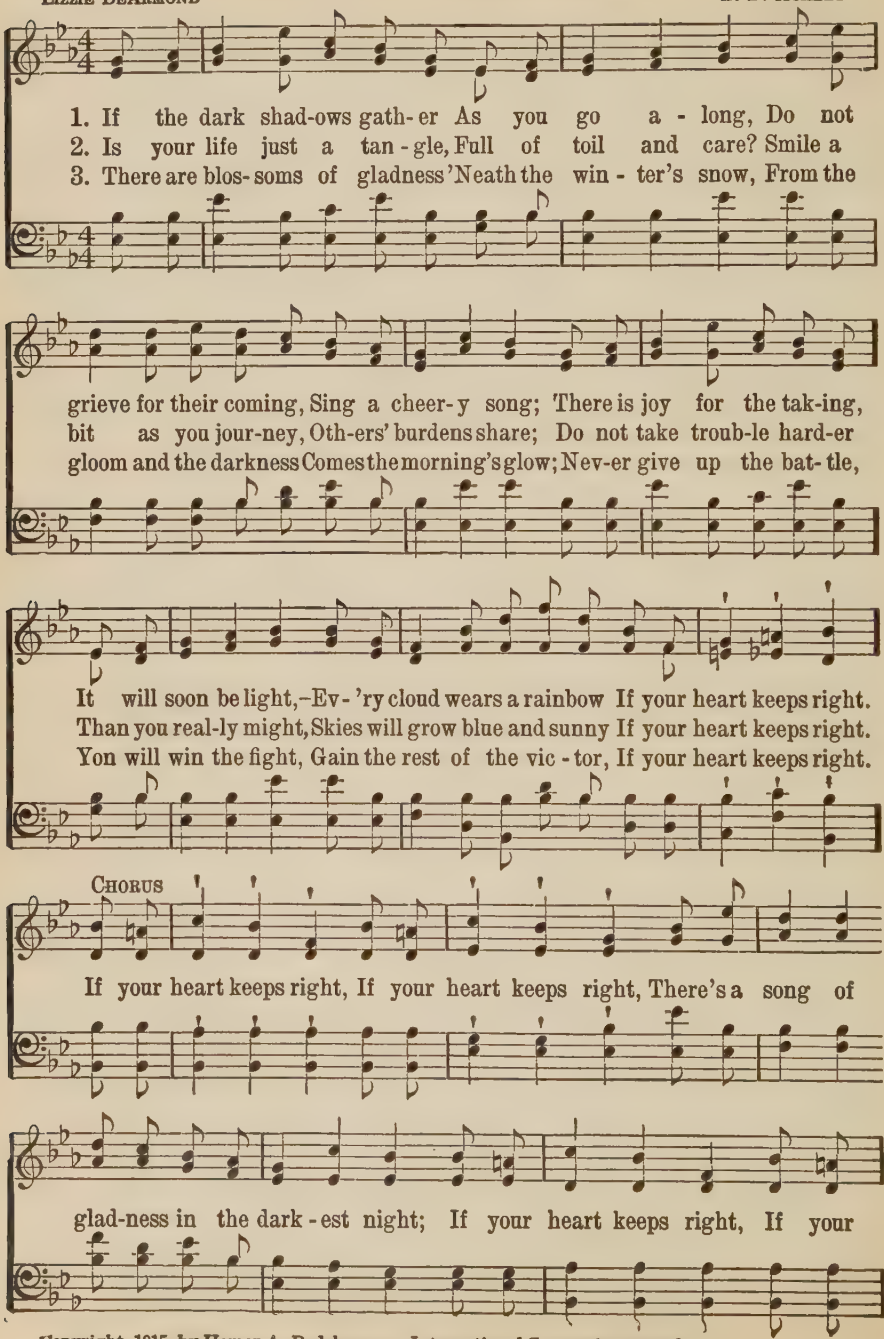
229 I Love Him

English Hymn Book — S. C. FOSTER


1. Gone from my heart the world and all its charm; Gone are my sins and
2. Once I was lost up - on the plains of sin; Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but
all that would a - larm; Gone ev - er-more, and by His grace I know The
doubts and fears with-in; Once was a-fraid to trust a lov - ing God, But
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To
D. S.—Be-cause He first loved me, And
FINE.
D. S.
pre-cious blood of Je - sus cleanses white as snow.
now my guilt is washed a-way in Je - sus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,
tell the world the peace that He a - lone can give. A-MEN.
purchased my sal - va - tion on Cal-v'ry's tree.

230 If Your Heart Keeps Right

LIZZIE DEARMOND B. D. ACKLEY


1. If the dark shad-ows gath-er As you go a - long, Do not
2. Is your life just a tan - gle, Full of toil and care? Smile a
3. There are blos-soms of gladness 'Neath the win - ter's snow, From the
grieve for their coming, Sing a cheer-y song; There is joy for the tak-ing,
bit as you jour-ney, Oth-ers' burdens share; Do not take troub-le hard-er
gloom and the darkness Comes the morning's glow; Nev-er give up the bat-tle,
It will soon be light,–Ev-'ry cloud wears a rainbow If your heart keeps right.
Than you real-ly might, Skies will grow blue and sunny If your heart keeps right.
Yon will win the fight, Gain the rest of the vic-tor, If your heart keeps right.
CHORUS
If your heart keeps right, If your heart keeps right, There's a song of
glad-ness in the dark-est night; If your heart keeps right, If your

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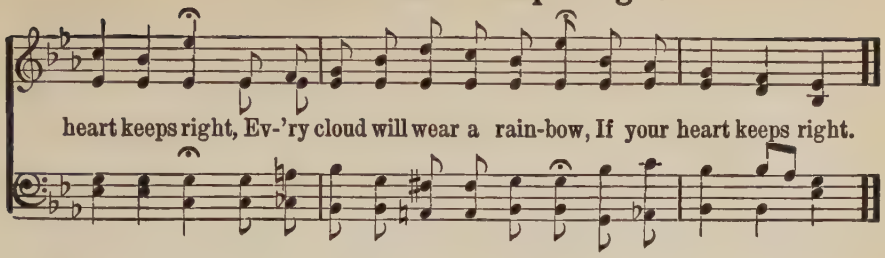
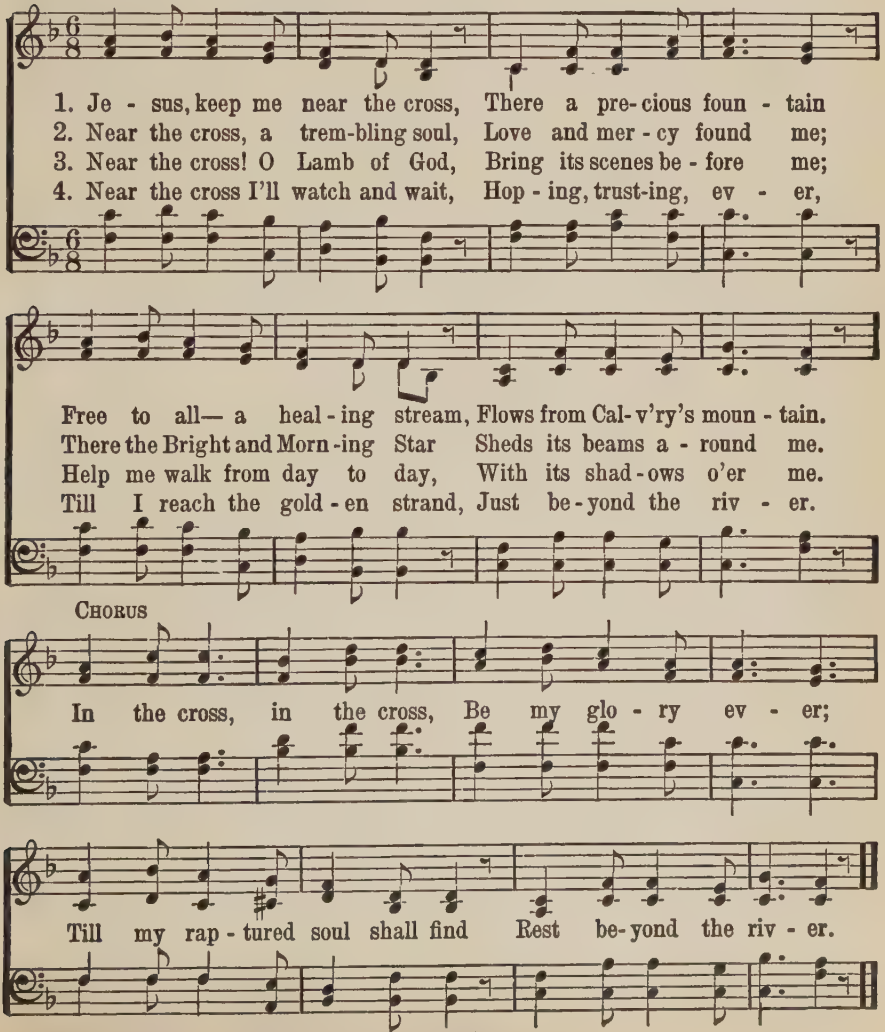
If Your Heart Keeps Right



231 Near the Cross

FANNY J. CROSBY W. H. DOANE


1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre-cious foun - tain
2. Near the cross, a trem-bling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;
4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust-ing, ev - er,
Free to all— a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal-v'ry's moun - tain.
There the Bright and Morn-ing Star Sheds its beams a - round me.
Help me walk from day to day, With its shad-ows o'er me.
Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be-yond the riv - er.
CHORUS
In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er;
Till my rap - tured soul shall find Rest be-yond the riv - er.

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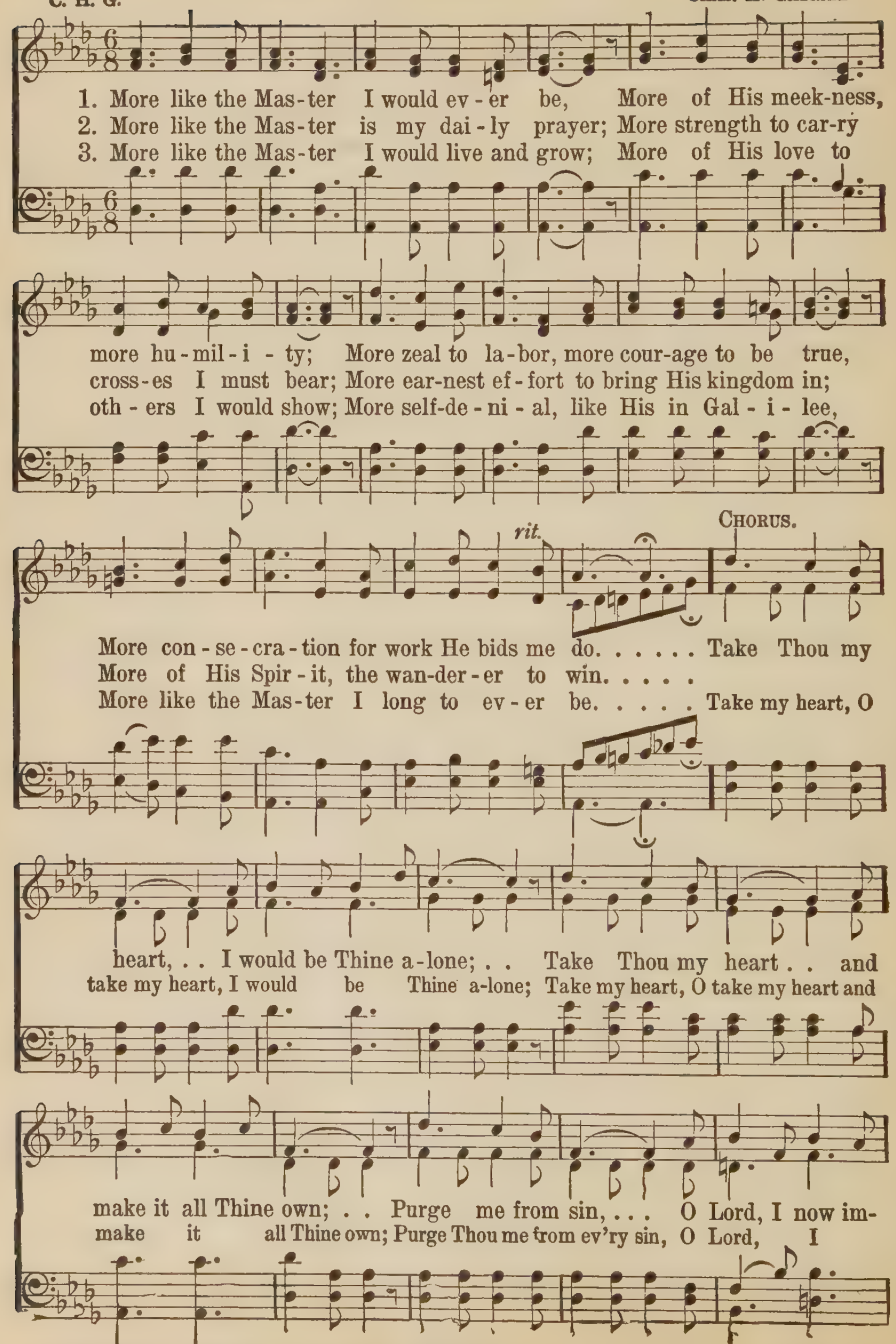
232 More Like the Master

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL


1. More like the Mas-ter I would ev-er be, More of His meek-ness,
2. More like the Mas-ter is my dai-ly prayer; More strength to car-ry
3. More like the Mas-ter I would live and grow; More of His love to
more hu-mil-i-ty; More zeal to la-bor, more cour-age to be true,
cross-es I must bear; More ear-nest ef-fort to bring His kingdom in;
oth-ers I would show; More self-de-ni-al, like His in Gal-i-lee,
rit.
CHORUS.
More con-se-cra-tion for work He bids me do. . . . . Take Thou my
More of His Spir-it, the wan-der-er to win. . . . .
More like the Mas-ter I long to ev-er be. . . . . Take my heart, O
heart, . . I would be Thine a-lone; . . Take Thou my heart . . and
take my heart, I would be Thine a-lone; Take my heart, O take my heart and
make it all Thine own; . . Purge me from sin, . . . O Lord, I now im-
make it all Thine own; Purge Thou me from ev'ry sin, O Lord, I

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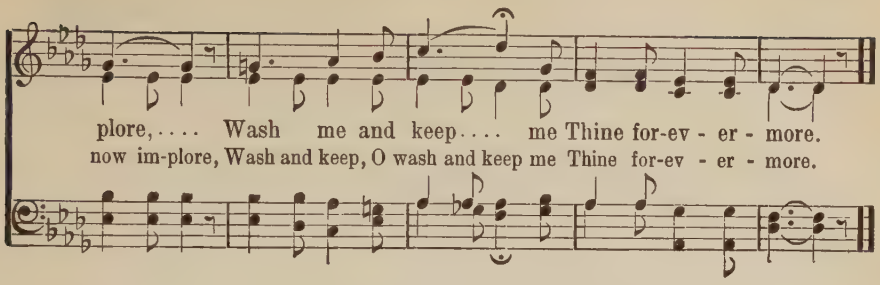
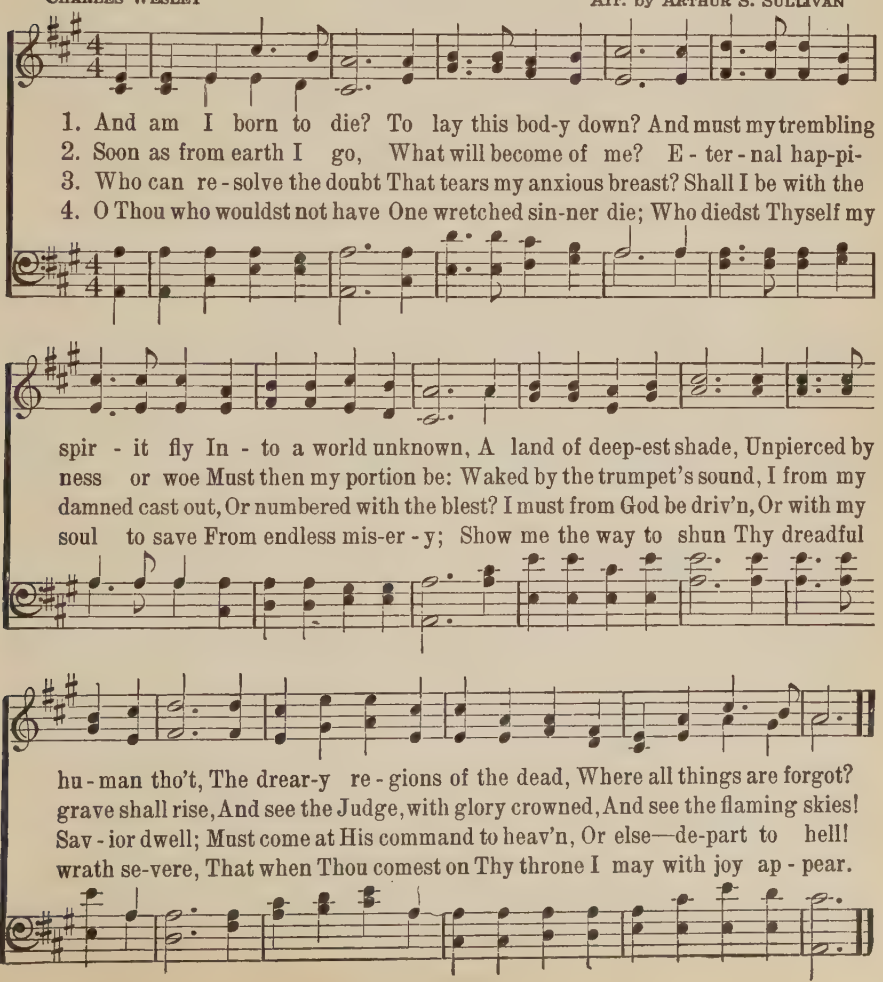
More Like the Master



233 And Am I Born to Die?

CHARLES WESLEY — Arr. by ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN


1. And am I born to die? To lay this bod-y down? And must my trembling
2. Soon as from earth I go, What will become of me? E - ter - nal hap-pi-
3. Who can re - solve the doubt That tears my anxious breast? Shall I be with the
4. O Thou who wouldst not have One wretched sin-ner die; Who diedst Thyself my
spir - it fly In - to a world unknown, A land of deep-est shade, Unpierced by
ness or woe Must then my portion be: Waked by the trumpet's sound, I from my
damned cast out, Or numbered with the blest? I must from God be driv'n, Or with my
soul to save From endless mis-er - y; Show me the way to shun Thy dreadful
hu - man tho't, The drear-y re - gions of the dead, Where all things are forgot?
grave shall rise, And see the Judge, with glory crowned, And see the flaming skies!
Sav - ior dwell; Must come at His command to heav'n, Or else—de-part to hell!
wrath se-vere, That when Thou comest on Thy throne I may with joy ap - pear.

234 Dwelling in Beulah Land

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles

1. Far a-way the noise of strife up-on my ear is fall-ing, Then I know the
2. Far be-low the storm of doubt up-on the world is beat-ing, Sons of men in
3. Let the storm-y breez-es blow, their cry can-not a-larm me; I am safe-ly
4. Viewing here the works of God, I sink in con-tem-pla-tion, Hearing now His
sins of earth be-set on ev-'ry hand: Doubt and fear and things of earth in
bat-tle long the en-e-my with-stand: Safe am I with-in the cas-tle
sheltered here, pro-tect-ed by God's hand: Here the sun is al-ways shin-ing,
bless-ed voice, I see the way He planned: Dwell-ing in the Spir-it, here I
vain to me are call-ing, None of these shall move me from Beu-lah Land.
of God's word re-treat-ing, Nothing then can reach me—'tis Beu-lah Land.
here there's naught can harm me, I am safe for-ev-er in Beu-lah Land.
learn of full sal-va-tion, Glad-ly will I tar-ry in Beu-lah Land.
Chorus
I'm liv-ing on the moun-tain, un-der-neath a cloud-less sky, I'm
Praise God!
drink-ing at the foun-tain that never shall run dry; O yes! I'm feasting on the

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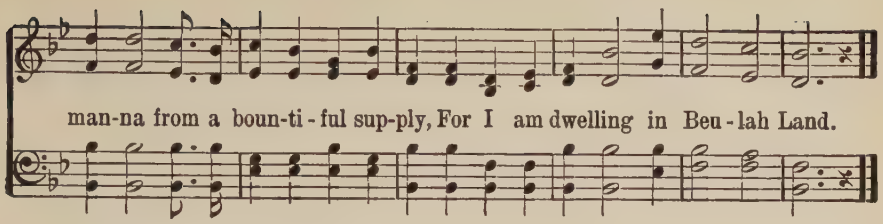
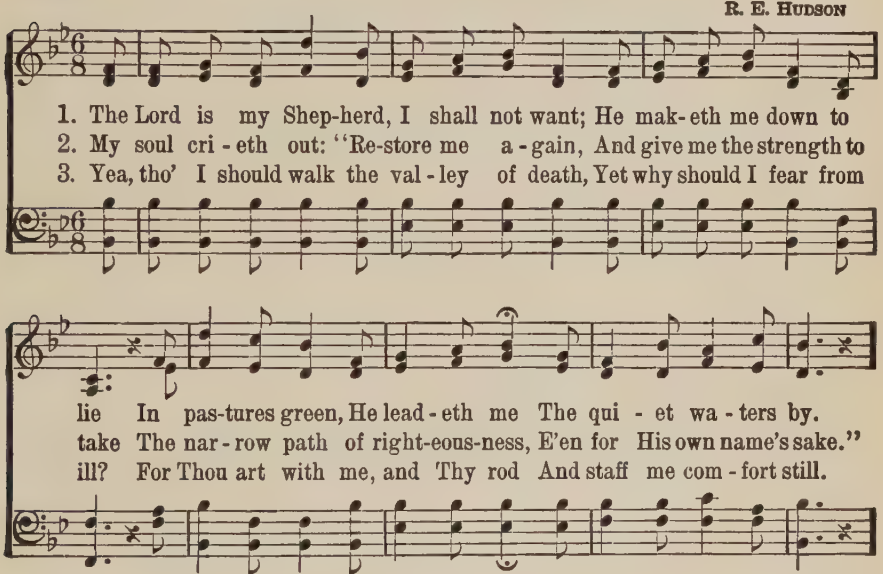
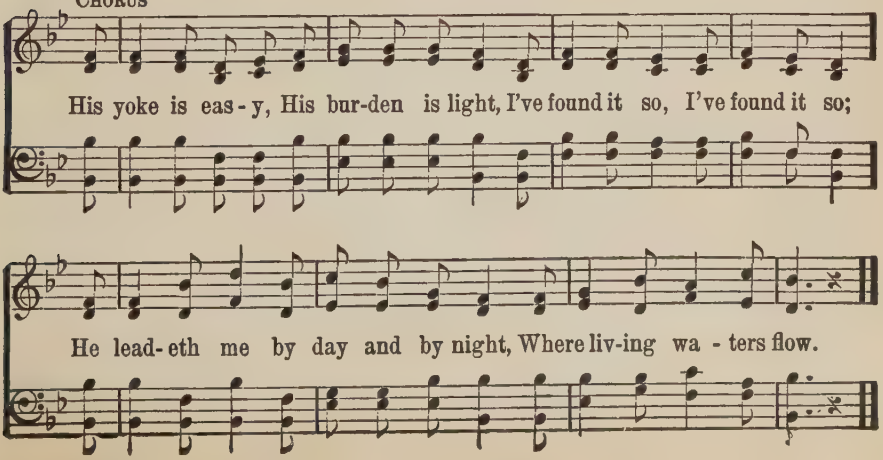
Dwelling In Beulah Land



235 His Yoke is Easy

R. E. Hudson

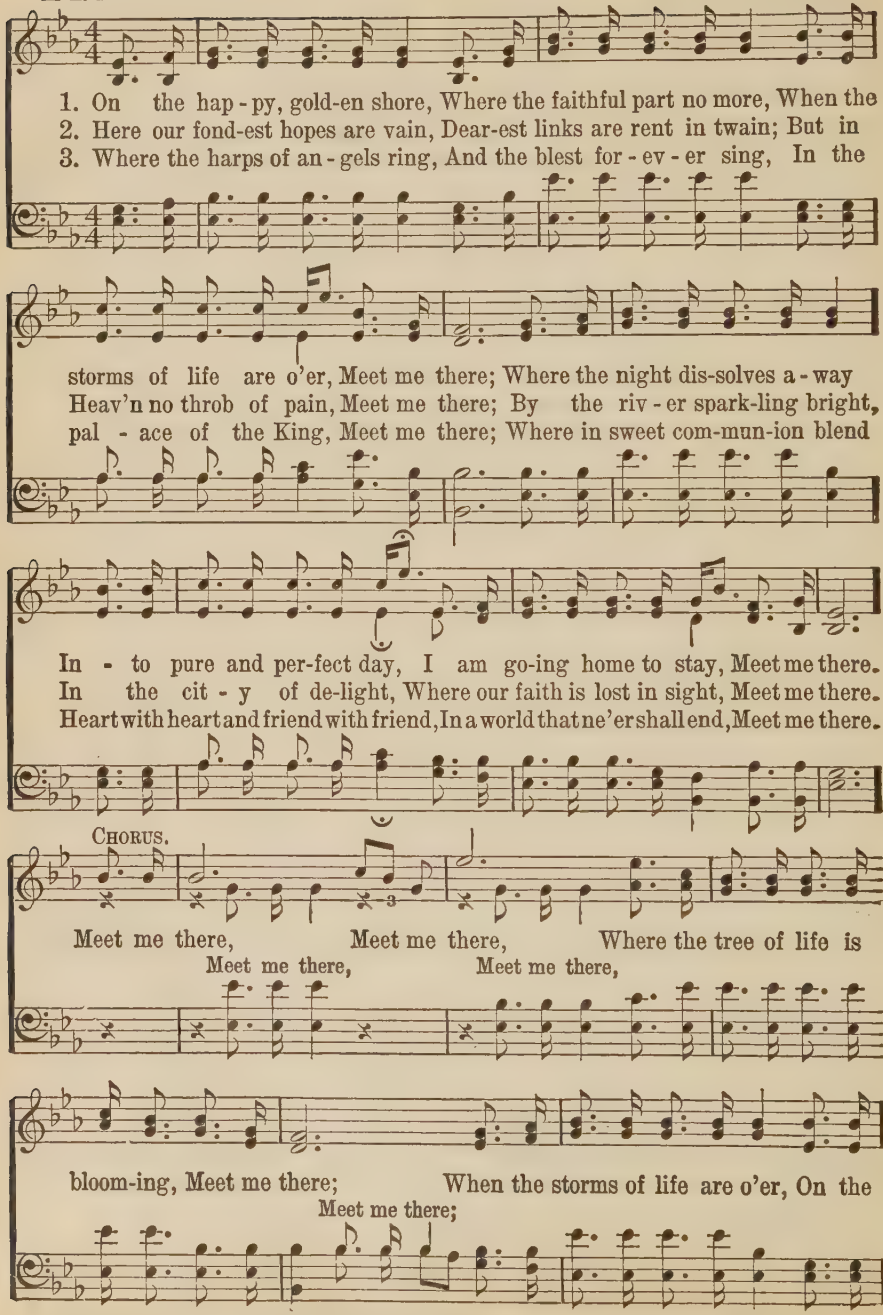

1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, I shall not want; He mak-eth me down to
2. My soul cri-eth out: "Re-store me a-gain, And give me the strength to
3. Yea, tho' I should walk the val-ley of death, Yet why should I fear from
lie In pas-tures green, He lead-eth me The qui-et wa-ters by.
take The nar-row path of right-eous-ness, E'en for His own name's sake."
ill? For Thou art with me, and Thy rod And staff me com-fort still.


Chorus
His yoke is eas-y, His bur-den is light, I've found it so, I've found it so;
He lead-eth me by day and by night, Where liv-ing wa-ters flow.

Meet Me There

H. E. Blair

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick


1. On the hap - py, gold-en shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the
2. Here our fond-est hopes are vain, Dear-est links are rent in twain; But in
3. Where the harps of an - gels ring, And the blest for - ev - er sing, In the
storms of life are o'er, Meet me there; Where the night dis-solves a - way
Heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there; By the riv - er spark-ling bright,
pal - ace of the King, Meet me there; Where in sweet com-mun-ion blend
In - to pure and per-fect day, I am go-ing home to stay, Meet me there.
In the cit - y of de-light, Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.
Heart with heart and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.
Chorus.
Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the tree of life is
Meet me there, Meet me there,
bloom-ing, Meet me there; When the storms of life are o'er, On the
Meet me there;

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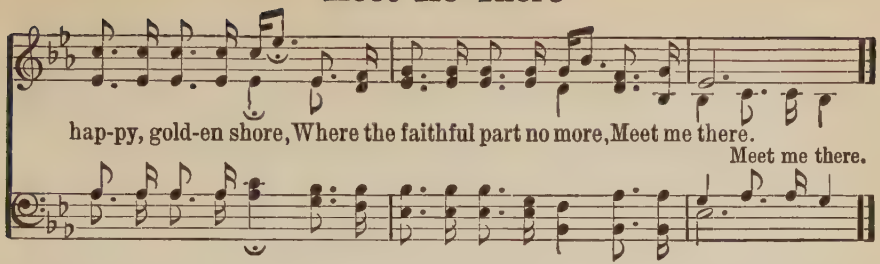
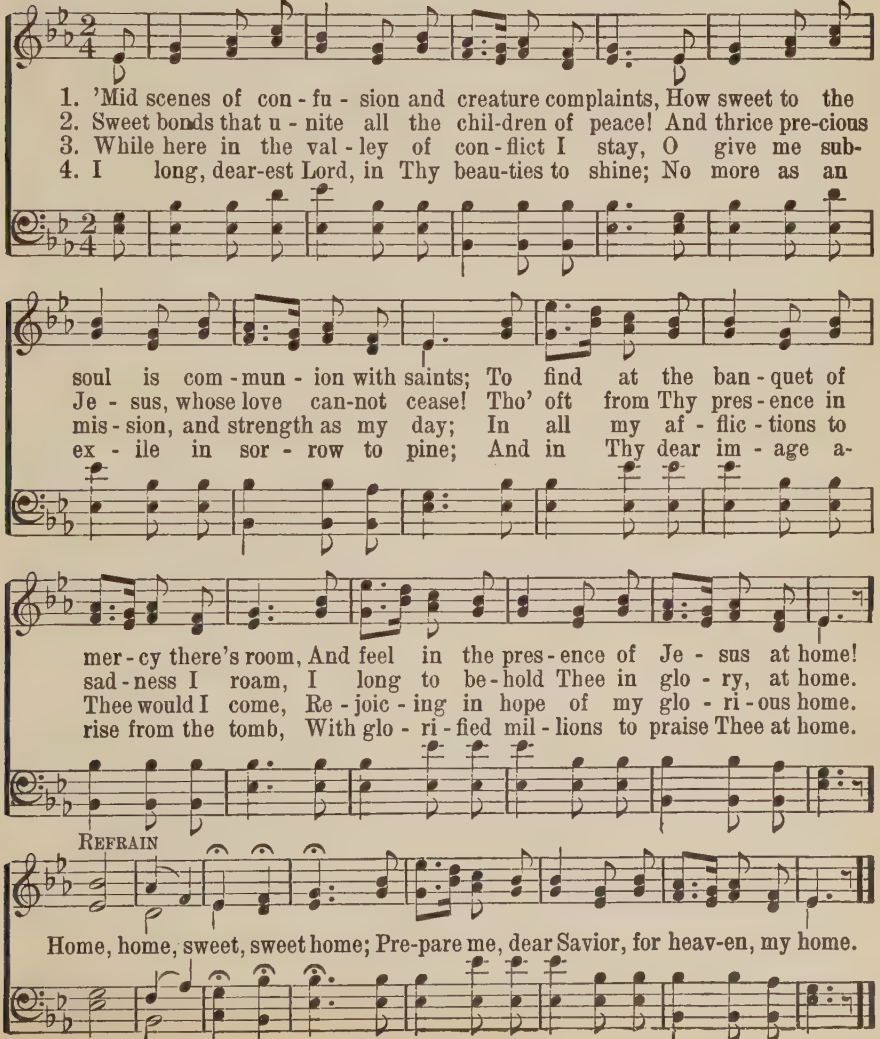
Meet Me There



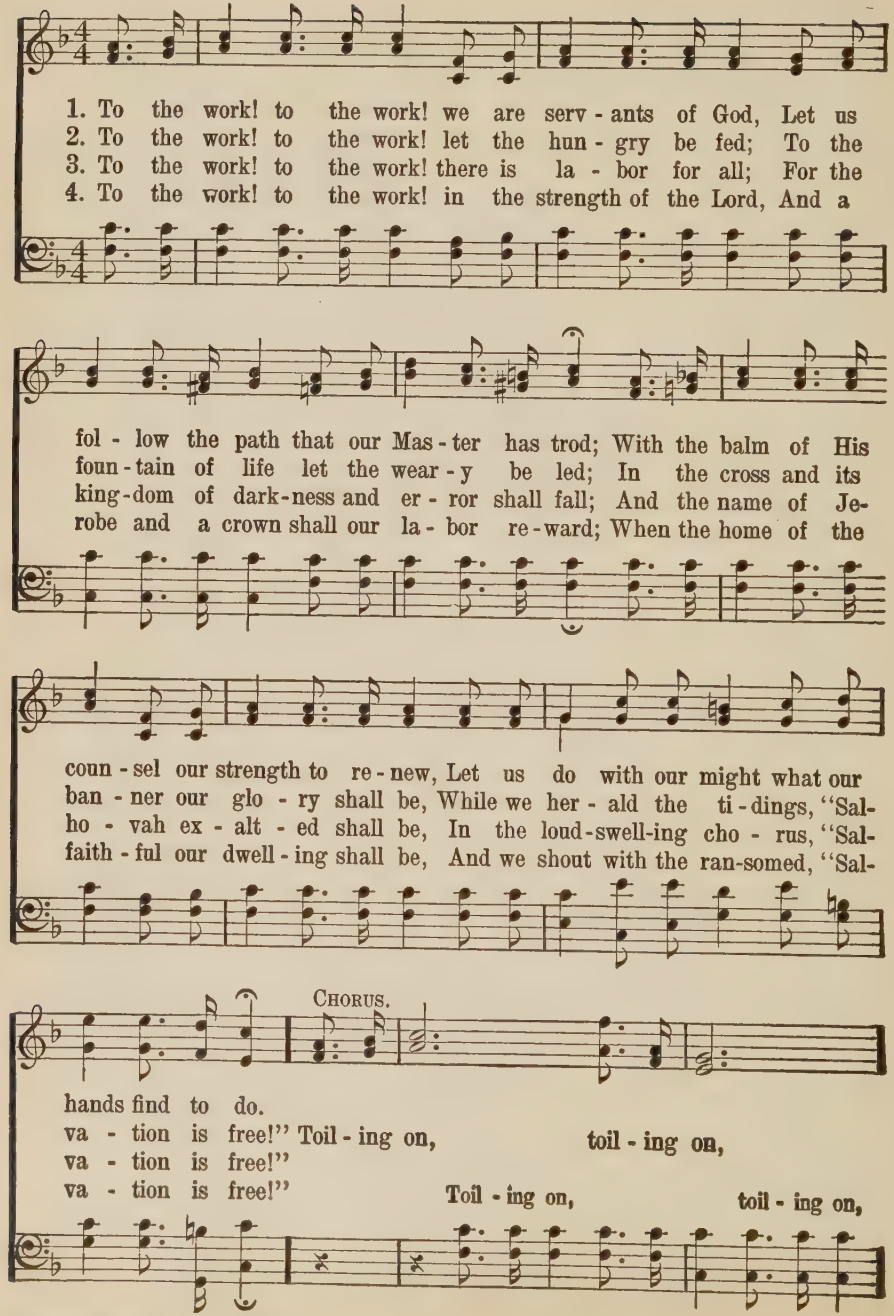
237 Sweet Home

DAVID DENHAM — HENRY ROWLEY BISHOP


1. 'Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and creature complaints, How sweet to the
2. Sweet bonds that u - nite all the chil-dren of peace! And thrice pre-cious
3. While here in the val - ley of con - flict I stay, O give me sub-
4. I long, dear-est Lord, in Thy beau-ties to shine; No more as an
soul is com - mun - ion with saints; To find at the ban - quet of
Je - sus, whose love can-not cease! Tho' oft from Thy pres - ence in
mis - sion, and strength as my day; In all my af - flic - tions to
ex - ile in sor - row to pine; And in Thy dear im - age a-
mer - cy there's room, And feel in the pres - ence of Je - sus at home!
sad - ness I roam, I long to be - hold Thee in glo - ry, at home.
Thee would I come, Re - joic - ing in hope of my glo - ri - ous home.
rise from the tomb, With glo - ri - fied mil - lions to praise Thee at home.
REFRAIN
Home, home, sweet, sweet home; Pre-pare me, dear Savior, for heav-en, my home.

238 To the Work

FANNY J. CROSBY W. H. DOANE


1. To the work! to the work! we are serv - ants of God, Let us
2. To the work! to the work! let the hun - gry be fed; To the
3. To the work! to the work! there is la - bor for all; For the
4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a
fol - low the path that our Mas - ter has trod; With the balm of His
foun - tain of life let the wear - y be led; In the cross and its
king - dom of dark - ness and er - ror shall fall; And the name of Je-
robe and a crown shall our la - bor re - ward; When the home of the
coun - sel our strength to re - new, Let us do with our might what our
ban - ner our glo - ry shall be, While we her - ald the ti - dings, "Sal-
ho - vah ex - alt - ed shall be, In the loud - swell - ing cho - rus, "Sal-
faith - ful our dwell - ing shall be, And we shout with the ran-somed, "Sal-
CHORUS.
hands find to do.
va - tion is free!" Toil - ing on, toil - ing on,
va - tion is free!"
va - tion is free!" Toil - ing on, toil - ing on,

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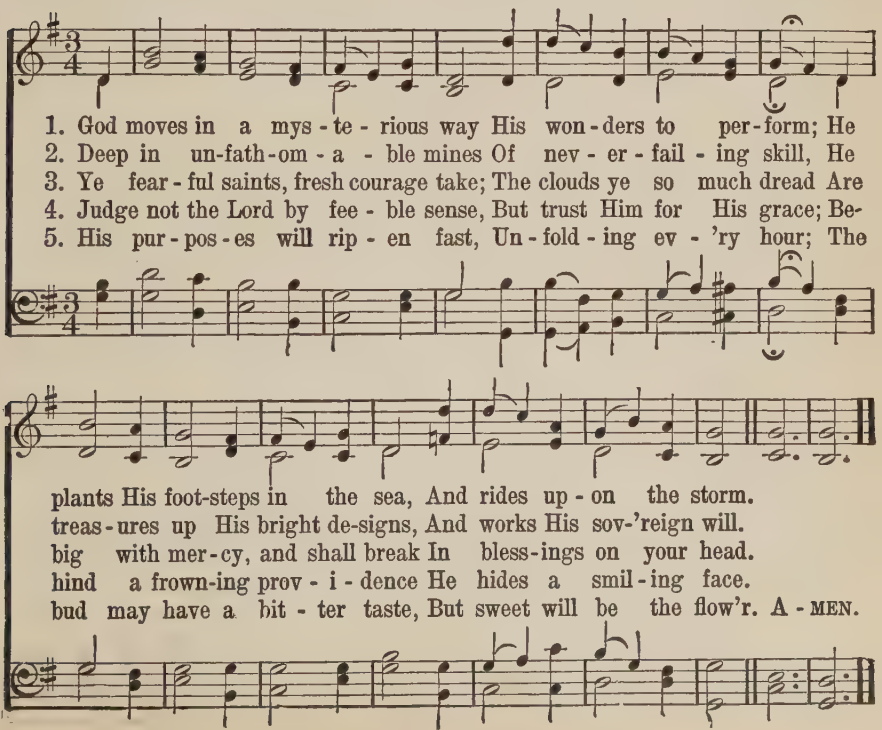
To the Work

Toil - ing on, toil - ing on; Let us hope,
Toil - ing on, toil - ing on; and trust,
let us watch, And la - bor till the Mas - ter comes. A - MEN.
and pray,

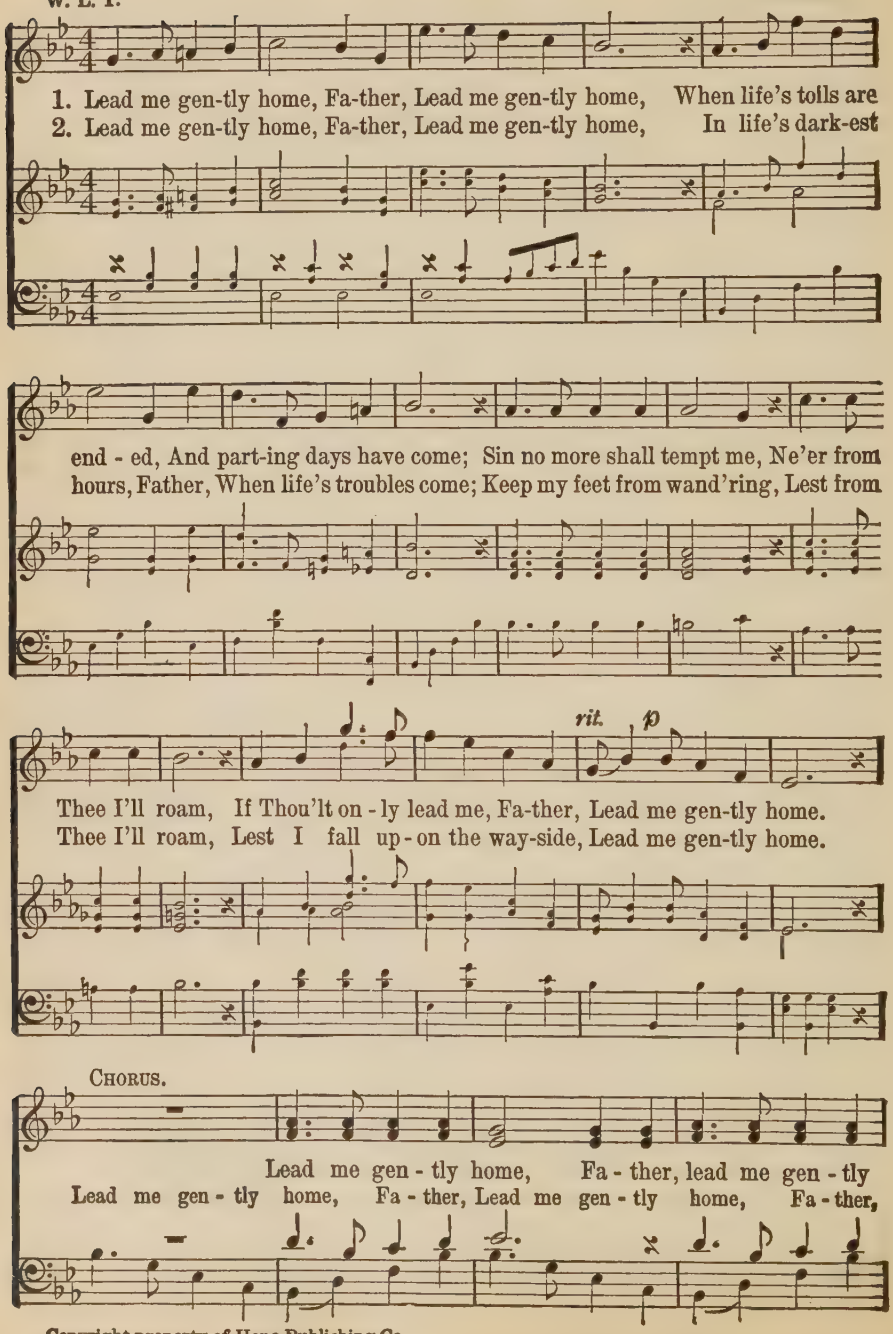
239 God Moves in a Mysterious Way

WILLIAM COWPER — SAMUEL WEBBE


1. God moves in a mys - te - rious way His won - ders to per - form; He
2. Deep in un-fath-om - a - ble mines Of nev - er - fail - ing skill, He
3. Ye fear - ful saints, fresh courage take; The clouds ye so much dread Are
4. Judge not the Lord by fee - ble sense, But trust Him for His grace; Be-
5. His pur - pos - es will rip - en fast, Un - fold - ing ev - 'ry hour; The
plants His foot-steps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm.
treas - ures up His bright de-signs, And works His sov-'reign will.
big with mer - cy, and shall break In bless - ings on your head.
hind a frown-ing prov - i - dence He hides a smil - ing face.
bud may have a bit - ter taste, But sweet will be the flow'r. A - MEN.

240 Lead Me Gently Home, Father

W. L. T. W. L. THOMPSON


1. Lead me gen-tly home, Fa-ther, Lead me gen-tly home, When life's toils are
2. Lead me gen-tly home, Fa-ther, Lead me gen-tly home, In life's dark-est
end - ed, And part-ing days have come; Sin no more shall tempt me, Ne'er from
hours, Father, When life's troubles come; Keep my feet from wand'ring, Lest from
rit.
p
Thee I'll roam, If Thou'lt on - ly lead me, Fa-ther, Lead me gen-tly home.
Thee I'll roam, Lest I fall up - on the way-side, Lead me gen-tly home.
CHORUS.
Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther, lead me gen - tly
Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther,

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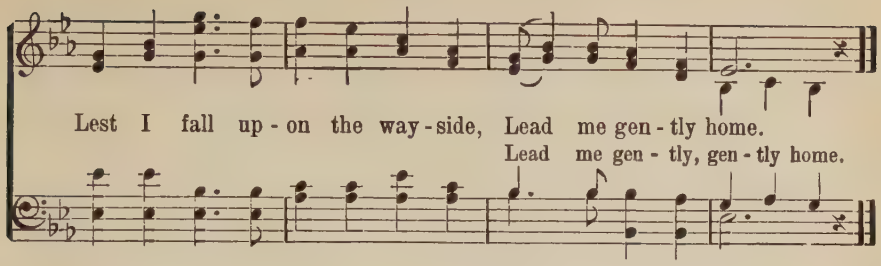
Lead Me Gently Home, Father



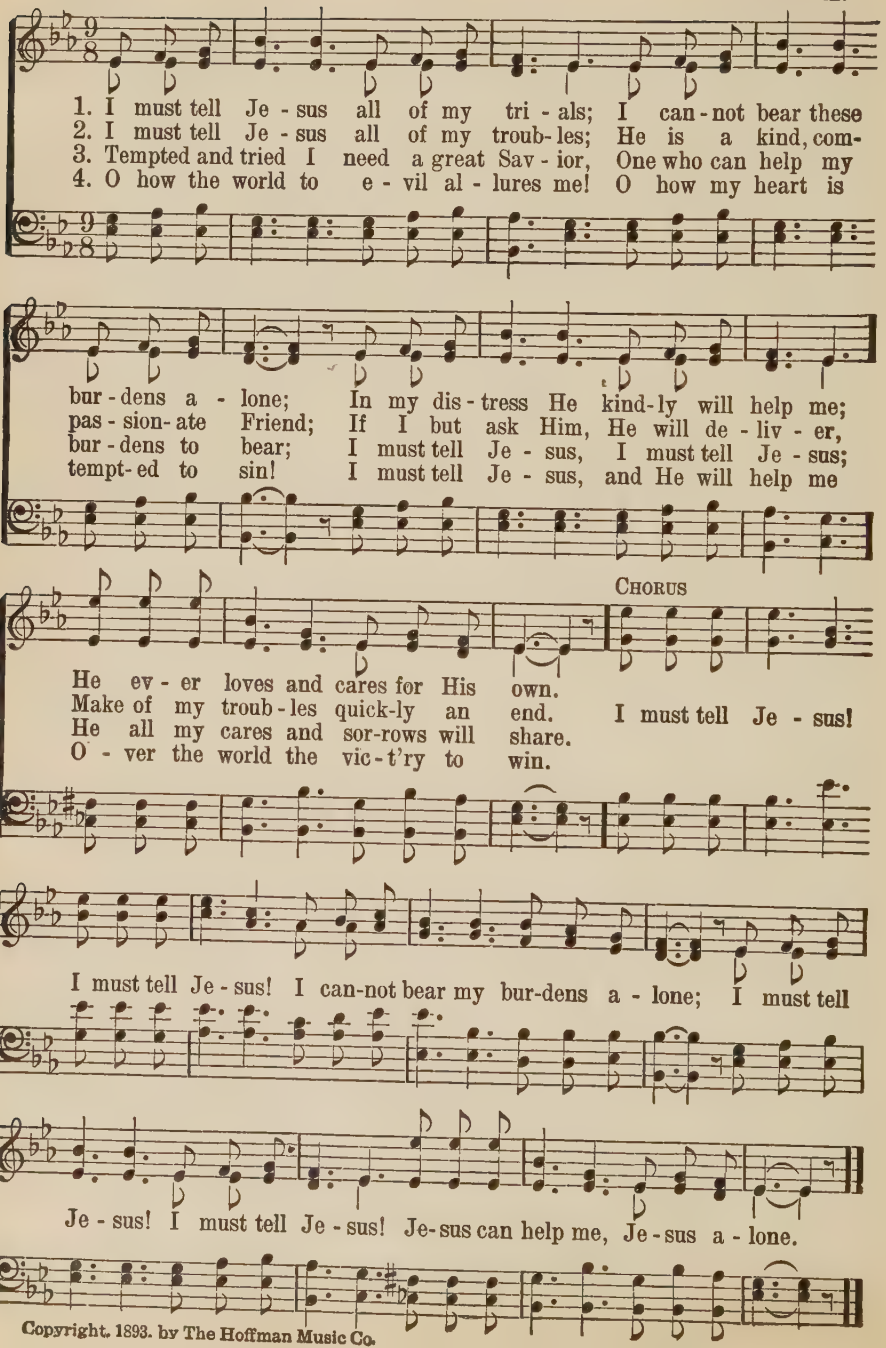
241 O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go

GEORGE MATHESON A. L. PEACE

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea - ry
2. O Light that fol - low'st all my way, I yield my flick-'ring
3. O Joy that seek - est me thro' pain, I can - not close my
4. O Cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not ask to
soul in Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe, That
torch to Thee; My heart re - stores its bor - rowed ray, That
heart to Thee; I trace the rain - bow thro' the rain, And
hide from Thee; I lay in dust life's glo - ry dead, And
in Thine o - cean depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be.
in Thy sun-shine's glow its day May bright-er, fair - er be.
feel the prom - ise is not vain That morn shall tear - less be.
from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall end - less be.

242 I Must Tell Jesus

E. A. H. E. A. HOFFMAN


1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not bear these
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub - les; He is a kind, com-
3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav - ior, One who can help my
4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is
bur - dens a - lone; In my dis - tress He kind - ly will help me;
pas - sion - ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er,
bur - dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
tempt - ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me
CHORUS
He ev - er loves and cares for His own.
Make of my troub - les quick - ly an end. I must tell Je - sus!
He all my cares and sor - rows will share.
O - ver the world the vic - t'ry to win.
I must tell Je - sus! I can - not bear my bur - dens a - lone; I must tell
Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.

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243 Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart

C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. Morris

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
2. If 'tis for pu - ri - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
3. If there's a tem - pest your voice can - not still, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
4. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
If you de - sire a new life to be - gin,
Fountains for cleans-ing are flow - ing near by,
If there's a void this world nev - er can fill,
If you would en - ter the man-sions of rest,
Chorus
Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. Just now, your
doubt-ings give o'er; Just now, re - ject Him no more; Just now, throw
o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.

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Let Him In

J. B. ATCHINSON

E. O. EXCELL

1. There's a Stran-ger at the door, Let Him in;
2. O - pen now to Him your heart, Let Him in;
3. Hear you now His lov - ing voice? Let Him in;
4. Now ad - mit the heav'n-ly Guest, Let Him in;
Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;
He has been there oft be - fore, Let Him in;
If you wait He will de - part, Let Him in;
Now, oh, now make Him your choice, Let Him in;
He will make for you a feast, Let Him in;
Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;
Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho - ly One, Je - sus
Let Him in, He is your Friend, He your soul will sure de - fend, He will
He is stand-ing at your door, Joy to you He will re - store, And His
He will speak your sins for-giv'n, And when earth ties all are riv'n, He will
Christ, the Fa-ther's Son, Let Him in.
keep you to the end, Let Him in.
name you will a - dore, Let Him in.
take you home to Heav'n, Let Him in. A-MEN.
Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in.

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Softly and Tenderly

W. L. T. — WILL L. THOMPSON

Very slow ***pp*** *m*

1. Soft - ly and ten-der - ly Je - sus is call-ing, Call - ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is plead-ing, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the won-der-ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;

See, on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
Shadows are gathering, death-beds are coming, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon, Par-don for you and for me.

CHORUS *m* *cresc.*

Come home,.. come home,..... Ye who are wear-y, come home;...
Come home, come home,

pp ***ppp*** *rit.* ***pp***

Ear-nest-ly, ten-der-ly, Je - sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

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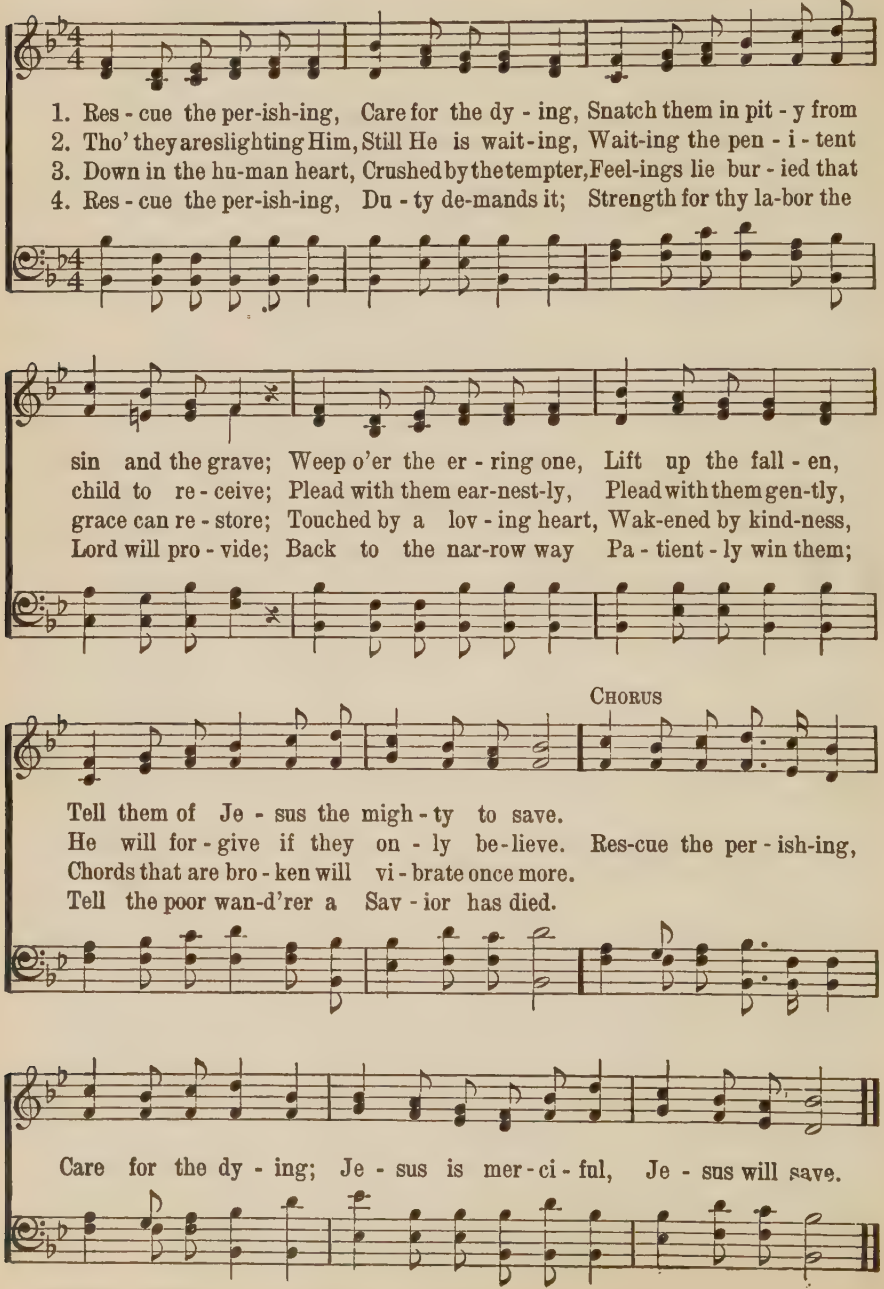
Rescue the Perishing

FANNY J. CROSBY — WILLIAM H. DOANE


1. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feel-ings lie bur - ied that
4. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la-bor the
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the er - ring one, Lift up the fall - en,
child to re - ceive; Plead with them ear-nest-ly, Plead with them gen-tly,
grace can re - store; Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wak-ened by kind-ness,
Lord will pro - vide; Back to the nar-row way Pa - tient - ly win them;
CHORUS
Tell them of Je - sus the migh - ty to save.
He will for - give if they on - ly be-lieve. Res-cue the per - ish-ing,
Chords that are bro - ken will vi - brate once more.
Tell the poor wan-d'rer a Sav - ior has died.
Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

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247 The Touch of His Hand On Mine

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS HENRY P. MORTON

1. There are days so dark that I seek in vain For the face of my
2. There are times, when tired of the toil-some road, That for ways of the
3. When the way is dim, and I can-not see Thro' the mist of His
4. In the last sad hour, as I stand a-lone Where the pow-ers of
Friend Di-vine; But tho' dark-ness hide, He is there to guide
world I pine; But He draws me back to the up-ward track
wise de-sign, How my glad heart yearns and my faith re-turns
death com-bine, While the dark waves roll He will guide my soul
CHORUS.
By the touch of His hand on mine. Oh, the touch of His hand on
mine, Oh, the touch of His hand on mine! There is grace and
on mine,
on mine!
pow'r, in the try-ing hour, In the touch of His hand on mine. A-MEN.

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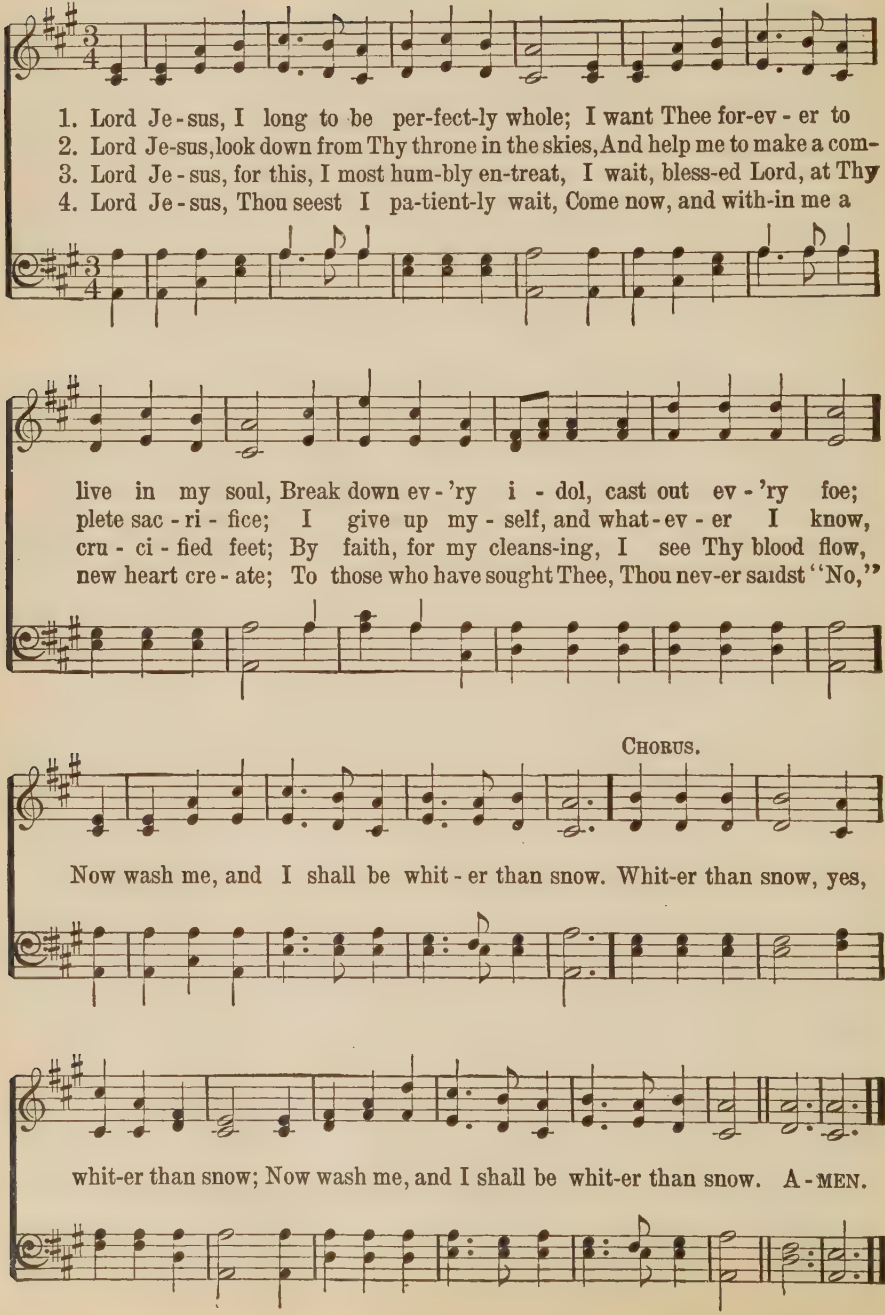
Whiter Than Snow

JAMES NICHOLSON WM. G. FISCHER


1. Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want Thee for-ev-er to live in my soul, Break down ev-'ry i-dol, cast out ev-'ry foe;
2. Lord Je-sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com-plete sac-ri-fice; I give up my-self, and what-ev-er I know,
3. Lord Je-sus, for this, I most hum-bly en-treat, I wait, bless-ed Lord, at Thy cru-ci-fied feet; By faith, for my cleans-ing, I see Thy blood flow,
4. Lord Je-sus, Thou seest I pa-tient-ly wait, Come now, and with-in me a new heart cre-ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou nev-er saidst "No,"
CHORUS.
Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow. Whit-er than snow, yes,
whit-er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow. A-MEN.

249 Is Thy Heart Right With God?

E. A. H. Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN

1. Have thy af-fec-tions been nailed to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou do-min-ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more con-dem-na-tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs un-der Je-sus' con-trol? Is thy heart right with God?
Dost thou count all things for Je-sus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
O-ver all e-vil with-out and with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
Does Je-sus rule in the tem-ple with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
Does He each mo-ment a-bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?
CHORUS.
Is thy heart right with God, Washed in the crimson flood, Cleansed and made
ho-ly, hum-ble and low-ly, Right in the sight of God? . . A-MEN.
of God?

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250 Since Jesus Came Into My Heart

R. H. McDaniel — Chas. H. Gabriel

1. What a won - der - ful change in my life has been wrought Since Je-sus came
2. I have ceased from my wand'ring and go - ing a-stray, Since Je-sus came
3. I'm pos-sessed of a hope that is stead-fast and sure, Since Je-sus came
4. There's a light in the val - ley of death now for me, Since Je-sus came
5. I shall go there to dwell in that Cit - y, I know, Since Je-sus came
in - to my heart! I have light in my soul for which long I had sought,
in - to my heart! And my sins, which were man-y, are all washed a - way,
in - to my heart! And no dark clouds of doubt now my path - way ob-scure,
in - to my heart! And the gates of the Cit - y be-yond I can see,
in - to my heart! And I'm hap - py, so hap - py, as on - ward I go,
Chorus
Since Je - sus came in - to my heart! Since Je-sus came in - to my
Since Je - sus came in, came
heart, Since Je-sus came in - to my heart, Floods of joy o'er my
in - to my heart, Since Je-sus came in, came in - to my heart,
soul like the sea bil-lows roll, Since Je - sus came in - to my heart.

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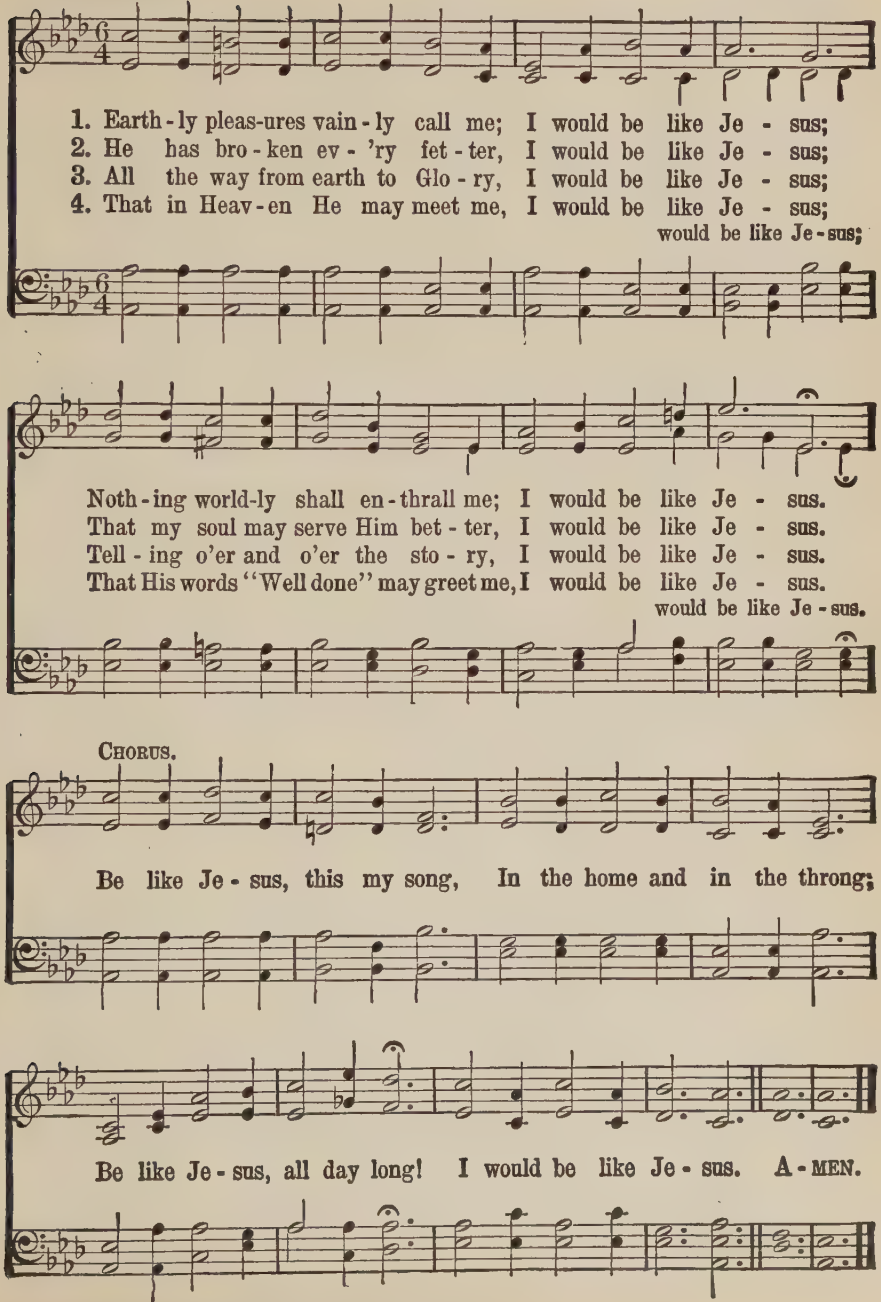
251 I Would Be Like Jesus

JAMES ROWE B. D. ACKLEY


1. Earth-ly pleas-ures vain-ly call me; I would be like Je - sus;
2. He has bro-ken ev-'ry fet-ter, I would be like Je - sus;
3. All the way from earth to Glo-ry, I would be like Je - sus;
4. That in Heav-en He may meet me, I would be like Je - sus;
would be like Je-sus;
Noth-ing world-ly shall en-thrall me; I would be like Je - sus.
That my soul may serve Him bet-ter, I would be like Je - sus.
Tell-ing o'er and o'er the sto-ry, I would be like Je - sus.
That His words "Well done" may greet me, I would be like Je - sus.
would be like Je-sus.
CHORUS.
Be like Je-sus, this my song, In the home and in the throng;
Be like Je-sus, all day long! I would be like Je-sus. A-MEN.

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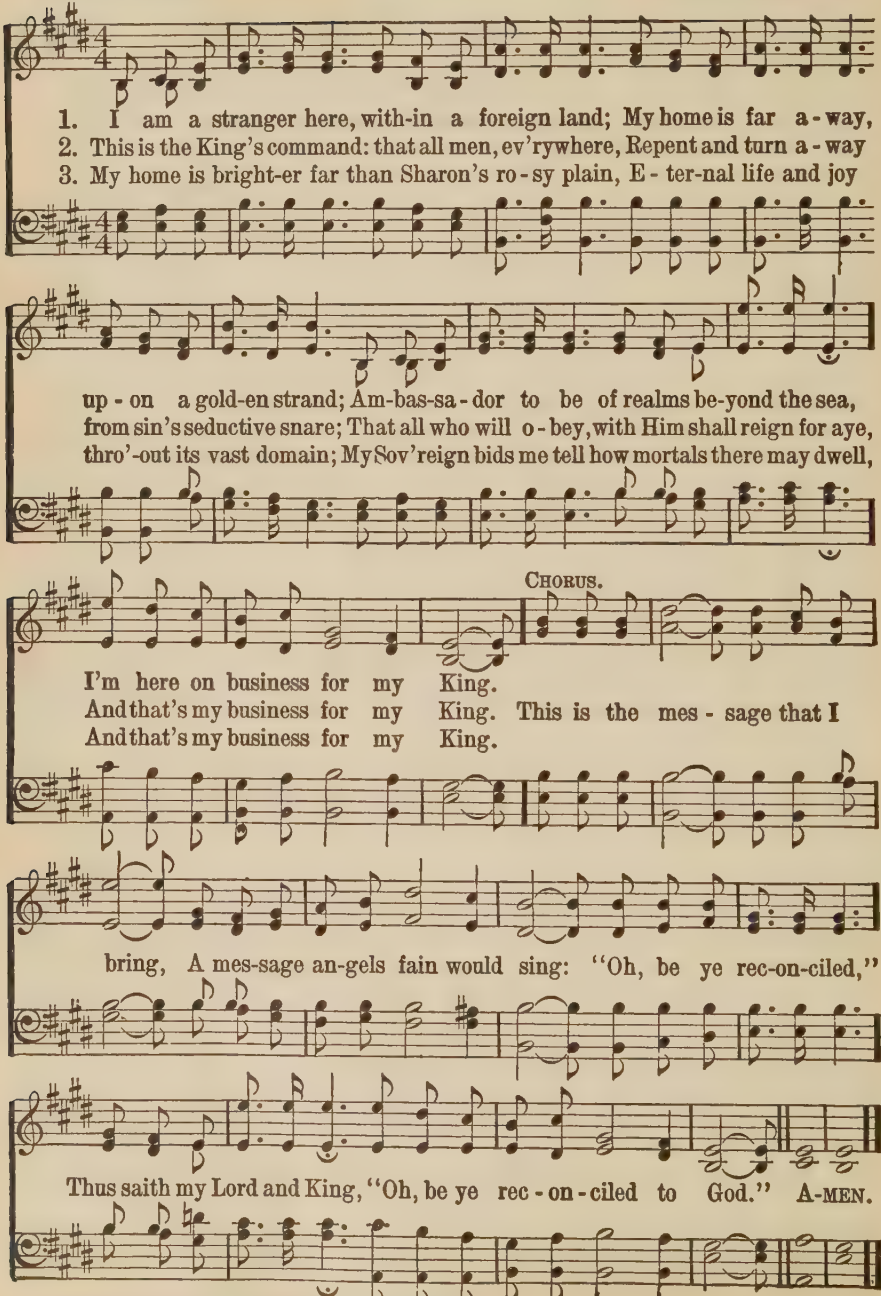
The King's Business

DR. E. T. CASSEL FLORA H. CASSEL


1. I am a stranger here, with-in a foreign land; My home is far a-way,
2. This is the King's command: that all men, ev'rywhere, Repent and turn a-way
3. My home is bright-er far than Sharon's ro-sy plain, E-ter-nal life and joy
up-on a gold-en strand; Am-bas-sa-dor to be of realms be-yond the sea,
from sin's seductive snare; That all who will o-bey, with Him shall reign for aye,
thro'-out its vast domain; My Sov'reign bids me tell how mortals there may dwell,
CHORUS.
I'm here on business for my King.
And that's my business for my King. This is the mes-sage that I
And that's my business for my King.
bring, A mes-sage an-gels fain would sing: "Oh, be ye rec-on-ciled,"
Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye rec-on-ciled to God." A-MEN.

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253 We've a Story to Tell

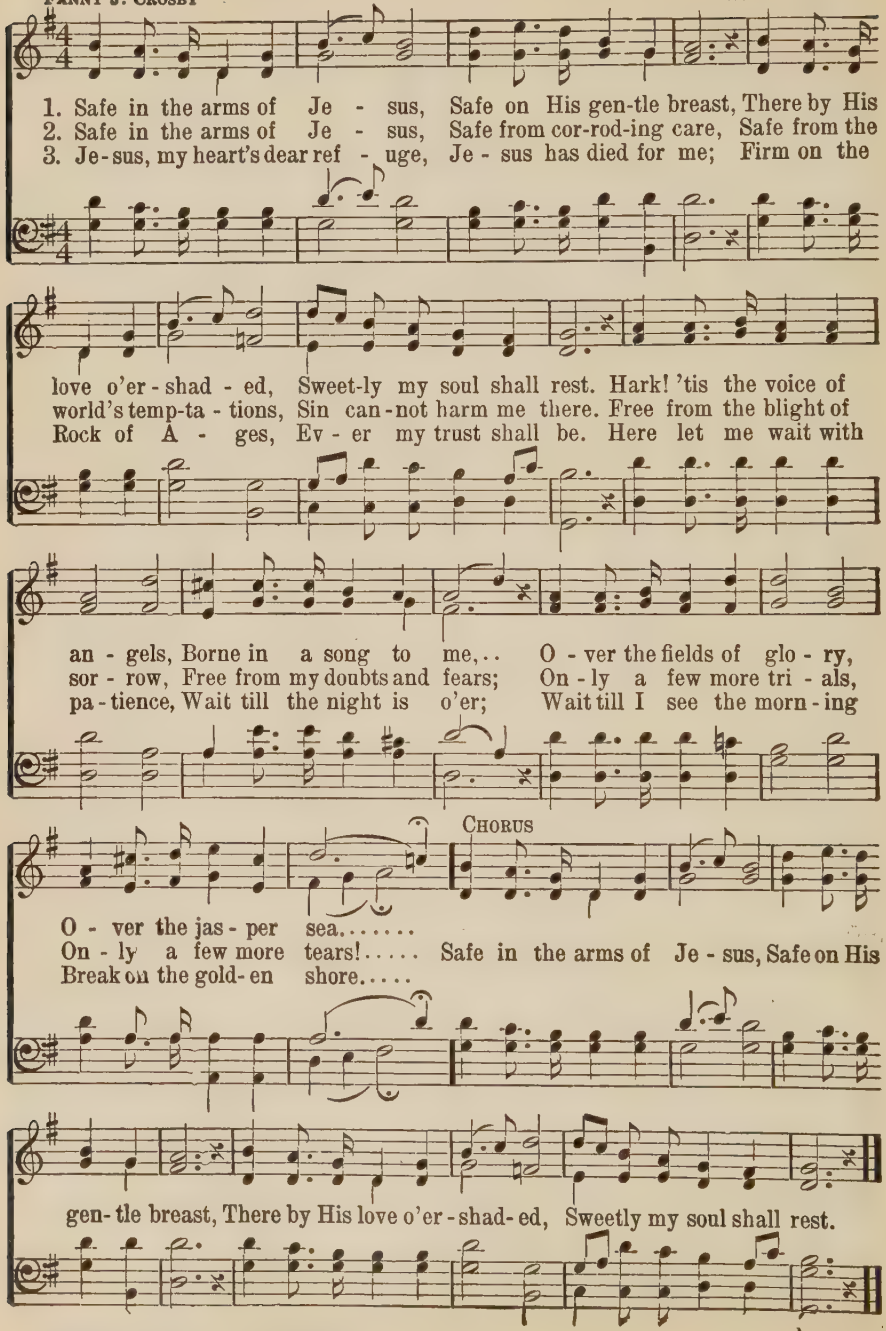
COLIN STERNE — H. E. NICHOL

VOICES IN UNISON

1. We've a sto - ry to tell to the na - tions, That shall
2. We've a song to be sung to the na - tions, That shall
3. We've a mes - sage to give to the na - tions, That the
4. We've a Sav - ior to show to the na - tions, Who the
turn their hearts to the right; A sto - ry of truth and sweet - ness,
lift their hearts to the Lord; A song that shall con - quer e - vil
Lord who reign- eth a - bove, Hath sent us His Son to save us,
path of sor - row has trod, That all of the world's great peo - ple
A sto - ry of peace and light,.. A sto - ry of peace and light.
And shat-ter the spear and sword,. And shat - ter the spear and sword.
And show us that God is love,.. And show us that God is love.
Might come to the truth of God,.. Might come to the truth of God!
REFRAIN
For the darkness shall turn to dawn - ing, And the dawning to noon-day bright,
And Christ's great kingdom shall come on earth, The kingdom of love and light.

254 Safe in the Arms of Jesus

FANNY J. CROSBY W. H. DOANE


1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen-tle breast, There by His
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor-rod-ing care, Safe from the
3. Je-sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me; Firm on the
love o'er-shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest. Hark! 'tis the voice of
world's temp-ta - tions, Sin can-not harm me there. Free from the blight of
Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be. Here let me wait with
an - gels, Borne in a song to me,.. O - ver the fields of glo - ry,
sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears; On - ly a few more tri - als,
pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er; Wait till I see the morn - ing
CHORUS
O - ver the jas - per sea.....
On - ly a few more tears!..... Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His
Break on the gold-en shore.....
gen-tle breast, There by His love o'er-shad-ed, Sweetly my soul shall rest.

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255 He Lives On High

Words by
B. B. McKINNEY

Arr. by B. B. McKINNEY
From Hawaiian Folk Song

1. Christ the Sav - ior came from heaven's glo - ry, To re - deem the
2. He a - rose from death and all its sor - row, To dwell in that
3. Wea - ry soul, to Je - sus come con - fess - ing, Re - demp - tion from
lost from sin and shame; On His brow He wore the thorn-crown
land of joy and love; He is com - ing back some glad to-
sin He of - fers thee; Look to Je - sus and re - ceive a
go - ry, And up - on Cal - va - ry He took my blame.
mor - row, And He'll take all His children home a - bove.
bless - ing, There is life, there is joy and vic - to - ry.
CHORUS
He lives on high, He lives on high, Tri-um-phant o - ver sin and all its
stain; He lives on high, He lives on high, Some day He's com-ing a - gain.

Arr. Copyright, 1921, by Robert H. Coleman

The Crowning Day

EL NATHAN JAMES MCGRANAHAN

1. Our Lord is now re-ject-ed, And by the world dis-owned, By the man-y
2. The heav'ns shall glow with splendor, But brighter far than they The saints shall
3. Our pain shall then be o-ver, We'll sin and sigh no more, Be-hind us
4. Let all that look for, has-ten The com-ing joy-ful day, By ear-nest
still neg-lect-ed, And by the few enthroned; But soon He'll come in glo-ry,
shine in glo-ry, As Christ shall them ar-ray; The beau-ty of the Sav-ior
all of sor-row, And naught but joy be-fore; A joy in our Re-deem-er,
con-se-cra-tion, To walk the nar-row way, By gath'ring in the lost ones,
FINE.
The hour is draw-ing nigh, For the crown-ing day is com-ing by and by.
Shall daz-zle ev-'ry eye, In the crowning day that's com-ing by and by.
As we to Him are nigh, In the crowning day that's com-ing by and by.
For whom our Lord did die, For the crowning day that's com-ing by and by.
D. S.—*Each waiting, watchful eye, In the crown-ing day that's com-ing by and by.*
CHORUS.
Oh, the crowning day is coming, Is coming by and by, When our Lord shall come in
D. S.
"power," And "glory" from on high. Oh, the glorious sight will gladden A-MEN.

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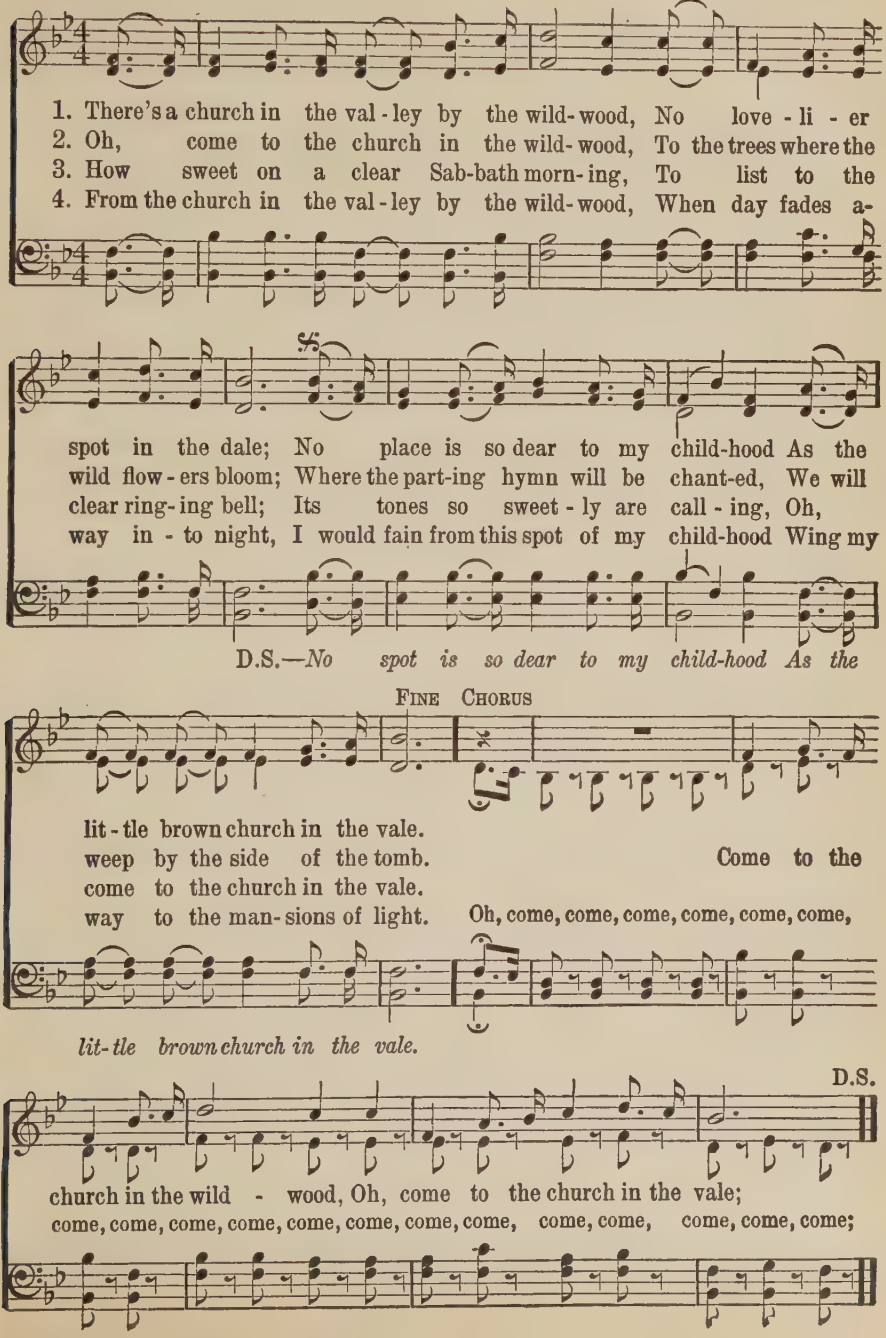
257 The Church in the Wildwood

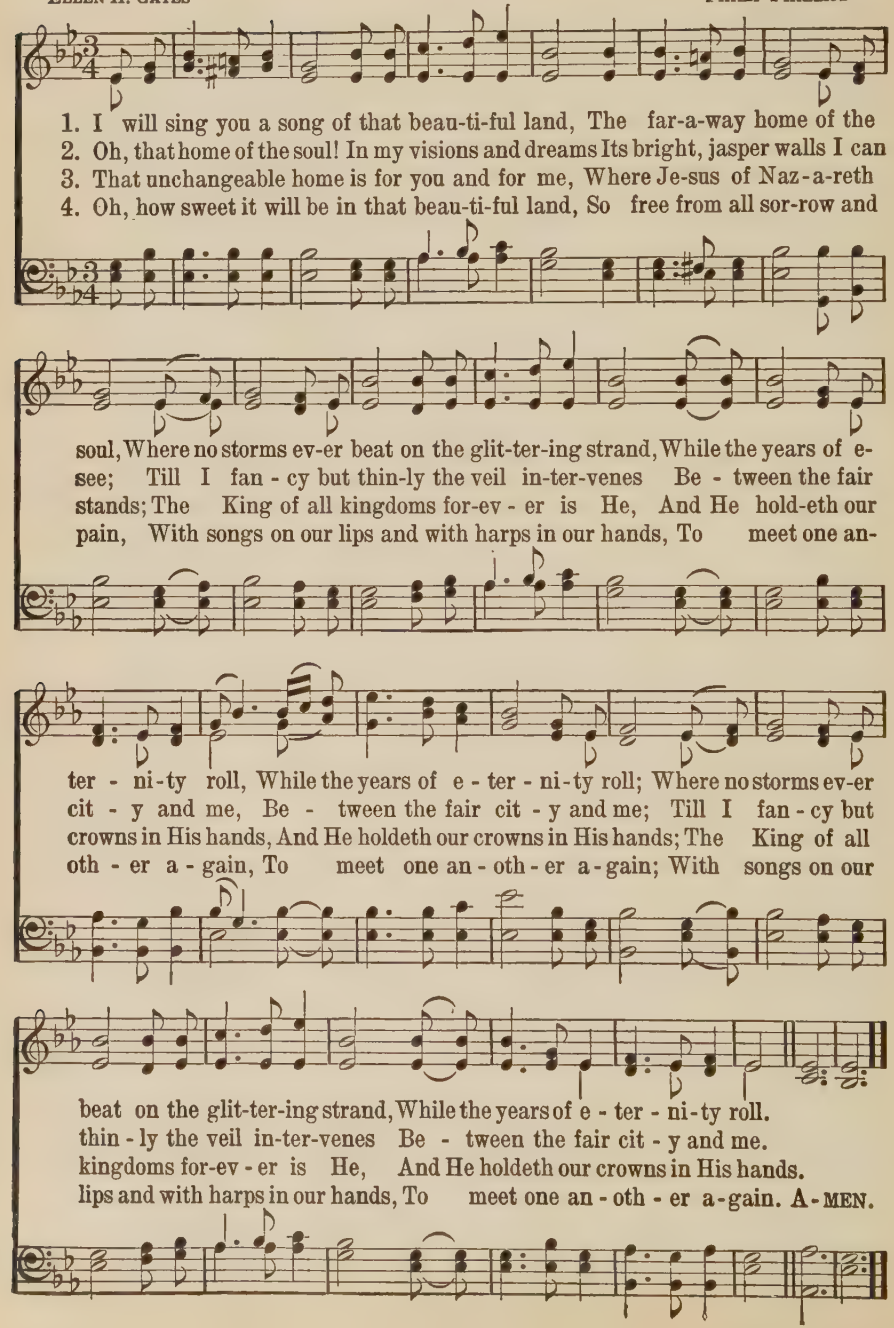
W. S. P.

Dr. Wm. S. Pitts


1. There's a church in the val - ley by the wild - wood, No love - li - er
2. Oh, come to the church in the wild - wood, To the trees where the
3. How sweet on a clear Sab-bath morn - ing, To list to the
4. From the church in the val - ley by the wild - wood, When day fades a-
spot in the dale; No place is so dear to my child-hood As the
wild flow - ers bloom; Where the part-ing hymn will be chant-ed, We will
clear ring - ing bell; Its tones so sweet - ly are call - ing, Oh,
way in - to night, I would fain from this spot of my child-hood Wing my
D.S.—No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the
FINE CHORUS
lit - tle brown church in the vale.
weep by the side of the tomb.
come to the church in the vale.
way to the man - sions of light.
Come to the
Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,
lit - tle brown church in the vale.
D.S.
church in the wild - wood, Oh, come to the church in the vale;
come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;

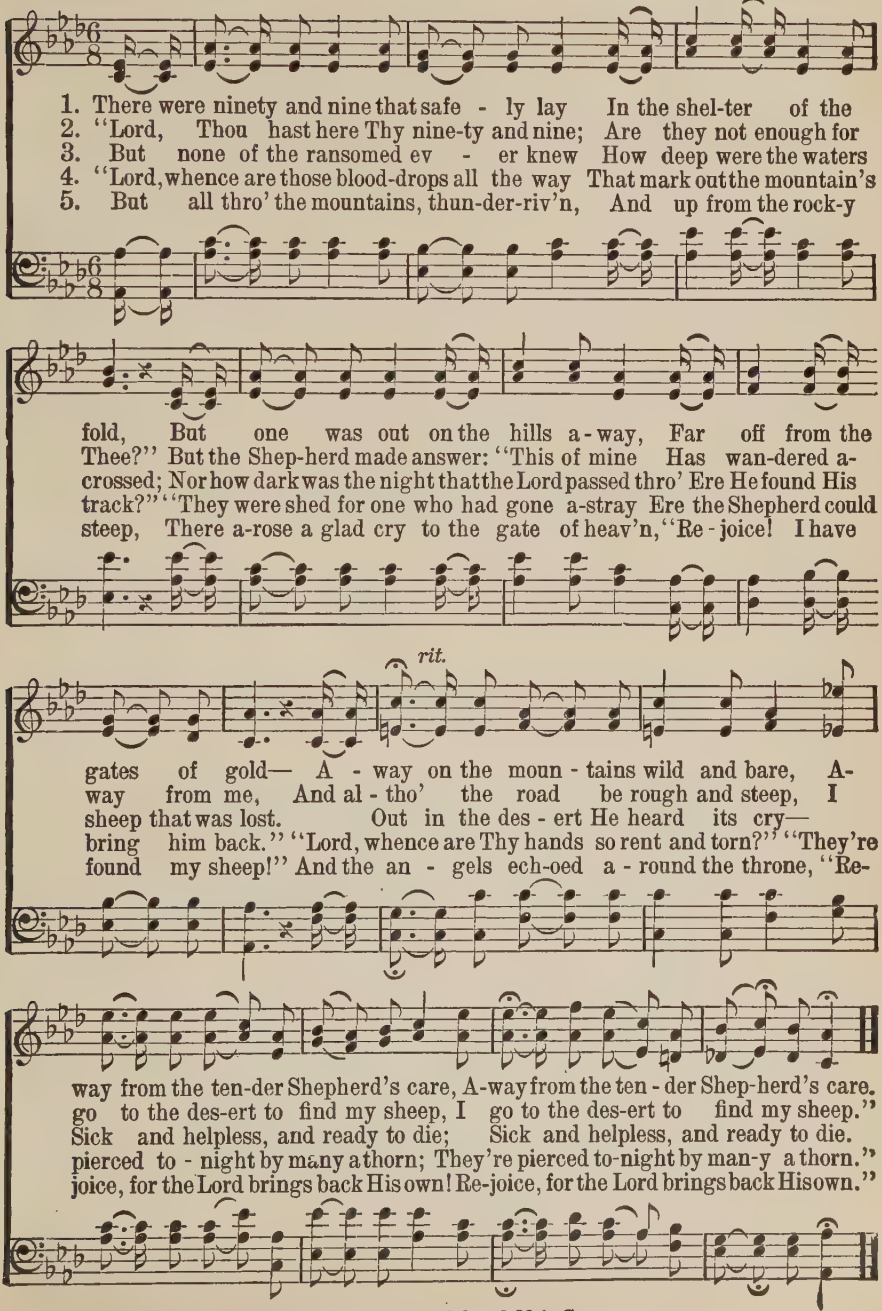
I Will Sing You a Song

ELLEN H. GATES — PHILIP PHILLIPS


1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land, The far-a-way home of the
2. Oh, that home of the soul! In my visions and dreams Its bright, jasper walls I can
3. That unchangeable home is for you and for me, Where Je-sus of Naz-a-reth
4. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau-ti-ful land, So free from all sor-row and
soul, Where no storms ev-er beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the years of e-
see; Till I fan - cy but thin-ly the veil in-ter-venes Be - tween the fair
stands; The King of all kingdoms for-ev - er is He, And He hold-eth our
pain, With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an-
ter - ni-ty roll, While the years of e - ter - ni-ty roll; Where no storms ev-er
cit - y and me, Be - tween the fair cit - y and me; Till I fan - cy but
crowns in His hands, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands; The King of all
oth - er a - gain, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain; With songs on our
beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni-ty roll.
thin - ly the veil in-ter-venes Be - tween the fair cit - y and me.
kingdoms for-ev - er is He, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.
lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an - oth - er a-gain. A - MEN.

259 The Ninety and Nine

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE — IRA D. SANKEY


1. There were ninety and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel-ter of the
2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy nine-ty and nine; Are they not enough for
3. But none of the ransomed ev - er knew How deep were the waters
4. "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way That mark out the mountain's
5. But all thro' the mountains, thun-der-riv'n, And up from the rock-y
fold, But one was out on the hills a - way, Far off from the
Thee?" But the Shep-herd made answer: "This of mine Has wan-dered a-
crossed; Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed thro' Ere He found His
track?" "They were shed for one who had gone a-stray Ere the Shepherd could
steep, There a-rose a glad cry to the gate of heav'n, "Re - joice! I have
rit.
gates of gold— A - way on the moun - tains wild and bare, A-
way from me, And al - tho' the road be rough and steep, I
sheep that was lost. Out in the des - ert He heard its cry—
bring him back." "Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?" "They're
found my sheep!" And the an - gels ech-oed a - round the throne, "Re-
way from the ten-der Shepherd's care, A-way from the ten - der Shep-herd's care.
go to the des-ert to find my sheep, I go to the des-ert to find my sheep."
Sick and helpless, and ready to die; Sick and helpless, and ready to die.
pierced to - night by many a thorn; They're pierced to-night by man-y a thorn."
joice, for the Lord brings back His own! Re-joice, for the Lord brings back His own."

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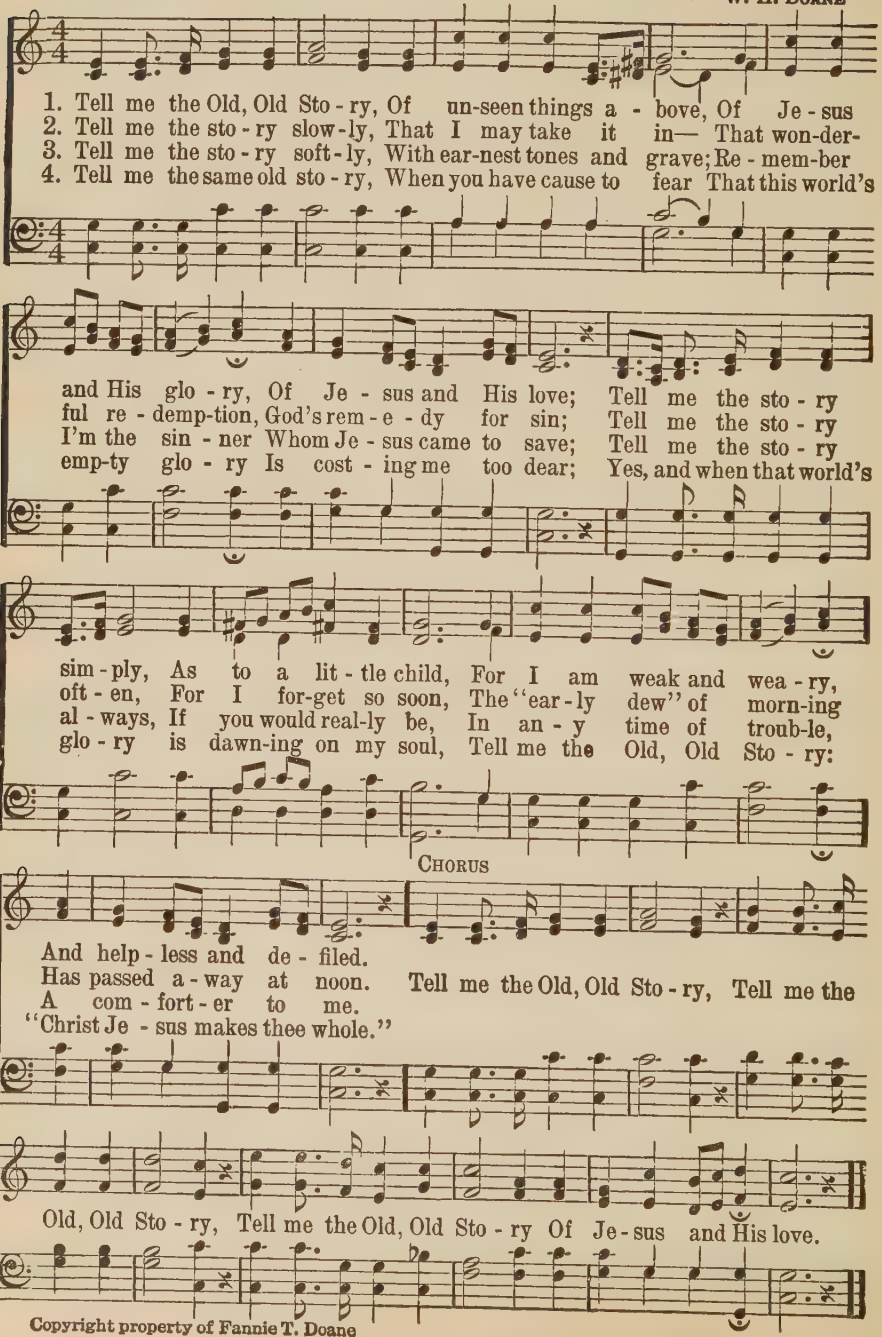
260 Tell Me the Old, Old Story

KATE HANKEY — W. H. DOANE


1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of un-seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in— That won-der-
3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With ear-nest tones and grave; Re - mem-ber
4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That this world's
and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love; Tell me the sto - ry
ful re - demp-tion, God's rem - e - dy for sin; Tell me the sto - ry
I'm the sin - ner Whom Je - sus came to save; Tell me the sto - ry
emp-ty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear; Yes, and when that world's
sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry,
oft - en, For I for-get so soon, The "ear - ly dew" of morn-ing
al - ways, If you would real-ly be, In an - y time of troub-le,
glo - ry is dawn-ing on my soul, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry:
CHORUS
And help - less and de - filed.
Has passed a - way at noon. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the
A com - fort - er to me.
"Christ Je - sus makes thee whole."
Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

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261 Open My Eyes, That I May See

C. H. S. CHAS. H. SCOTT

1. O - pen my eyes, that I may see Glimps-es of truth Thou hast for me;
2. O - pen my ears, that I may hear Voi - ces of truth Thou send-est clear;
3. O - pen my mouth, and let me bear Glad - ly the warm truth ev-'ry-where;
Place in my hands the won-der-ful key That shall un-clasp, and set me free.
And while the wave-notes fall on my ear, Ev - 'ry-thing false will dis - ap-pear.
O - pen my heart, and let me pre-pare Love with Thy chil-dren thus to share.
Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Read-y, my God, Thy will to see;
Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Read-y, my God, Thy will to see;
Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Read-y, my God, Thy will to see;
O - pen my eyes, il - lu - mine me, Spir - it di - vine!
O - pen my ears, il - lu - mine me, Spir - it di - vine!
O - pen my heart, il - lu - mine me, Spir - it di - vine! A - MEN.

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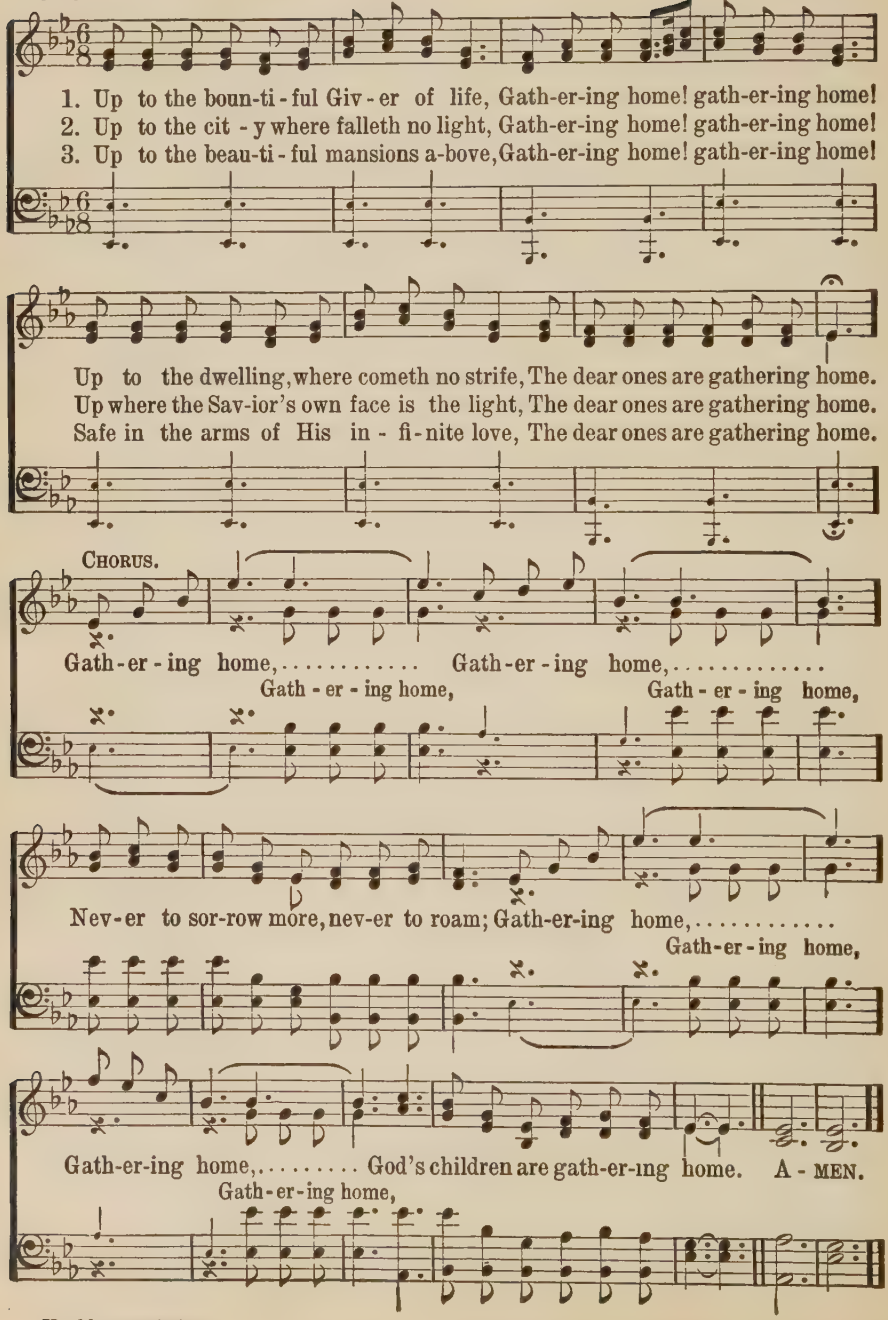
Gathering Home

Mrs. MARIANA B. SLADE

R. M. M'INTOSH


1. Up to the boun-ti-ful Giv-er of life, Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!
2. Up to the cit-y where falleth no light, Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!
3. Up to the beau-ti-ful mansions a-bove, Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!
Up to the dwelling, where cometh no strife, The dear ones are gathering home.
Up where the Sav-ior's own face is the light, The dear ones are gathering home.
Safe in the arms of His in-fi-nite love, The dear ones are gathering home.
CHORUS.
Gath-er-ing home, ... Gath-er-ing home, ...
Gath-er-ing home, Gath-er-ing home,
Nev-er to sor-row more, nev-er to roam; Gath-er-ing home, ...
Gath-er-ing home,
Gath-er-ing home, ... God's children are gath-er-ing home. A-MEN.
Gath-er-ing home,

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263 Jesus Loves Even Me

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss

1. I am so glad that our Fa - ther in heav'n Tells of His
2. Tho' I for - get Him and wan - der a - way, Still He doth
3. Oh, if there's on - ly one song I can sing, When in His
love in the Book He has giv'n, Won - der - ful things in the
love me wher - ev - er I stray; Back to His dear lov - ing
beau - ty I see the great King, This shall my song in e-
Bi - ble I see; This is the dear - est, that Je - sus loves me.
arms would I flee, When I re - mem - ber that Je - sus loves me.
ter - ni - ty be: "Oh, what a won - der that Je - sus loves me."
Chorus
I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me,
I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves e - ven me.

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264 I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go

MARY BROWN — CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm - y sea;
2. Per-haps to - day there are lov - ing words Which Jesus would have me speak;
3. There's surely somewhere a low - ly place In earth's harvest-fields so wide,
It may not be at the bat - tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now, in the paths of sin, Some wand'rer whom I should seek.
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied.
But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths I do not know,
O Sav - ior, if Thou wilt be my Guide, Tho' dark and rug-ged the way,
So, trust-ing my all un - to Thy care, I know Thou lov - est me!
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o the mes-sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.
REFRAIN
I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O'er mountain, or plain, or sea;

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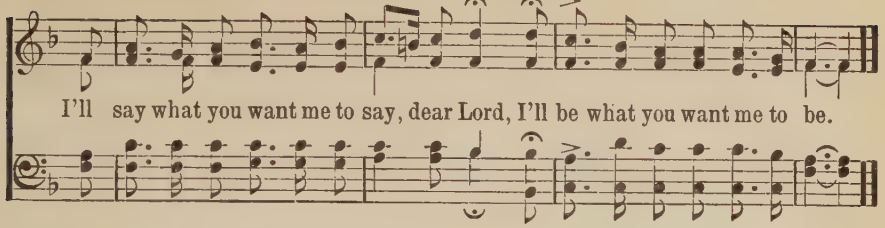
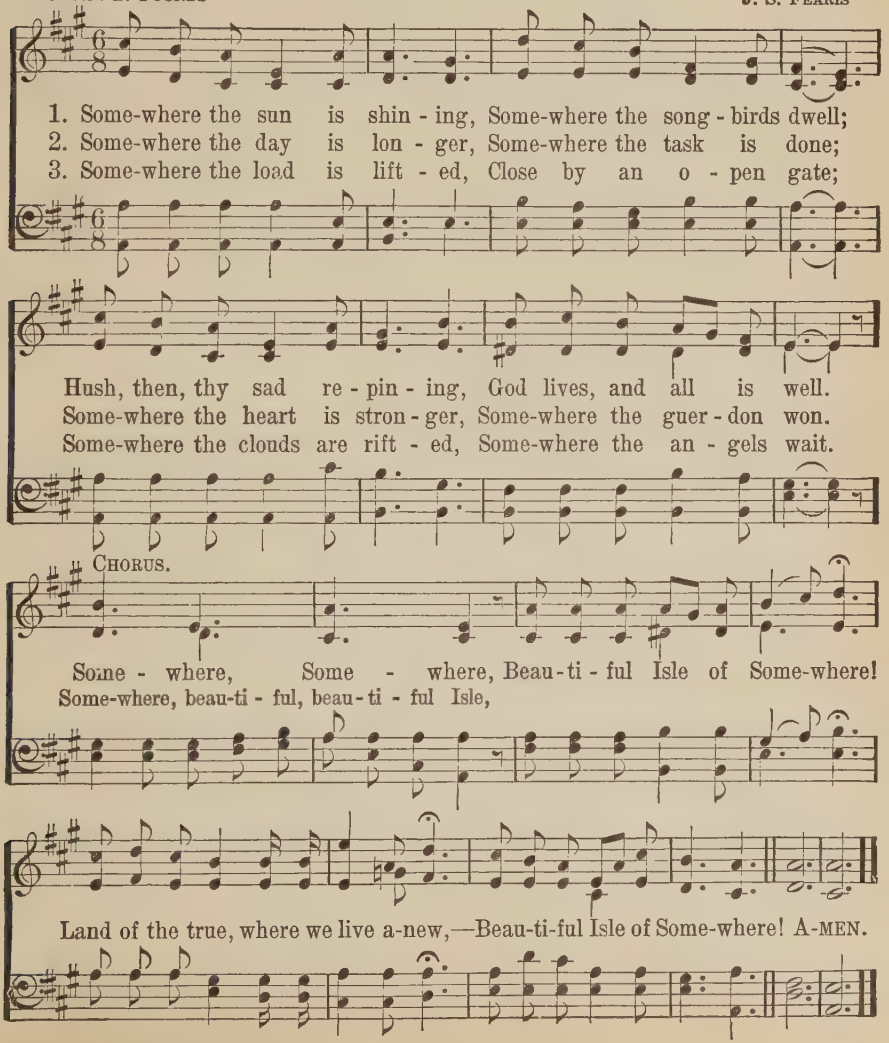
I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go



265 Beautiful Isle

JESSIE B. POUNDS J. S. FEARIS


1. Some-where the sun is shin - ing, Some-where the song - birds dwell;
2. Some-where the day is lon - ger, Some-where the task is done;
3. Some-where the load is lift - ed, Close by an o - pen gate;
Hush, then, thy sad re - pin - ing, God lives, and all is well.
Some-where the heart is stron - ger, Some-where the guer - don won.
Some-where the clouds are rift - ed, Some-where the an - gels wait.
CHORUS.
Some - where, Some - where, Beau - ti - ful Isle of Some-where!
Some-where, beau-ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Isle,
Land of the true, where we live a-new,—Beau-ti-ful Isle of Some-where! A-MEN.

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There's a Song in the Air

JOSIAH G. HOLLAND

KARL P. HARRINGTON

Andante con moto

1. There's a song in the air! There's a star in the sky!
2. There's a tu - mult of joy O'er the won - der - ful birth,
3. In the light of that star Lie the a - ges im - pearled;
4. We re - joice in the light, And we ech - o the song

ritard.

There's a moth - er's deep prayer, And a ba - by's low cry!
For the Vir - gin's sweet boy Is the Lord of the earth.
And that song from a - far Has swept o - ver the world.
That comes down through the night From the heav - en - ly throng.

piu mosso

And the star reigns its fire while the beau - ti - ful sing,
Ay! the star reigns its fire while the beau - ti - ful sing,
Ev - 'ry hearth is a - flame, and the beau - ti - ful sing,
Ay! we shout to the love - ly e - van - gel they bring,

ritard.

For the man - ger of Beth - le - hem cra - dles a King!
For the man - ger of Beth - le - hem cra - dles a King!
In the homes of the na - tions that Je - sus is King!
And we greet in His cra - dle our Sav - ior and King!

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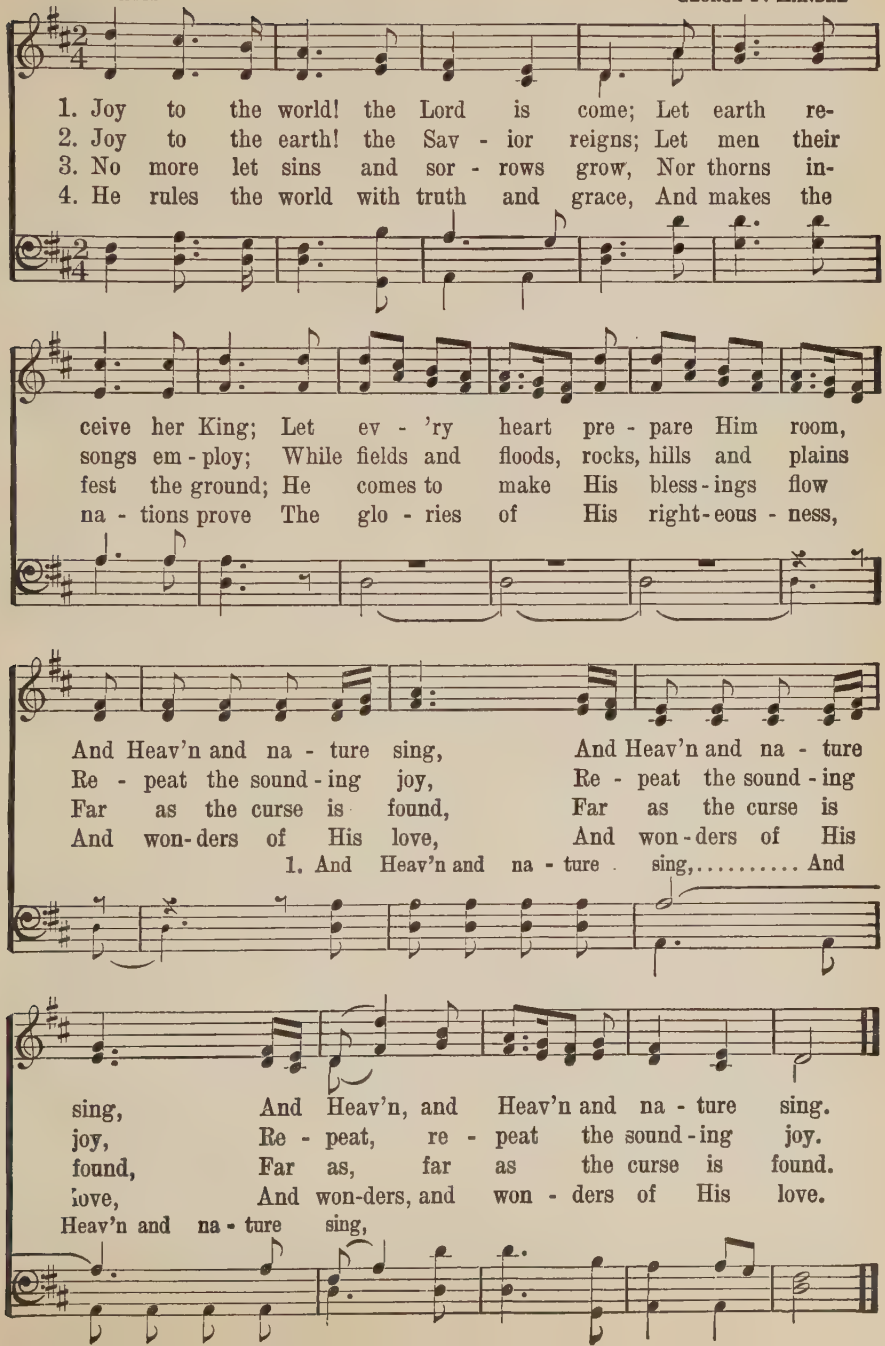
267 Joy to the World!

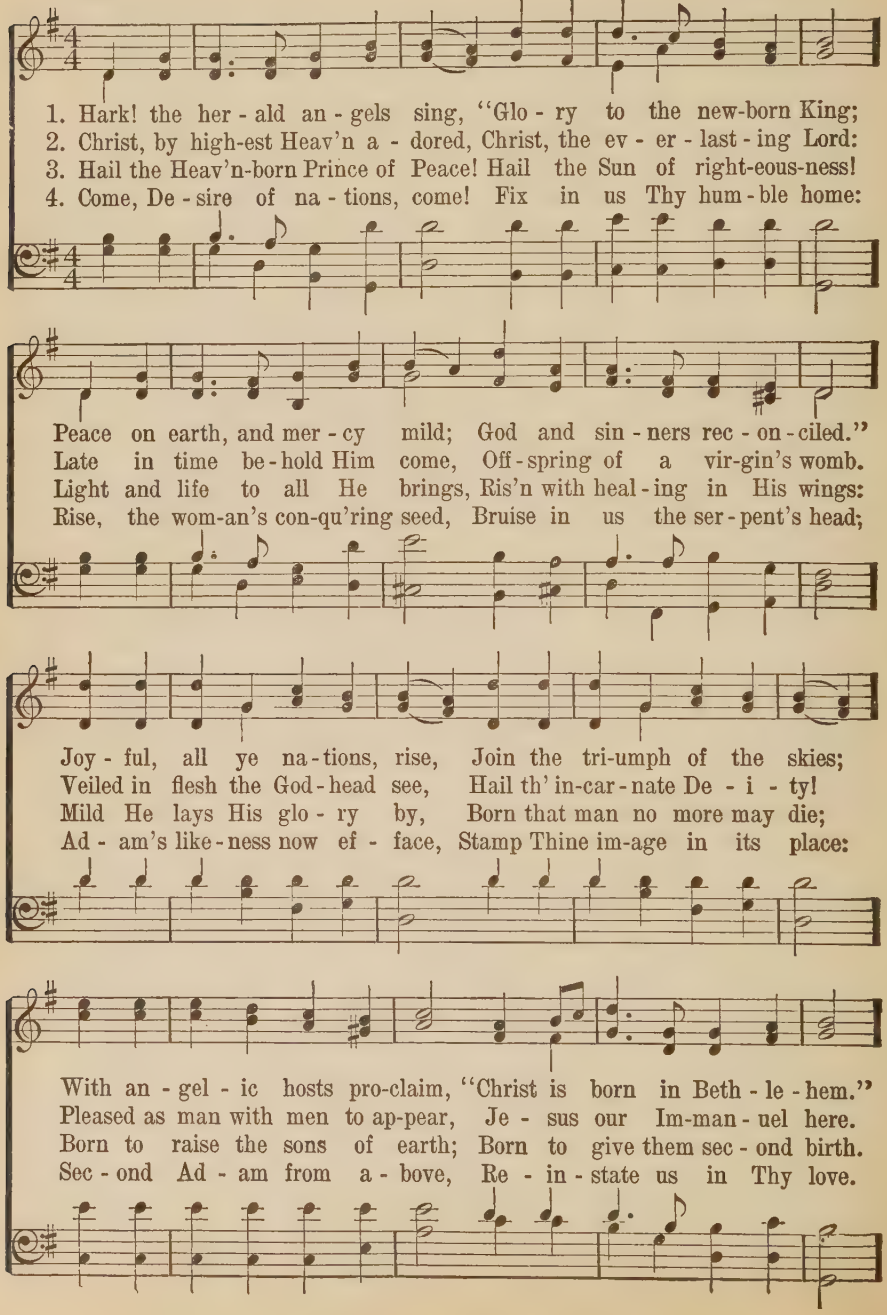
ISAAC WATTS GEORGE F. HANDEL


1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-
2. Joy to the earth! the Sav - ior reigns; Let men their
3. No more let sins and sor - rows grow, Nor thorns in-
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the
ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room,
songs em - ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
fest the ground; He comes to make His bless - ings flow
na - tions prove The glo - ries of His right - eous - ness,
And Heav'n and na - ture sing, And Heav'n and na - ture
Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re - peat the sound - ing
Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is
And won - ders of His love, And won - ders of His
1. And Heav'n and na - ture sing,..... And
sing, And Heav'n, and Heav'n and na - ture sing.
joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy.
found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
love, And won - ders, and won - ders of His love.
Heav'n and na - ture sing,

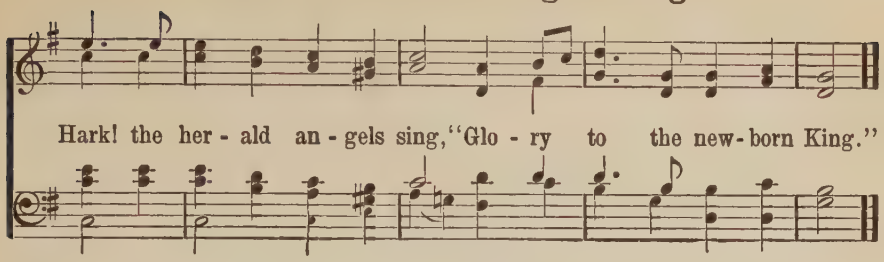
Hark! the Herald Angels Sing

CHARLES WESLEY

MENDELSSOHN

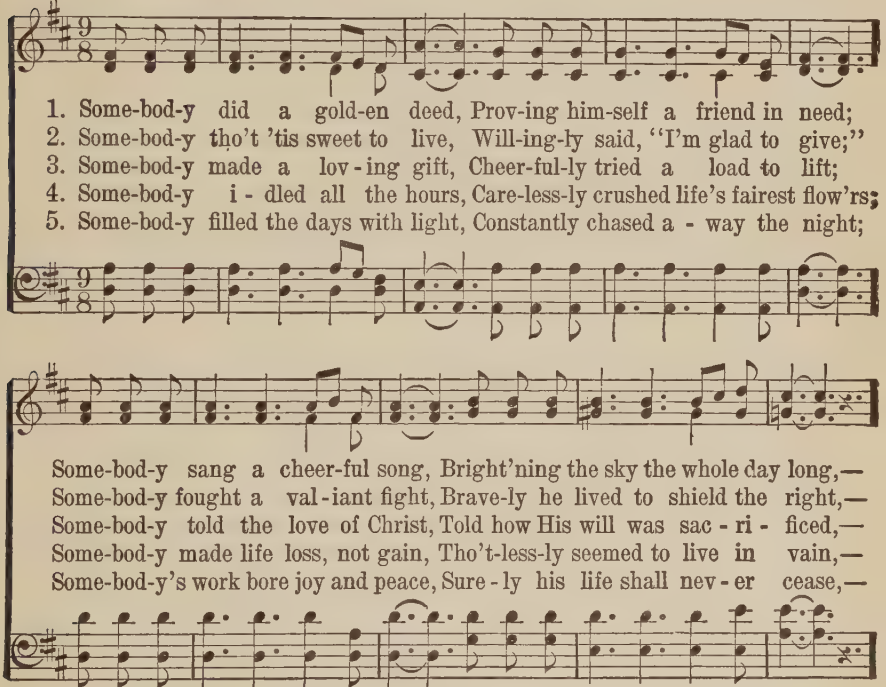

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King;
2. Christ, by high-est Heav'n a - dored, Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord:
3. Hail the Heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of right-eous-ness!
4. Come, De - sire of na - tions, come! Fix in us Thy hum - ble home:
Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild; God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled."
Late in time be - hold Him come, Off - spring of a vir-gin's womb.
Light and life to all He brings, Ris'n with heal - ing in His wings:
Rise, the wom-an's con-qu'ring seed, Bruise in us the ser - pent's head;
Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri-umph of the skies;
Veiled in flesh the God - head see, Hail th' in-car - nate De - i - ty!
Mild He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die;
Ad - am's like - ness now ef - face, Stamp Thine im-age in its place:
With an - gel - ic hosts pro-claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem."
Pleased as man with men to ap-pear, Je - sus our Im-man - uel here.
Born to raise the sons of earth; Born to give them sec - ond birth.
Sec - ond Ad - am from a - bove, Re - in - state us in Thy love.

Hark! the Herald Angels Sing



269 Somebody

JOHN R. CLEMENTS W. S. WEEDEN


1. Some-bod-y did a gold-en deed, Prov-ing him-self a friend in need;
2. Some-bod-y tho't 'tis sweet to live, Will-ing-ly said, "I'm glad to give;"
3. Some-bod-y made a lov - ing gift, Cheer-ful-ly tried a load to lift;
4. Some-bod-y i - dled all the hours, Care-less-ly crushed life's fairest flow'rs;
5. Some-bod-y filled the days with light, Constantly chased a - way the night;
Some-bod-y sang a cheer-ful song, Bright'ning the sky the whole day long,—
Some-bod-y fought a val - iant fight, Brave-ly he lived to shield the right,—
Some-bod-y told the love of Christ, Told how His will was sac - ri - ficed,—
Some-bod-y made life loss, not gain, Tho't-less-ly seemed to live in vain,—
Some-bod-y's work bore joy and peace, Sure - ly his life shall nev - er cease,—
rit.
Was that some-bod - y you? Was that some-bod - y you? A - MEN.

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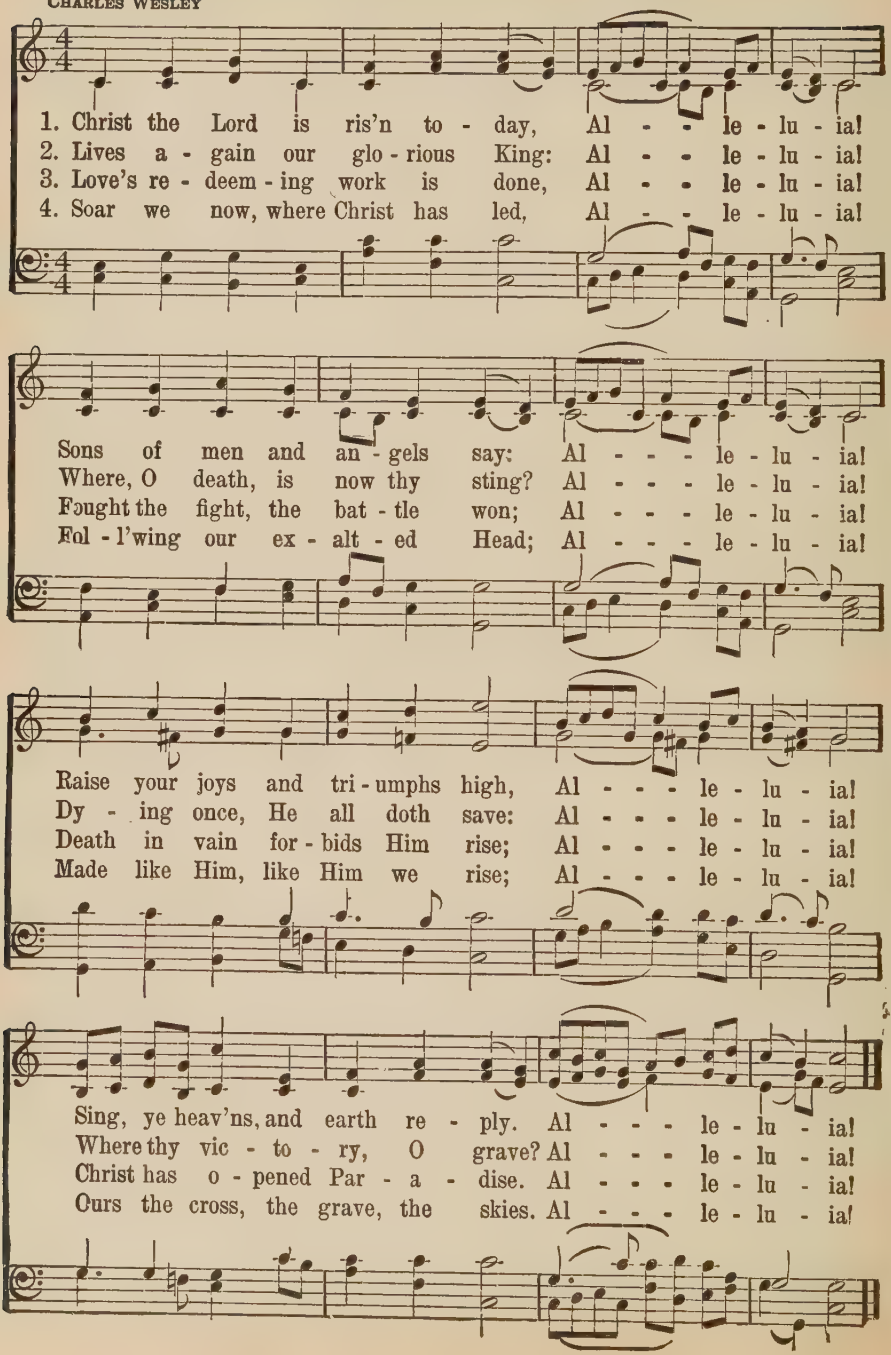
270 Christ the Lord is Risen To-day

CHARLES WESLEY


1. Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day, Al - - le - lu - ia!
2. Lives a - gain our glo - rious King: Al - - le - lu - ia!
3. Love's re - deem - ing work is done, Al - - le - lu - ia!
4. Soar we now, where Christ has led, Al - - le - lu - ia!
Sons of men and an - gels say: Al - - - - le - lu - ia!
Where, O death, is now thy sting? Al - - - - le - lu - ia!
Fought the fight, the bat - tle won; Al - - - - le - lu - ia!
Fol - l'wing our ex - alt - ed Head; Al - - - - le - lu - ia!
Raise your joys and tri - umphs high, Al - - - - le - lu - ia!
Dy - ing once, He all doth save: Al - - - - le - lu - ia!
Death in vain for - bids Him rise; Al - - - - le - lu - ia!
Made like Him, like Him we rise; Al - - - - le - lu - ia!
Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth re - ply. Al - - - - le - lu - ia!
Where thy vic - to - ry, O grave? Al - - - - le - lu - ia!
Christ has o - pened Par - a - dise. Al - - - - le - lu - ia!
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies. Al - - - - le - lu - ia!

271 Christ Arose

ROBERT LOWRY ROBERT LOWRY

1. Low in the grave He lay— Je - sus my Sav - ior! Wait-ing the com-ing day—
2. Vain-ly they watch His bed—Je - sus my Sav - ior! Vain-ly they seal the dead—
3. Death cannot keep his prey—Je - sus my Sav - ior! He tore the bars a - way—
REFRAIN Faster
Je - sus my Lord! Up from the grave He a - rose, (He a-rose,) With a
might-y tri-umph o'er His foes; (He a-rose!) He a - rose a Vic - tor from the
dark do - main, And He lives for - ev - er with His saints to reign. He a-
rit.
rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!
He a - rose! He a - rose!

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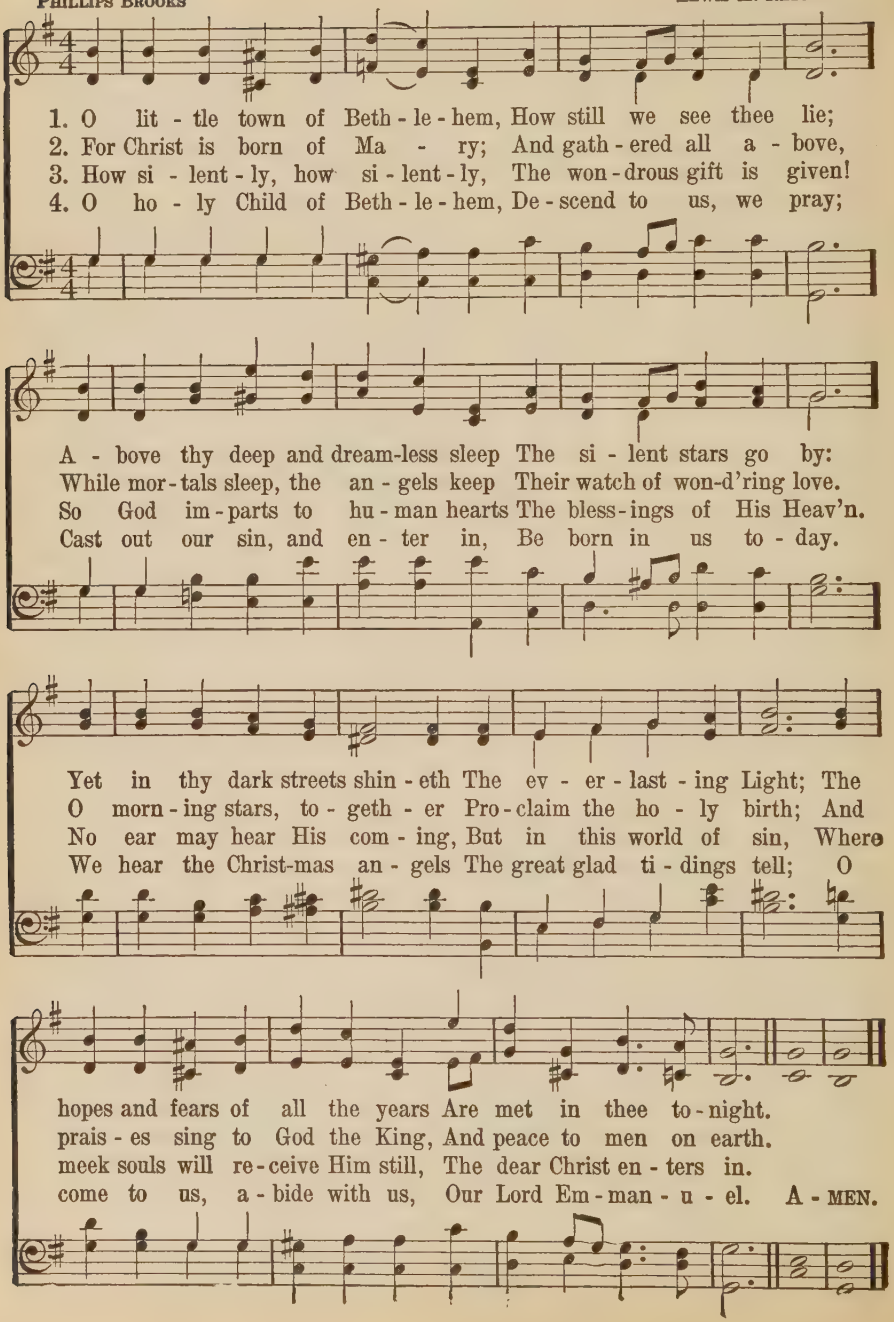
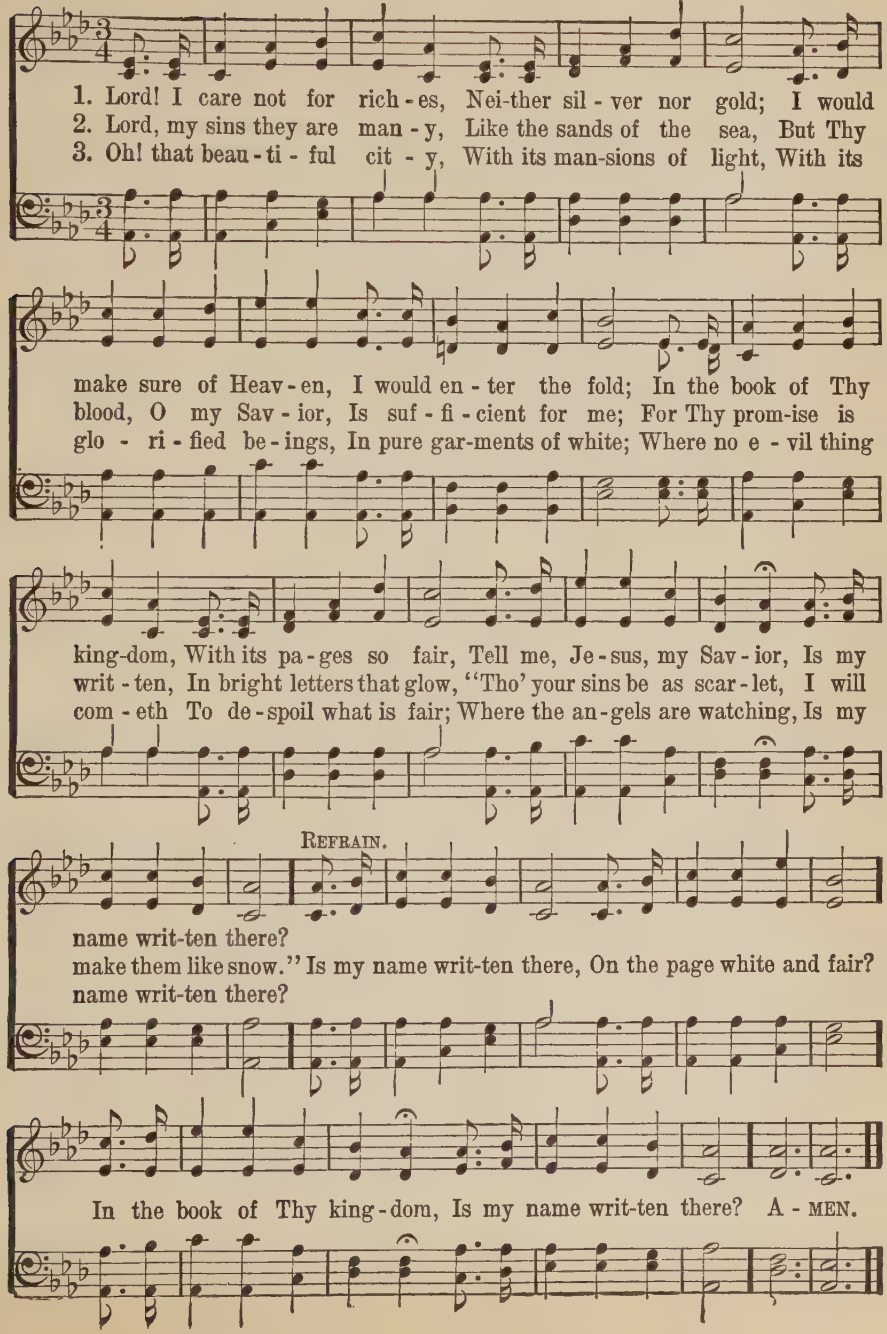
O Little Town of Bethlehem

PHILLIPS BROOKS — LEWIS H. REDNER


1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie;
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry; And gath - ered all a - bove,
3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, The won - drous gift is given!
4. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem, De - scend to us, we pray;
A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by:
While mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of won-d'ring love.
So God im - parts to hu - man hearts The bless - ings of His Heav'n.
Cast out our sin, and en - ter in, Be born in us to - day.
Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light; The
O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth; And
No ear may hear His com - ing, But in this world of sin, Where
We hear the Christ-mas an - gels The great glad ti - dings tell; O
hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.
meek souls will re - ceive Him still, The dear Christ en - ters in.
come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Em - man - u - el. A - MEN.

273 Is My Name Written There?

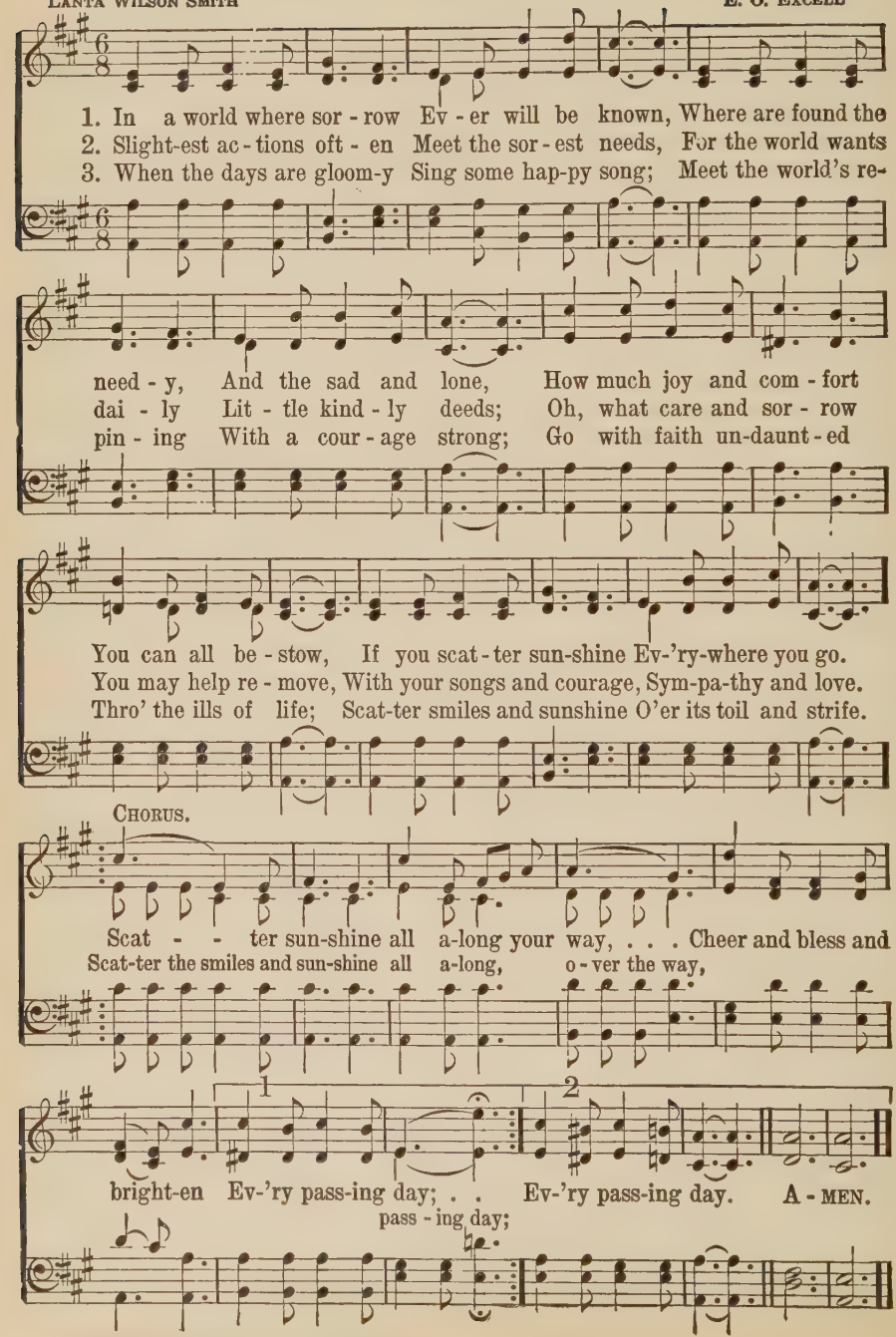
M. A. K. FRANK M. DAVIS


1. Lord! I care not for rich-es, Nei-ther sil-ver nor gold; I would make sure of Heav-en, I would en-ter the fold; In the book of Thy king-dom, With its pa-ges so fair, Tell me, Je-sus, my Sav-ior, Is my name writ-ten there?
2. Lord, my sins they are man-y, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy blood, O my Sav-ior, Is suf-fi-cient for me; For Thy prom-ise is writ-ten, In bright letters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, I will make them like snow." Is my name writ-ten there, On the page white and fair?
3. Oh! that beau-ti-ful cit-y, With its man-sions of light, With its glo-ri-fied be-ings, In pure gar-ments of white; Where no e-vil thing com-eth To de-spoil what is fair; Where the an-gels are watching, Is my name writ-ten there?
REFRAIN.
In the book of Thy king-dom, Is my name writ-ten there? A-MEN.

Scatter Sunshine

LANTA WILSON SMITH

E. O. EXCELL


1. In a world where sor - row Ev - er will be known, Where are found the need - y, And the sad and lone, How much joy and com - fort
2. Slight-est ac - tions oft - en Meet the sor - est needs, For the world wants dai - ly Lit - tle kind - ly deeds; Oh, what care and sor - row
3. When the days are gloom-y Sing some hap-py song; Meet the world's re- pin - ing With a cour - age strong; Go with faith un-daunt - ed
You can all be - stow, If you scat - ter sun-shine Ev-'ry-where you go.
You may help re - move, With your songs and courage, Sym-pa-thy and love.
Thro' the ills of life; Scat-ter smiles and sunshine O'er its toil and strife.
CHORUS.
Scat - - ter sun-shine all a-long your way, . . . Cheer and bless and
Scat-ter the smiles and sun-shine all a-long, o - ver the way,
1
2
bright-en Ev-'ry pass-ing day; . . Ev-'ry pass-ing day. A - MEN.
pass - ing day;

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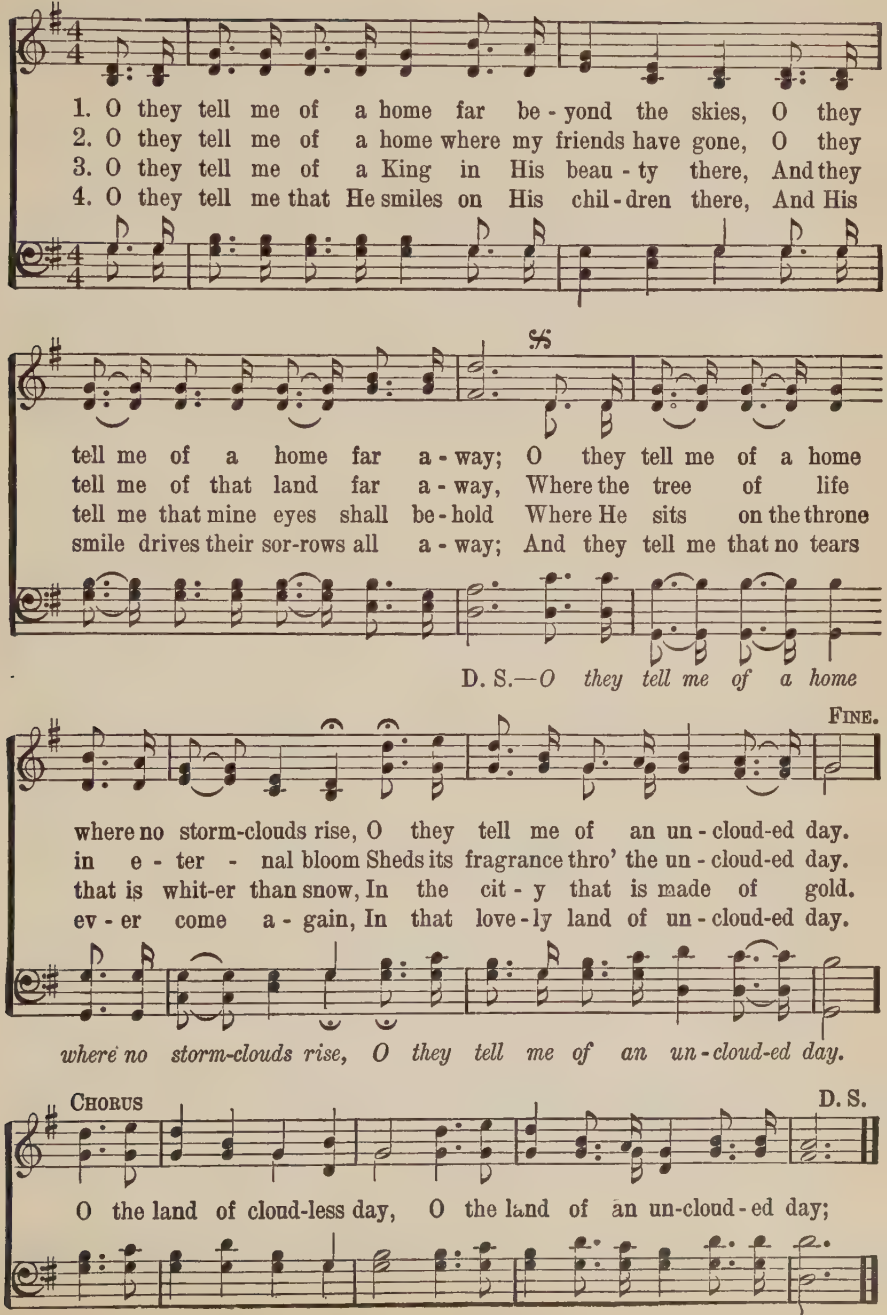
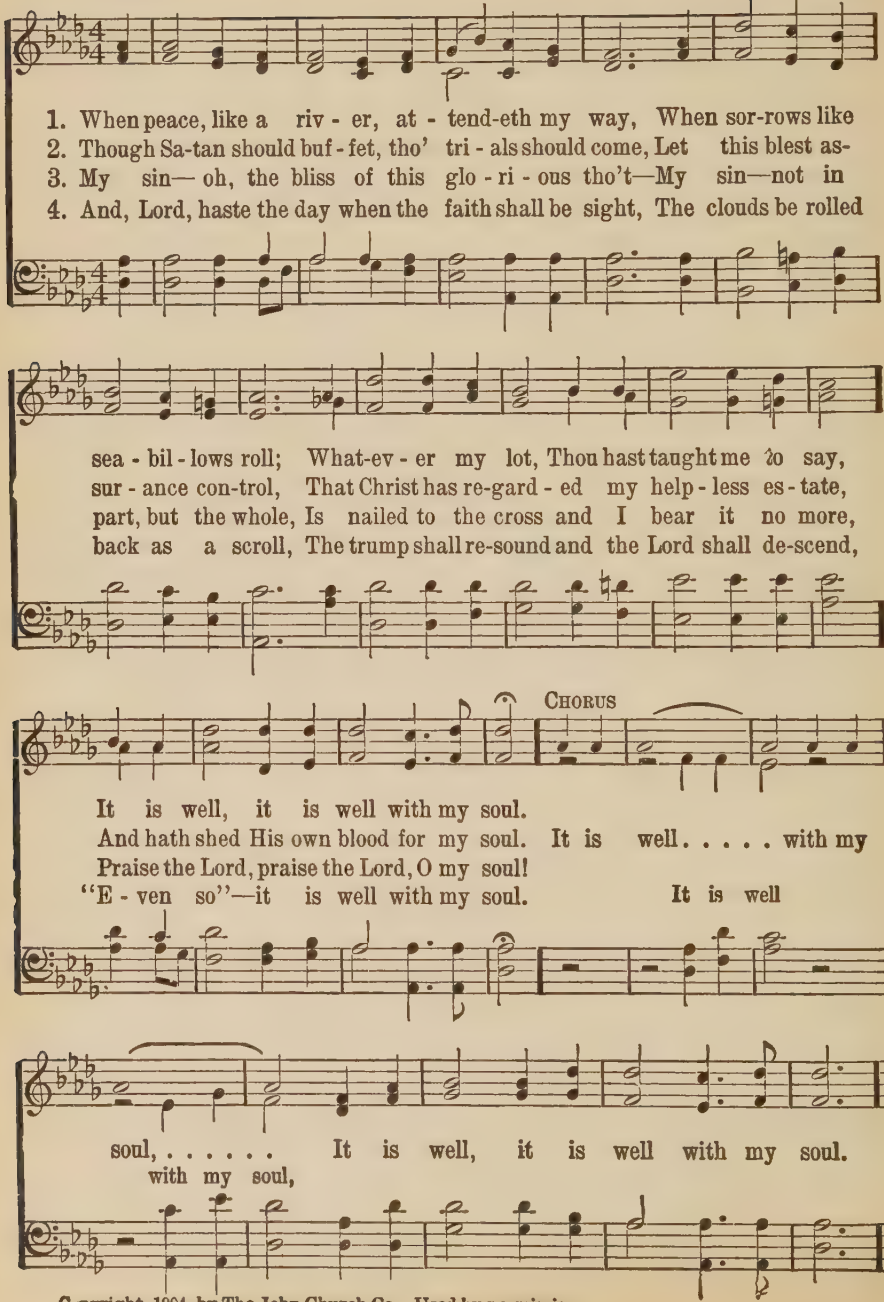
The Unclouded Day

J. K. A. Rev. J. K. Alwood


1. O they tell me of a home far be - yond the skies, O they
2. O they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, O they
3. O they tell me of a King in His beau - ty there, And they
4. O they tell me that He smiles on His chil - dren there, And His
tell me of a home far a - way; O they tell me of a home
tell me of that land far a - way, Where the tree of life
tell me that mine eyes shall be - hold Where He sits on the throne
smile drives their sor-rows all a - way; And they tell me that no tears
D. S.—O they tell me of a home
Fine.
where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un - cloud-ed day.
in e - ter - nal bloom Sheds its fragrance thro' the un - cloud-ed day.
that is whit-er than snow, In the cit - y that is made of gold.
ev - er come a - gain, In that love - ly land of un - cloud-ed day.
where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un - cloud-ed day.
Chorus
D. S.
O the land of cloud-less day, O the land of an un-cloud - ed day;

It Is Well With My Soul

H. G. SPAFFORD — P. P. BLISS


1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend-eth my way, When sor-rows like
2. Though Sa-tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as-
3. My sin— oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't—My sin—not in
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled
sea - bil - lows roll; What-ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
sur - ance con-trol, That Christ has re-gard - ed my help - less es - tate,
part, but the whole, Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no more,
back as a scroll, The trump shall re-sound and the Lord shall de-scend,
CHORUS
It is well, it is well with my soul.
And hath shed His own blood for my soul. It is well . . . . . with my
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
"E - ven so"—it is well with my soul. It is well
soul, ... It is well, it is well with my soul.
with my soul,

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277 We Shall See the King Some Day

L. E. J. L. E. JONES

1. Tho' the way we jour - ney may be oft - en drear, We shall see the
2. Aft - er pain and an-guish, aft - er toil and care, We shall see the
3. Aft - er foes are con-quered, aft - er bat-tles won, We shall see the
4. There with all the loved ones who have gone be - fore, We shall see the

King some day;(some day;) On that bless-ed morn-ing clouds will dis - ap-pear;
King some day;(some day;) Thro' the end-less a - ges joy and blessing share,
King some day;(some day;) Aft - er strife is o - ver, aft - er set of sun,
King some day;(some day;) Sor-row past for - ev - er, on that peace-ful shore,

CHORUS.

We shall see the King some day. We shall see the King some day,(some day,)

When the clouds have rolled a - way; (a-way;) Gath-ered 'round the throne,

When He shall call His own, We shall see the King some day. A-MEN.

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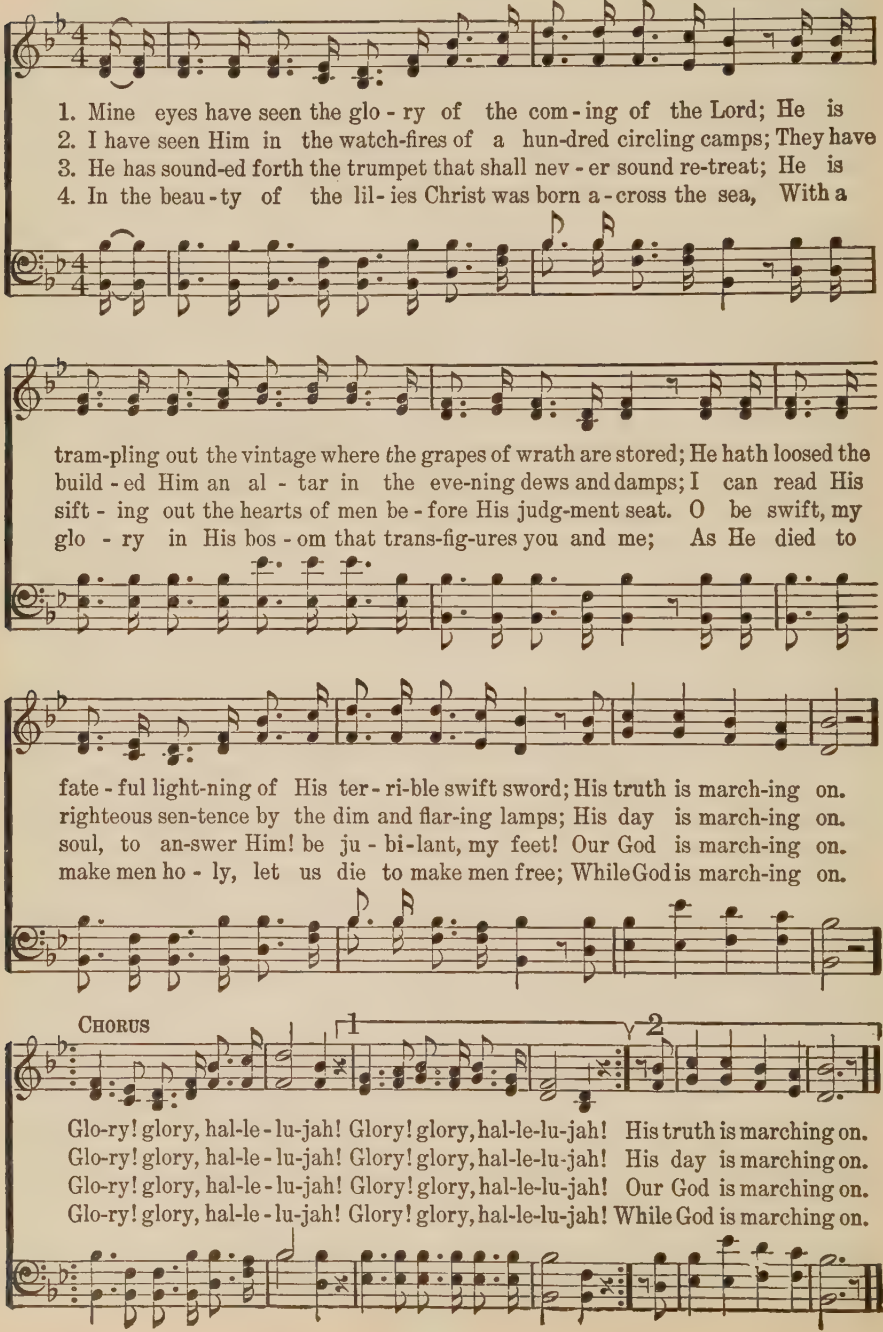
Battle Hymn of the Republic

JULIA WARD HOWE — WILLIAM STEFFE


1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred circling camps; They have
3. He has sound-ed forth the trumpet that shall nev - er sound re-treat; He is
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a
tram-pling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve-ning dews and damps; I can read His
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg-ment seat. O be swift, my
glo - ry in His bos - om that trans-fig-ures you and me; As He died to
fate - ful light-ning of His ter - ri-ble swift sword; His truth is march-ing on.
righteous sen-tence by the dim and flar-ing lamps; His day is march-ing on.
soul, to an-swer Him! be ju - bi-lant, my feet! Our God is march-ing on.
make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free; While God is march-ing on.
CHORUS
1
2
Glo-ry! glory, hal-le - lu-jah! Glory! glory, hal-le-lu-jah! His truth is marching on.
Glo-ry! glory, hal-le - lu-jah! Glory! glory, hal-le-lu-jah! His day is marching on.
Glo-ry! glory, hal-le - lu-jah! Glory! glory, hal-le-lu-jah! Our God is marching on.
Glo-ry! glory, hal-le - lu-jah! Glory! glory, hal-le-lu-jah! While God is marching on.

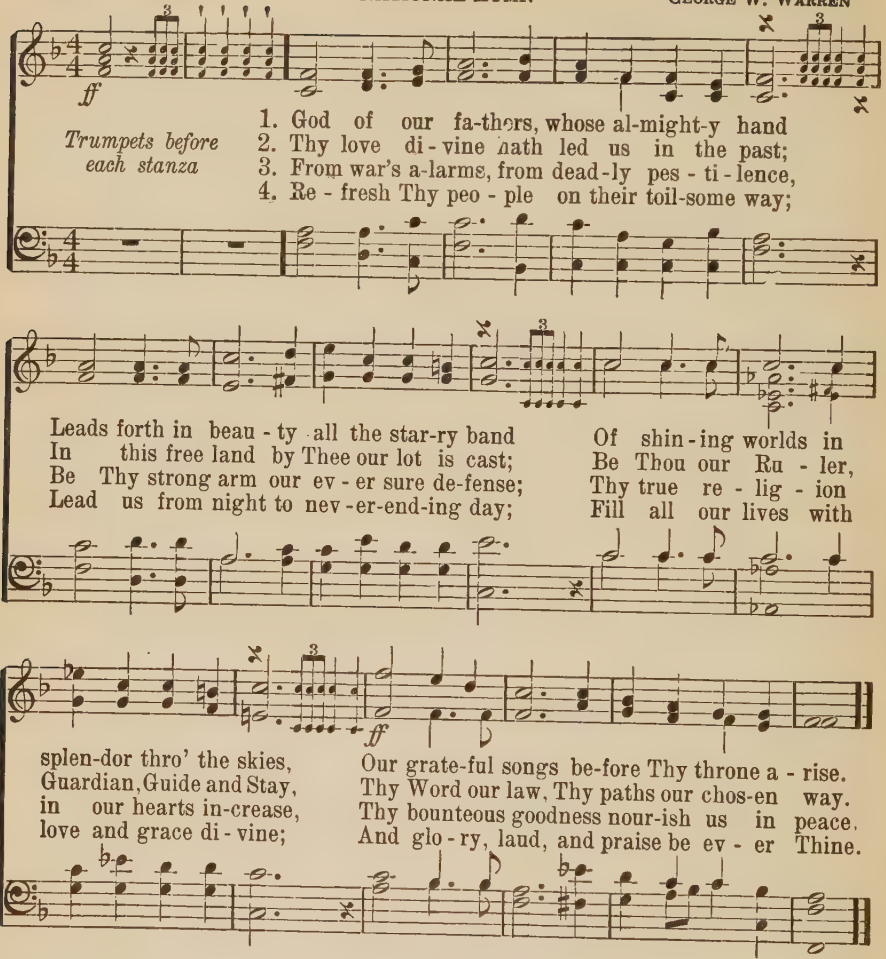
279 America the Beautiful

KATHERINE LEE BATES — SAMUEL A. WARD

1. O beau - ti - ful for spa-cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain,
2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet, Whose stern, im-pas-sioned stress
3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved In lib - er - at - ing strife,
4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees be - yond the years
For pur - ple moun-tain maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain!
A thor-ough-fare for free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness!
Who more than self their coun - try loved, And mer - cy more than life!
Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam, Undimmed by hu - man tears!
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with broth - er-hood From sea to shin - ing sea!
Con - firm thy soul in self - con-trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!
Till all suc-cess be no - ble-ness, And ev - 'ry gain di - vine!
And crown thy good with broth - er-hood From sea to shin - ing sea!

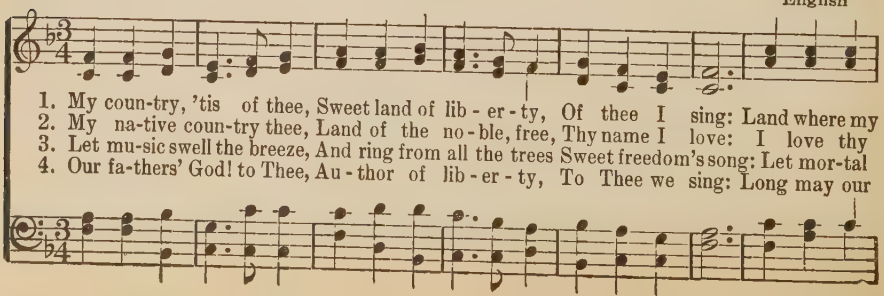
280 God of Our Fathers

DANIEL C. ROBERTS — NATIONAL HYMN — GEORGE W. WARREN

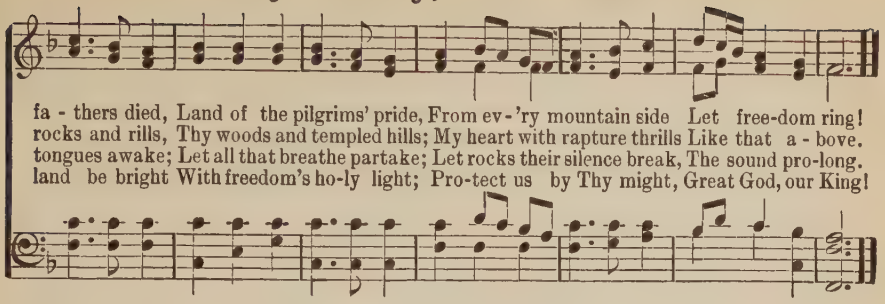

ff
Trumpets before each stanza
1. God of our fa-thers, whose al-might-y hand
2. Thy love di-vine hath led us in the past;
3. From war's a-larms, from dead-ly pes-ti-lence,
4. Re-fresh Thy peo-ple on their toil-some way;
Leads forth in beau-ty all the star-ry band Of shin-ing worlds in splen-dor thro' the skies,
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast; Be Thou our Ru-ler, Guardian, Guide and Stay,
Be Thy strong arm our ev-er sure de-fense; Thy true re-lig-ion in our hearts in-crease,
Lead us from night to nev-er-end-ing day; Fill all our lives with love and grace di-vine;
ff
Our grate-ful songs be-fore Thy throne a-rise.
Thy Word our law, Thy paths our chos-en way.
Thy bounteous goodness nour-ish us in peace.
And glo-ry, laud, and praise be ev-er Thine.

281 My Country, 'Tis of Thee

S. F. SMITH — English

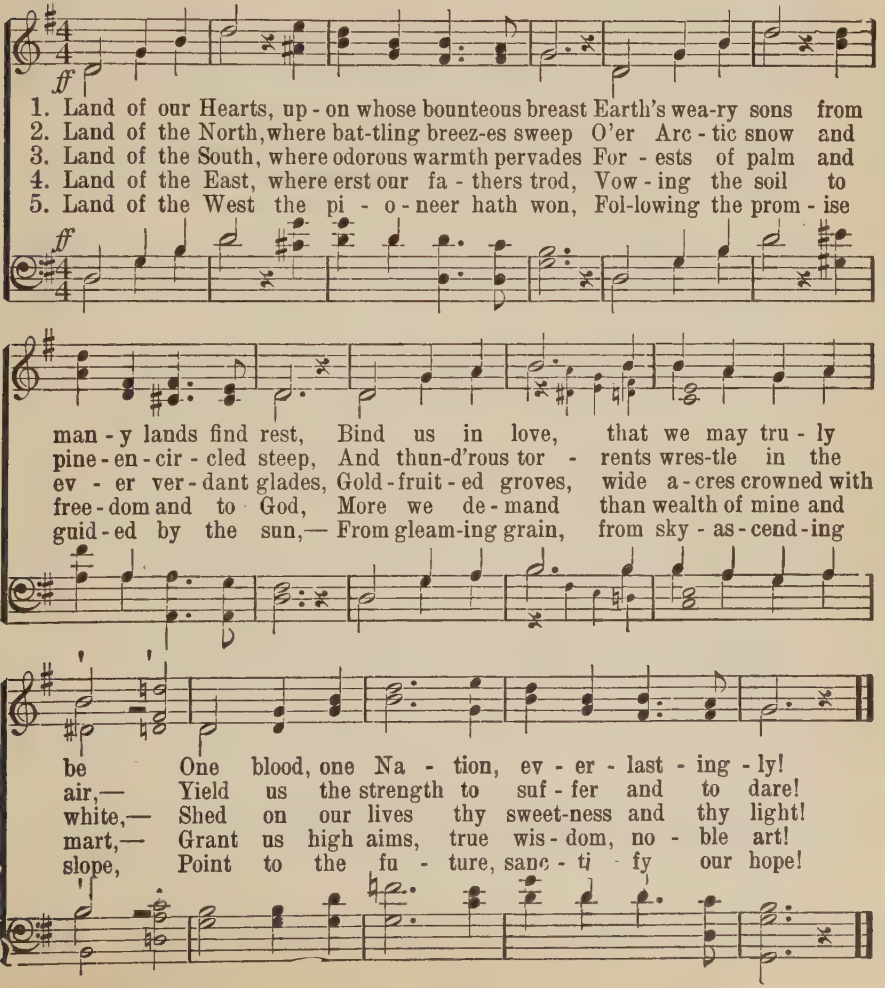

1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
2. My na-tive coun-try thee, Land of the no-ble, free, Thy name I love: I love thy
3. Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song: Let mor-tal
4. Our fa-thers' God! to Thee, Au-thor of lib-er-ty, To Thee we sing: Long may our

My Country, 'Tis of Thee


fa - thers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride, From ev - 'ry mountain side Let free-dom ring!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a - bove.
tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound pro-long.
land be bright With freedom's ho-ly light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

282 Land of Our Hearts

JOHN H. INGHAM GEO. W. WARREN


ff
1. Land of our Hearts, up - on whose bounteous breast Earth's wea-ry sons from
2. Land of the North, where bat-tling breez-es sweep O'er Arc - tic snow and
3. Land of the South, where odorous warmth pervades For - ests of palm and
4. Land of the East, where erst our fa - thers trod, Vow - ing the soil to
5. Land of the West the pi - o - neer hath won, Fol-lowing the prom - ise
man - y lands find rest, Bind us in love, that we may tru - ly
pine - en - cir - cled steep, And thun-d'rous tor - rents wres-tle in the
ev - er ver - dant glades, Gold - fruit - ed groves, wide a - cres crowned with
free - dom and to God, More we de - mand than wealth of mine and
guid - ed by the sun,— From gleam-ing grain, from sky - as - cend - ing
be One blood, one Na - tion, ev - er - last - ing - ly!
air,— Yield us the strength to suf - fer and to dare!
white,— Shed on our lives thy sweet-ness and thy light!
mart,— Grant us high aims, true wis - dom, no - ble art!
slope, Point to the fu - ture, sanc - ti - fy our hope!

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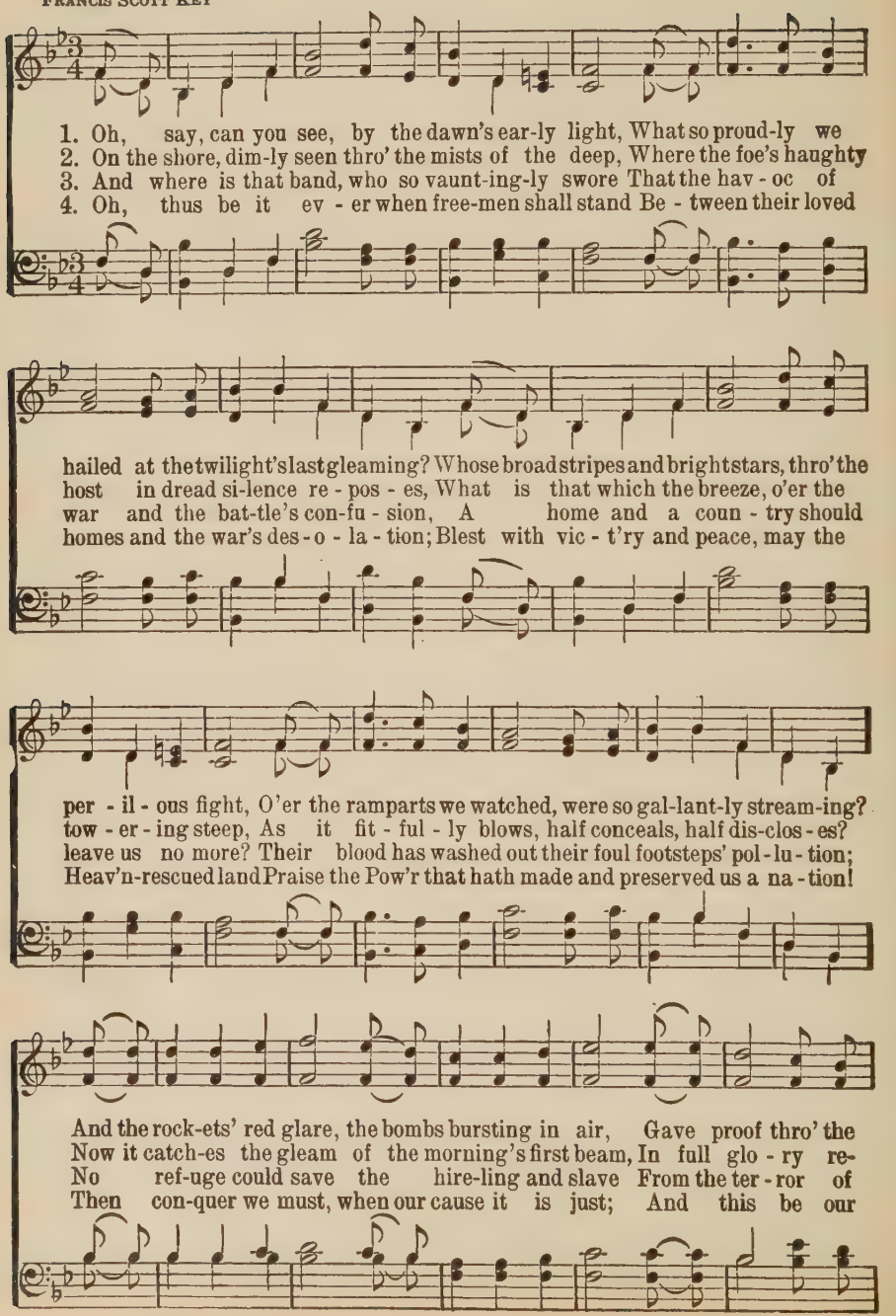
The Star-Spangled Banner

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY


1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud-ly we
2. On the shore, dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty
3. And where is that band, who so vaunt-ing-ly swore That the hav - oc of
4. Oh, thus be it ev - er when free-men shall stand Be - tween their loved
hailed at the twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the
host in dread si-lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the
war and the bat-tle's con-fu - sion, A home and a coun - try should
homes and the war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the
per - il - ous fight, O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gal-lant-ly stream-ing?
tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis-clos - es?
leave us no more? Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pol - lu - tion;
Heav'n-rescued land Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na - tion!
And the rock-ets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the
Now it catch-es the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glo - ry re-
No ref-uge could save the hire-ling and slave From the ter - ror of
Then con-quer we must, when our cause it is just; And this be our

The Star-Spangled Banner

ff CHORUS

night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that star-span-gled
flect - ed, now shines on the stream: 'Tis the star-span-gled ban - ner; oh,
flight or the gloom of the grave. And the star-span-gled ban ner in
mot - to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-span-gled ban - ner in

ban - ner yet wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
long may it wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
tri - umph doth wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
tri - umph shall wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

284 God Bless Our Native Land

C. T. BROOKS — LOWELL MASON

1. God bless our na - tive land; Firm may she ev - er stand
2. For her our prayers shall rise To God a - bove the skies;

Thro' storm and night; When the wild tem - pests rave, Rul - er of
On Him we wait; Thou who art ev - er nigh, Guard-ing with

wind and wave, Do Thou our coun - try save By Thy great might.
watch - ful eye, To Thee a - loud we cry, God save the State.

America the Beautiful

CATHERINE LEE BATES

SAMUEL A. WARD
Arr. for Chorus in six parts by
HAROLD HART TODD

I & II SOPRANOS
1. O beau - ti - ful for spa-cious skies, For am-ber waves of grain, For
2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet, Whose stern, impassioned stress A
ALTO
3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved In lib - er - at - ing strife, Who
I & II TENORS
4. O beau - ti - ful for pa-triot dream That sees be-yond the years Thine
BASS
PIANO
pur - ple moun-tain maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain! A-
thor-ough-fare for free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness! A-
more than self their coun - try loved, And mer - cy more than life! A-
al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam Undimmed by hu - man tears! A-

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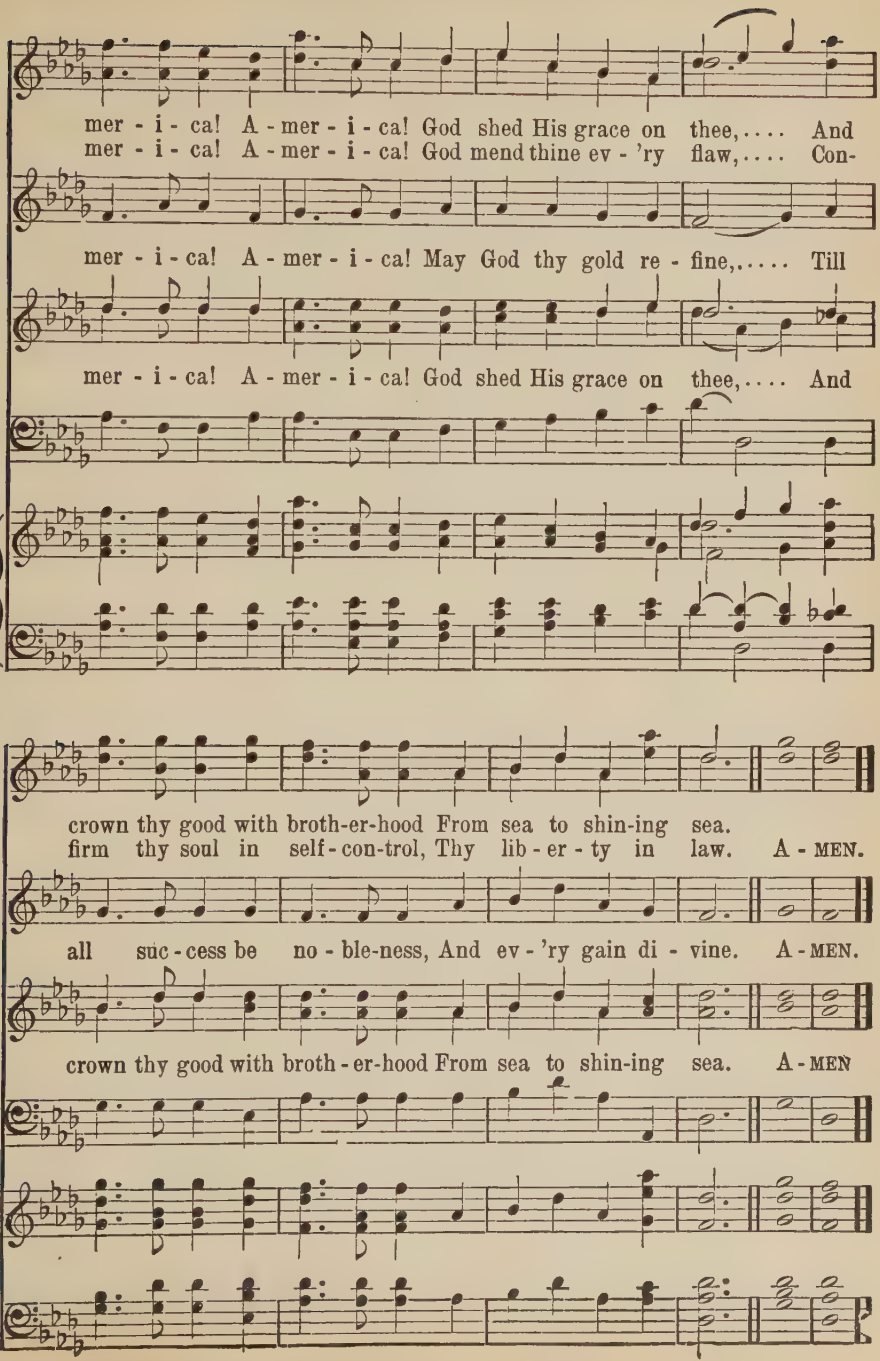
America the Beautiful


mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,.... And
mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw,.... Con-
mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine,..... Till
mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,.... And
crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea.
firm thy soul in self - con-trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law. A - MEN.
all suc - cess be no - ble-ness, And ev - 'ry gain di - vine. A - MEN.
crown thy good with broth - er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea. A - MEN

Peace! Be Still!

MARY A. BAKER — H. R. PALMER

1. Mas-ter, the tem-pest is rag-ing! The bil-lows are toss-ing high!
2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir-it I bow in my grief to-day;
3. Mas-ter, the ter-ror is o-ver, The el-e-ments sweet-ly rest;
The sky is o'er-shadowed with blackness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;
The depths of my sad heart are troub-led; O wak-en and save, I pray!
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir-rored, And heaven's with-in my breast.
"Car-est Thou not that we per-ish?" How canst Thou lie a-sleep,
Tor-rents of sin and of an-guish Sweep o'er my sink-ing soul!
Lin-ger, O bless-ed Re-deem-er, Leave me a-lone no more;
When each moment so mad-ly is threat-'ning A grave in the an-gry deep?
And I per-ish! I per-ish, dear Mas-ter; O has-ten, and take con-trol.
And with joy I shall make the blest har-bor, And rest on the bliss-ful shore.

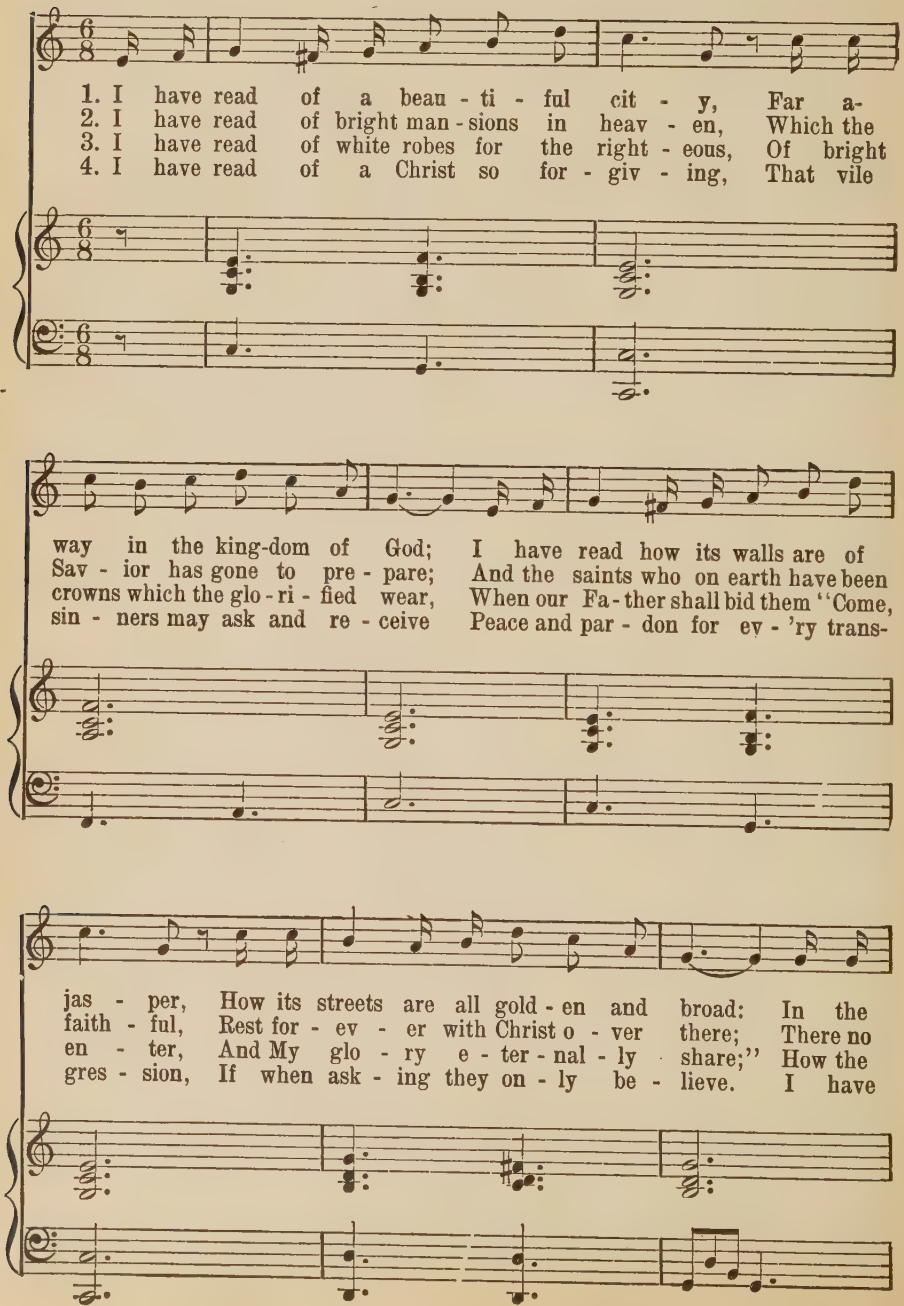
Used by permission of H. R. Palmer

Peace! Be Still!

Refrain
p
pp
"The winds and the waves shall o - bey my will. Peace, .. be still!" ...
Peace, be still! peace, be still!
Wheth-er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de - mons, or men, or what-
cres - - - - - - - - - - - - cen - - - - - - - - - - - - do
ev - er it be, No wa - ter can swal-low the ship where lies The Mas-ter of
ff
o-cean and earth and skies; They all shall sweetly o - bey My will; Peace, be still!
p
p
pp
Peace, be still! They all shall sweetly o - bey My will; Peace, peace, be still!

287 Not Half Has Ever Been Told

JOHN BURCH ATCHINSON O. F. PRESBREY


1. I have read of a beau - ti - ful cit - y, Far a-
2. I have read of bright man - sions in heav - en, Which the
3. I have read of white robes for the right - eous, Of bright
4. I have read of a Christ so for - giv - ing, That vile
way in the king-dom of God; I have read how its walls are of
Sav - ior has gone to pre - pare; And the saints who on earth have been
crowns which the glo - ri - fied wear, When our Fa - ther shall bid them "Come,
sin - ners may ask and re - ceive Peace and par - don for ev - 'ry trans-
jas - per, How its streets are all gold - en and broad: In the
faith - ful, Rest for - ev - er with Christ o - ver there; There no
en - ter, And My glo - ry e - ter - nal - ly share;" How the
gres - sion, If when ask - ing they on - ly be - lieve. I have

Not Half Has Ever Been Told

midst of the street is life's riv - er, Clear as crys - tal and pure to be-
sin ev - er en - ters, nor sor - row, The in - hab - it - ants nev - er grow
right-eous are ev - er-more bless - ed As they walk thro' the streets of pure
read how He'll guide and pro-tect us, If for safe - ty we en - ter His
hold, But not half of that city's bright glory To mortals has ev-er been told.
old; But not half of the wonderful sto - ry To mortals has ev-er been told.
gold; But not half of the wonderful sto - ry To mortals has ev-er been told.
fold; But not half of His goodness and mercy To mortals has ev-er been told.
Refrain
Not half has ev - er been told;.. Not half has ev - er been told;.. Not
been told;
been told;
Repeat the Refrain p
half of that cit - y's bright glo - ry To mor-tals has ev - er been told.

All Hail, Immanuel

D. R. VAN SICKLE — CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, We cast . . . our crowns be-fore Thee;
2. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, The ran - somed hosts surround Thee;
3. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, Our ris - - en King and Sav-ior!
Let ev-'ry heart o-bey Thy will, And ev - - - - 'ry voice a-
And earth-ly mon-archs clam-or forth Their Sov - - 'reign King to
Thy foes are van-quished, and Thou art Om-nip - - - - o-tent for-
dore Thee. In praise to Thee, our Sav-ior King, The vi-brant
crown Thee. While those re-deemed in a - ges gone, As-sem-bled
ev - er. Death, sin and hell no lon-ger reign, And Sa-tan's
chords of Heav-en ring, And ech-o back the might-y strain:
round the great white throne, Break forth in-to im-mor-tal song:
pow'r is burst in twain; E-ter-nal glo-ry to Thy Name:
ff
All hail! all hail! All hail! all hail! Im-man-u-el!
All hail! all hail!

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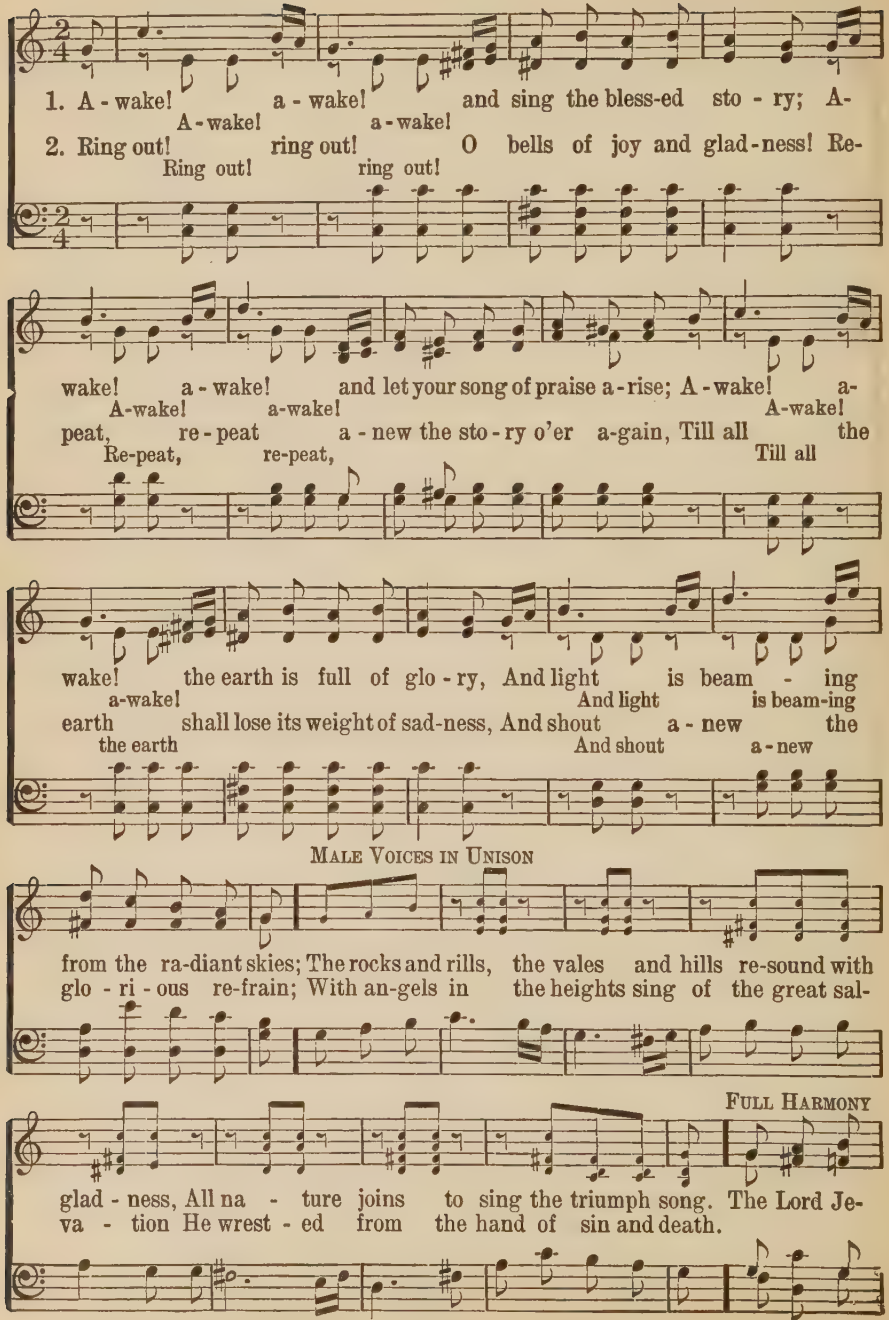
All Hail, Immanuel

Chorus.
Hail! . . . . . Im-man-u-el! Im-man-u-el! Hail! . . . . . .
Hail to the King we love so well! Hail! Im - man-u - el! Hail to the King we love so well!
Hail! . . . . .
Im-man-u-el! Im-man-u-el!
Hail! Im - man - u - el! Glo-ry and honor and majesty, Wisdom and power be
Hail! . . . . . Glo - - ry and maj-es-ty, Wis - dom be
rit.
Hail! . . . . . Im-
un - to Thee, Now and ev - er - more! . . . Hail to the King we love so well!
man-u-el! Im-man-u-el! Hail! . . . . . Im-man-u-el! Im-man-u-el!
Hail! Im - man - u - el! Hail to the King we love so well! Hail! Im - man - u - el!
Hail! . . . . . Hail! . . . . . .
King of kings and Lord of lords, All hail, Im - man - u - el! A - men.

Awakening Chorus

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER — CHAS. H. GABRIEL


1. A - wake! a - wake! and sing the bless-ed sto - ry; A-
A-wake! a-wake!
2. Ring out! ring out! O bells of joy and glad-ness! Re-
Ring out! ring out!
wake! a - wake! and let your song of praise a-rise; A-wake! a-
A-wake! a-wake! A-wake!
peat, re - peat a - new the sto - ry o'er a-gain, Till all the
Re-peat, re-peat, Till all
wake! the earth is full of glo - ry, And light is beam - ing
a-wake! And light is beam-ing
earth shall lose its weight of sad-ness, And shout a - new the
the earth And shout a - new
MALE VOICES IN UNISON
from the ra-diant skies; The rocks and rills, the vales and hills re-sound with
glo - ri - ous re-frain; With an-gels in the heights sing of the great sal-
FULL HARMONY
glad - ness, All na - ture joins to sing the triumph song. The Lord Je-
va - tion He wrest - ed from the hand of sin and death.

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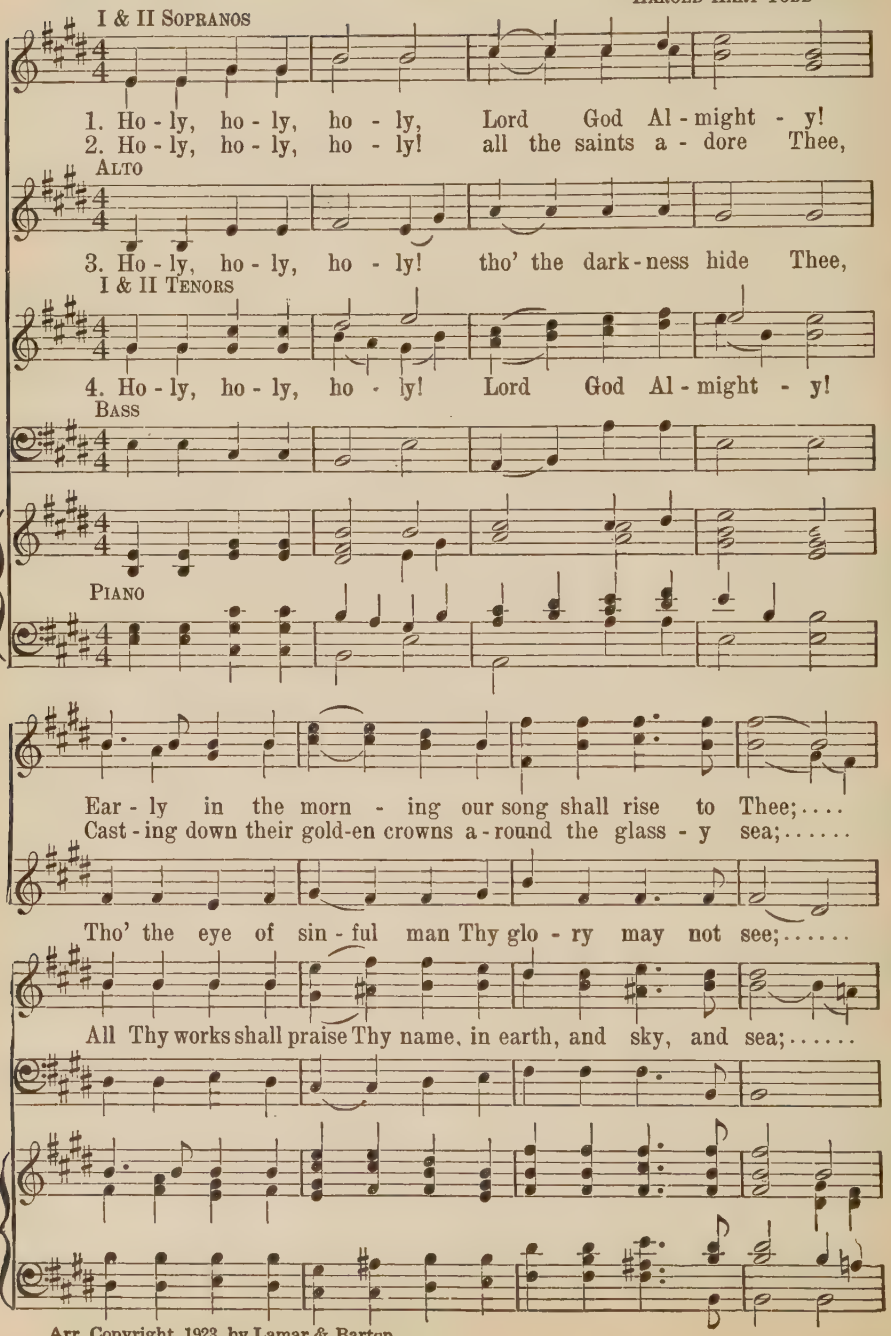
Awakening Chorus

UNISON
ho - vah reigns and sin is back-ward hurled! Re - joice! re-
sin is back-ward hurled!
joice! lift heart and voice, Je - ho - vah reigns!
FULL HARMONY
Pro-claim His sov - 'reign pow'r to all the world, And let His
pow'r to all the world, And let His
glo - - rious ban-ner be un - furled! Je - ho - vah reigns!
grand and glo-rious ban - ner be un - furled! Je - ho - vah reigns! Je - ho - vah reigns!
Re - joice! re - joice! re - joice! Je - ho - vah reigns!
Re - joice! re - joice! re - joice!

290 Holy, Holy, Holy

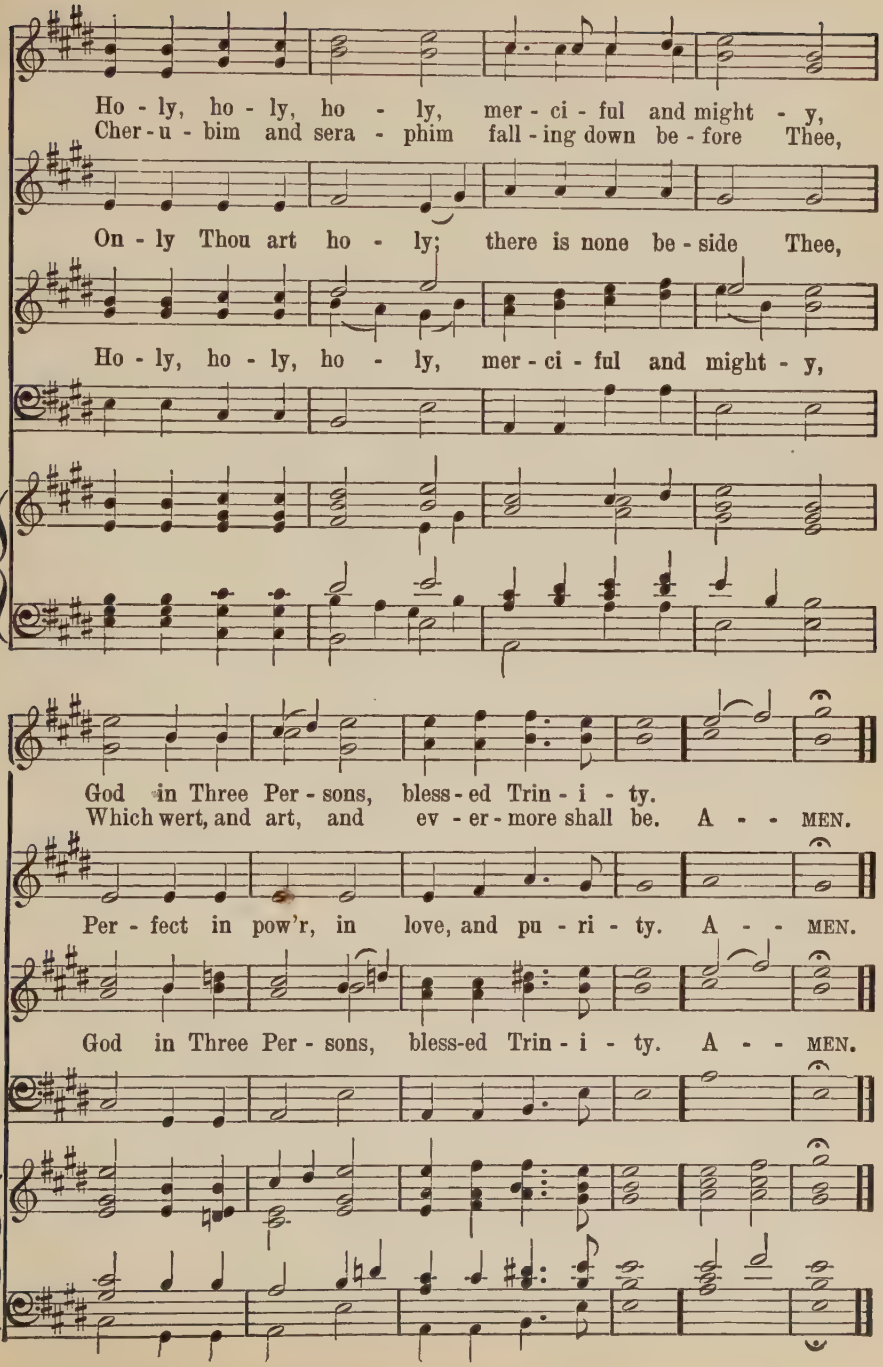
REGINALD HEBER

JOHN B. DYKES
Arr. for Chorus in six parts by
HAROLD HART TODD


I & II SOPRANOS
1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y!
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee,
ALTO
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the dark - ness hide Thee,
I & II TENORS
4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!
BASS
PIANO
Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;....
Cast - ing down their gold-en crowns a - round the glass - y sea;.....
Tho' the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see;.....
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;.....

Arr. Copyright, 1923, by Lamar & Barton

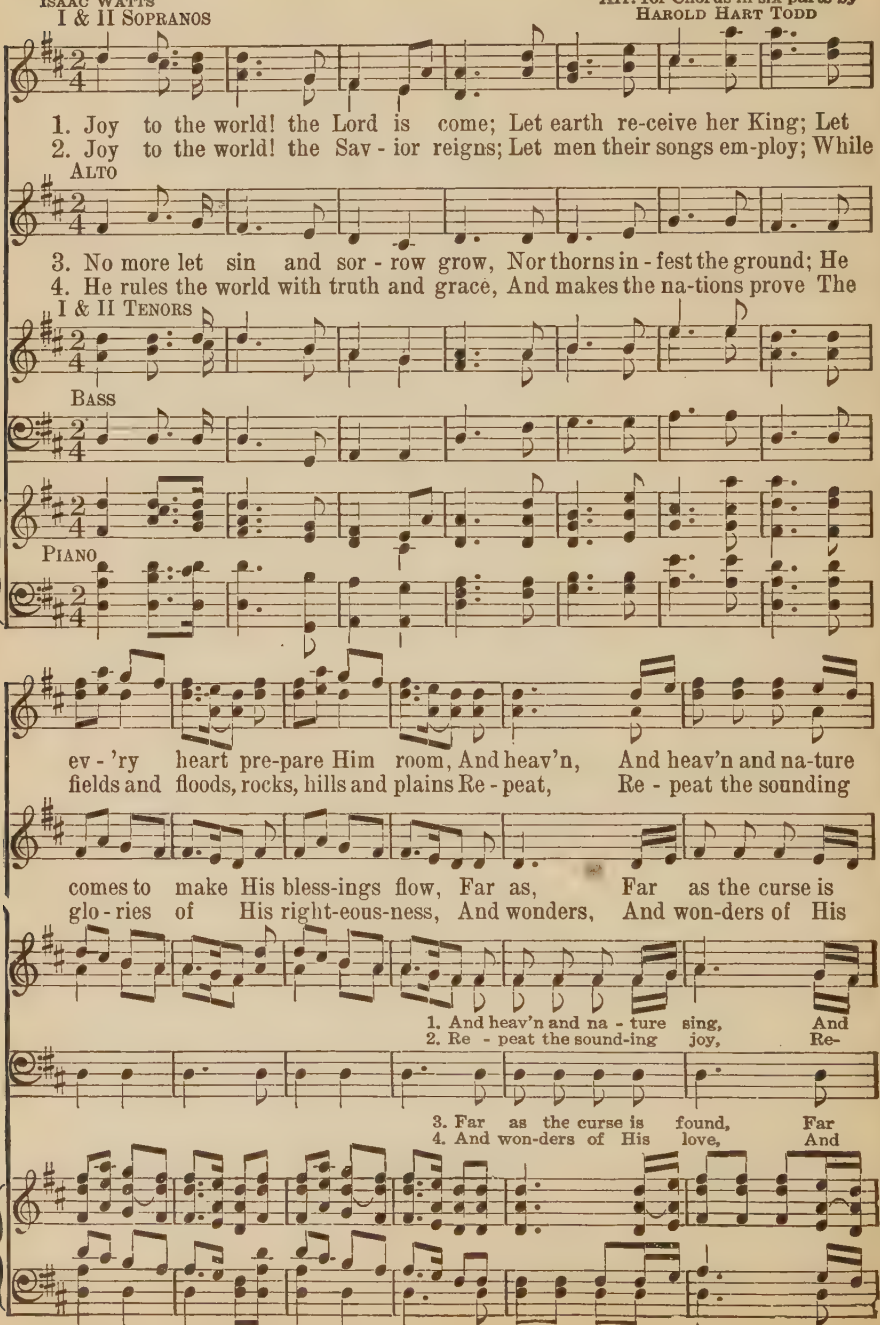
Holy, Holy, Holy


Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y,
Cher - u - bim and sera - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee,
On - ly Thou art ho - ly; there is none be - side Thee,
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y,
God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty.
Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shall be. A - - MEN.
Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty. A - - MEN.
God in Three Per - sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty. A - - MEN.

291 Joy to the World! the Lord is Come

GEORGE HÄNDEL
Arr. for Chorus in six parts by
HAROLD HART TODD

ISAAC WATTS


I & II SOPRANOS
1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King; Let
2. Joy to the world! the Sav - ior reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy; While
ALTO
3. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in - fest the ground; He
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove The
I & II TENORS
BASS
PIANO
ev - 'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n, And heav'n and na-ture
fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains Re - peat, Re - peat the sounding
comes to make His bless-ings flow, Far as, Far as the curse is
glo - ries of His right-eous-ness, And wonders, And won-ders of His
1. And heav'n and na - ture sing, And
2. Re - peat the sound-ing joy, Re-
3. Far as the curse is found, Far
4. And won-ders of His love, And

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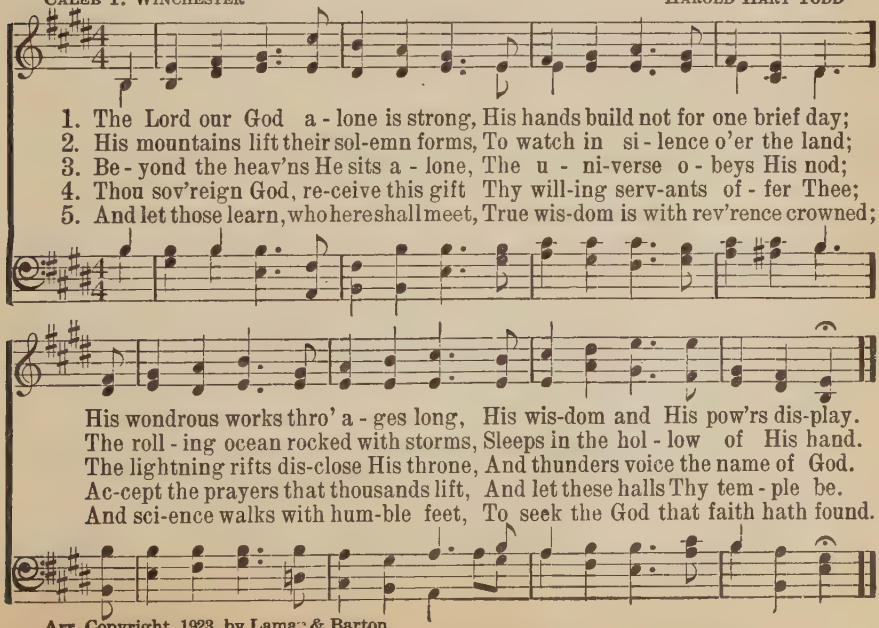
Joy to the World! the Lord is Come

sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing.
joy, Re - peat the sounding joy, Re - peat the sounding joy. A - MEN.
found, Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is found.
love, And wonders of His love, And won - ders of His love. A - MEN.
heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
peat the sound-ing joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound-ing joy. A - MEN.
as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
won - ders of His love, And won-ders, and won - ders of His love. A - MEN.

292 The Lord Our God Alone is Strong

CALEB T. WINCHESTER HAROLD HART TODD


1. The Lord our God a - lone is strong, His hands build not for one brief day;
2. His mountains lift their sol-emn forms, To watch in si - lence o'er the land;
3. Be - yond the heav'ns He sits a - lone, The u - ni-verse o - beys His nod;
4. Thou sov'reign God, re-ceive this gift Thy will-ing serv-ants of - fer Thee;
5. And let those learn, who here shall meet, True wis-dom is with rev'rence crowned;
His wondrous works thro' a - ges long, His wis-dom and His pow'rs dis-play.
The roll - ing ocean rocked with storms, Sleeps in the hol - low of His hand.
The lightning rifts dis-close His throne, And thunders voice the name of God.
Ac-cept the prayers that thousands lift, And let these halls Thy tem - ple be.
And sci-ence walks with hum-ble feet, To seek the God that faith hath found.

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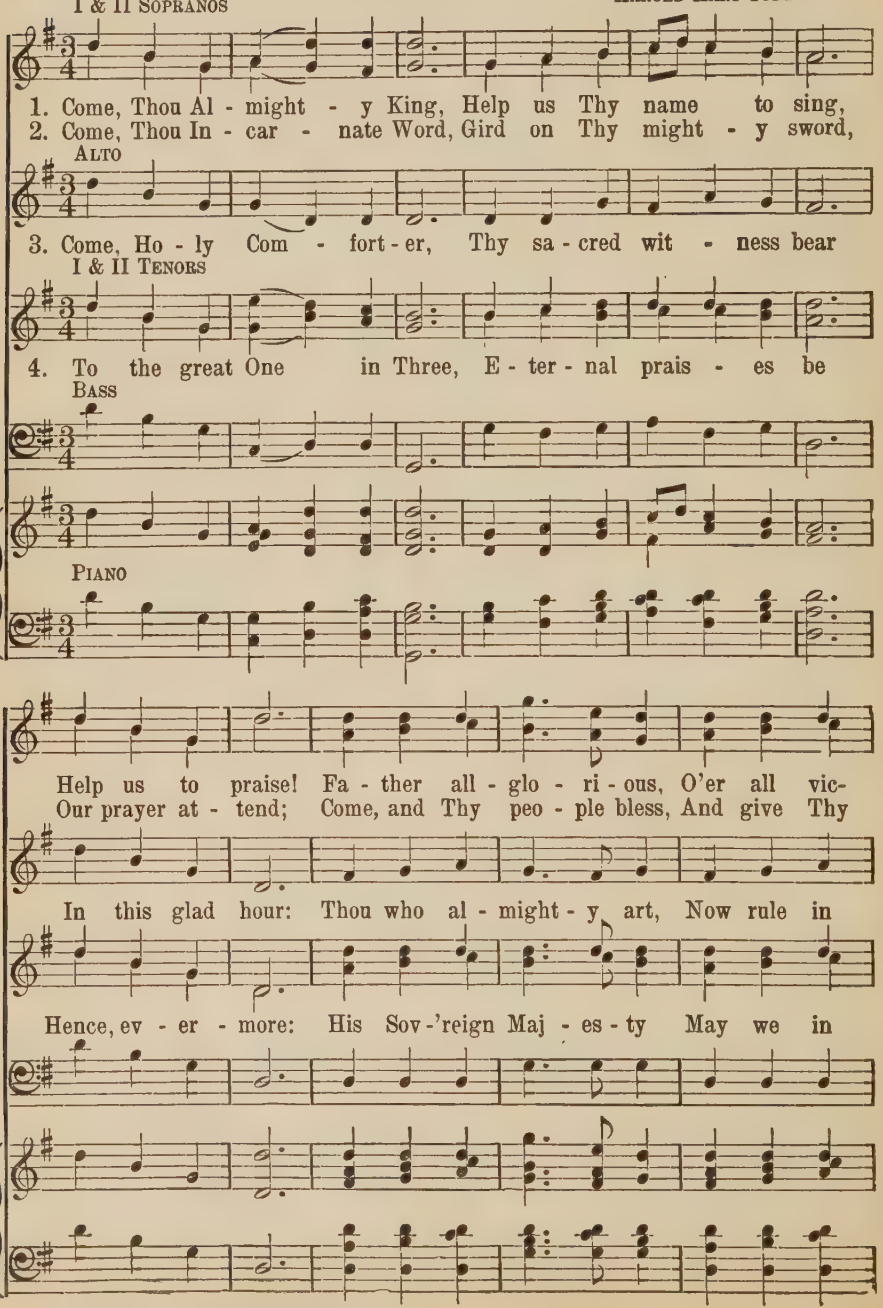
293 Come, Thou Almighty King

CHARLES WESLEY

FELICE GIARDINI
Arr. for Chorus in six parts by
HAROLD HART TODD


I & II SOPRANOS
1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
2. Come, Thou In - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword,
ALTO
3. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear
I & II TENORS
4. To the great One in Three, E - ter - nal prais - es be
BASS
PIANO
Help us to praise! Fa - ther all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic-
Our prayer at - tend; Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
In this glad hour: Thou who al - might - y art, Now rule in
Hence, ev - er - more: His Sov-'reign Maj - es - ty May we in

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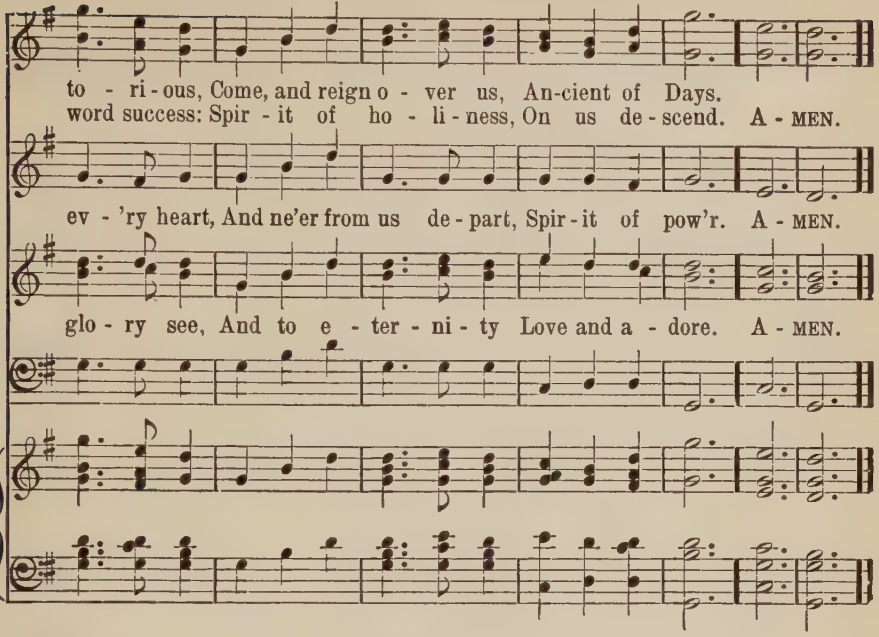
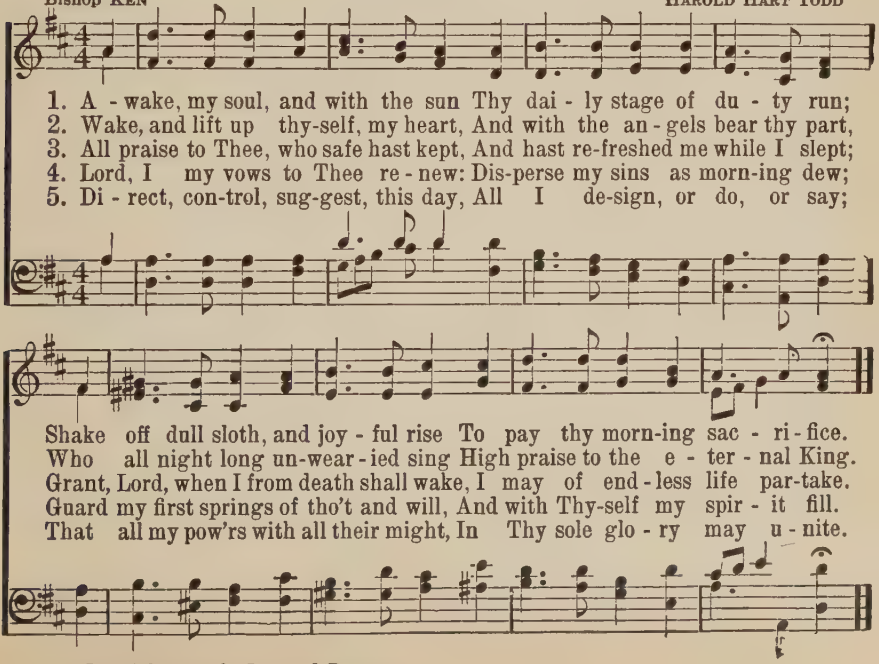
Come, Thou Almighty King


to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An-cient of Days.
word success: Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend. A - MEN.
ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r. A - MEN.
glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore. A - MEN.

294 Awake, My Soul

Bishop KEN — HAROLD HART TODD


1. A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;
2. Wake, and lift up thy-self, my heart, And with the an - gels bear thy part,
3. All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept, And hast re-freshed me while I slept;
4. Lord, I my vows to Thee re - new: Dis-perse my sins as morn-ing dew;
5. Di - rect, con-trol, sug-gest, this day, All I de-sign, or do, or say;
Shake off dull sloth, and joy - ful rise To pay thy morn-ing sac - ri - fice.
Who all night long un-wear - ied sing High praise to the e - ter - nal King.
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake, I may of end - less life par-take.
Guard my first springs of tho't and will, And with Thy-self my spir - it fill.
That all my pow'rs with all their might, In Thy sole glo - ry may u - nite.

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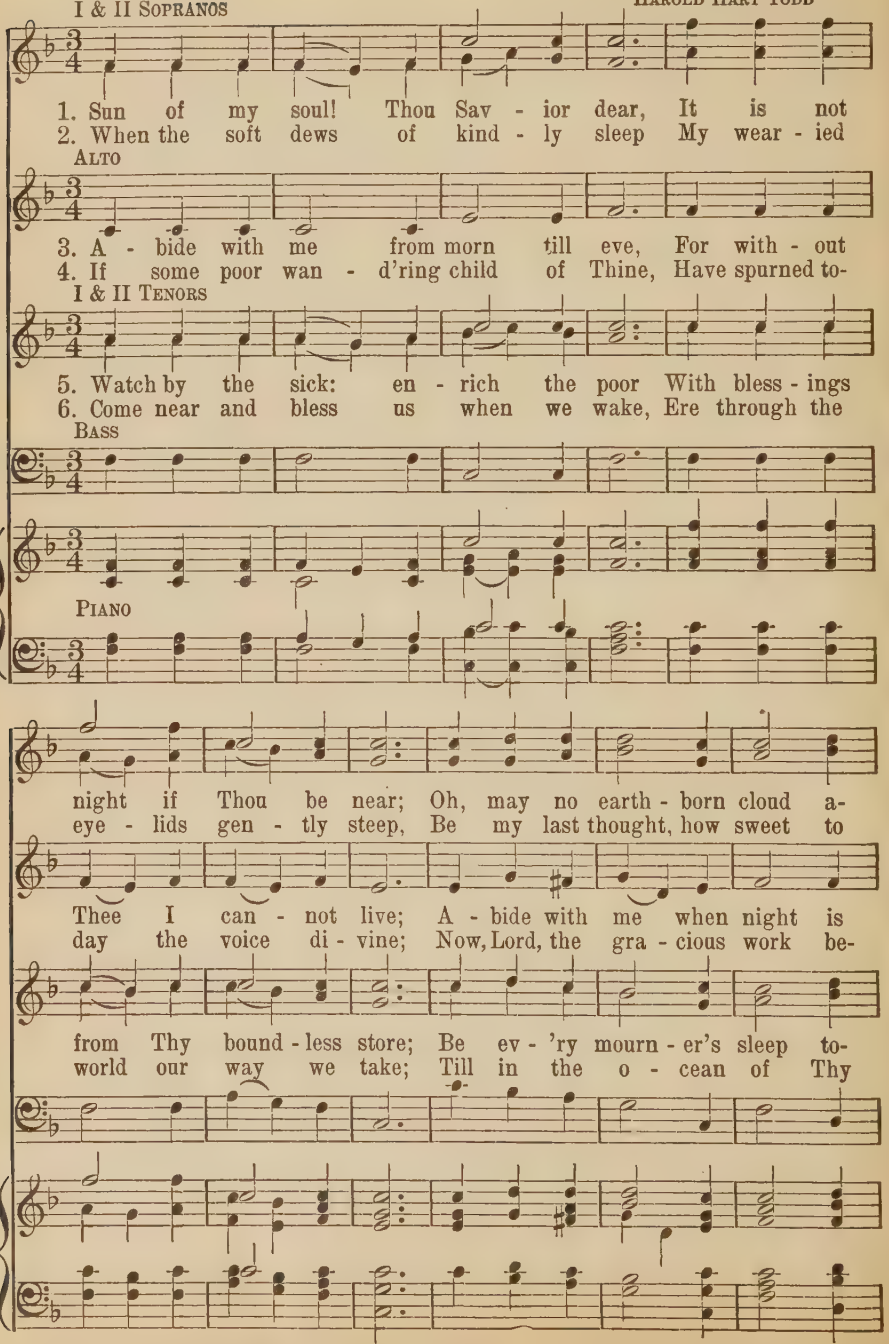
295 Sun of My Soul

JOHN KEBLE

PETER RITTER
Arr. for Chorus in six parts by
HAROLD HART TODD


I & II SOPRANOS
1. Sun of my soul! Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wear - ied
ALTO
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with - out
4. If some poor wan - d'ring child of Thine, Have spurned to-
I & II TENORS
5. Watch by the sick: en - rich the poor With bless - ings
6. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere through the
BASS
PIANO
night if Thou be near; Oh, may no earth - born cloud a-
eye - lids gen - tly steep, Be my last thought, how sweet to
Thee I can - not live; A - bide with me when night is
day the voice di - vine; Now, Lord, the gra - cious work be-
from Thy bound - less store; Be ev - 'ry mourn - er's sleep to-
world our way we take; Till in the o - cean of Thy

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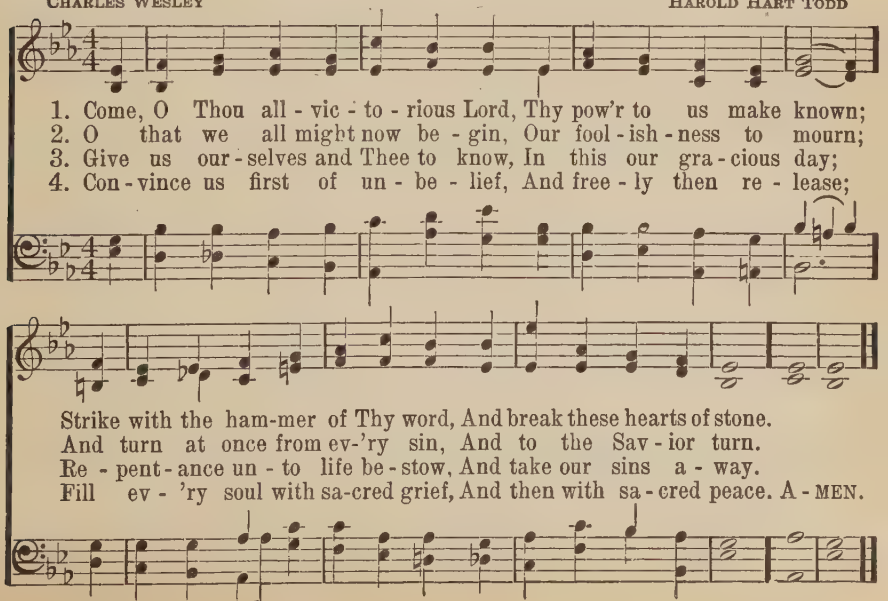
Sun of My Soul

rise To hide Thee from Thy serv - ant's eyes!
rest For - ev - er on my Sav - ior's breast! A - MEN.
nigh, For with - out Thee I dare not die.
gin, Let him no more lie down in sin. A - MEN.
night, Like in - fant's slum - bers, pure and light.
love, We lose our - selves in heav'n a - bove. A - MEN.

296 Come, O Thou All Victorious Lord

CHARLES WESLEY HAROLD HART TODD

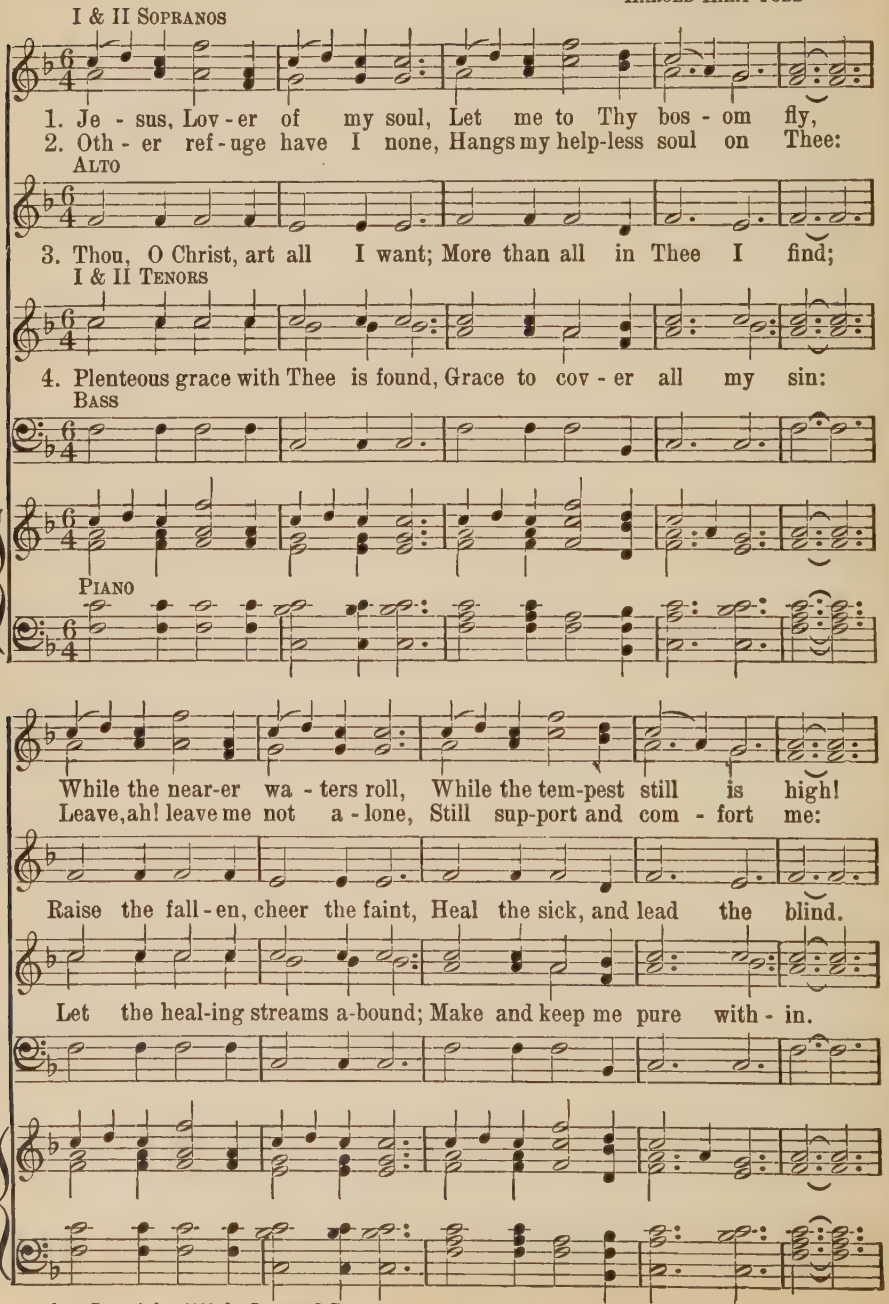

1. Come, O Thou all - vic - to - rious Lord, Thy pow'r to us make known;
2. O that we all might now be - gin, Our fool - ish - ness to mourn;
3. Give us our - selves and Thee to know, In this our gra - cious day;
4. Con - vince us first of un - be - lief, And free - ly then re - lease;
Strike with the ham-mer of Thy word, And break these hearts of stone.
And turn at once from ev-'ry sin, And to the Sav - ior turn.
Re - pent - ance un - to life be - stow, And take our sins a - way.
Fill ev - 'ry soul with sa-cred grief, And then with sa - cred peace. A - MEN.

Arr. Copyright, 1923, by Lamar & Barton

297 Jesus, Lover of My Soul

CHARLES WESLEY

SIMEON B. MARSH
Arr. for Chorus in six parts by
HAROLD HART TODD


I & II SOPRANOS
1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help-less soul on Thee:
ALTO
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
I & II TENORS
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin:
BASS
PIANO
While the near-er wa - ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high!
Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port and com - fort me:
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Let the heal-ing streams a-bound; Make and keep me pure with - in.

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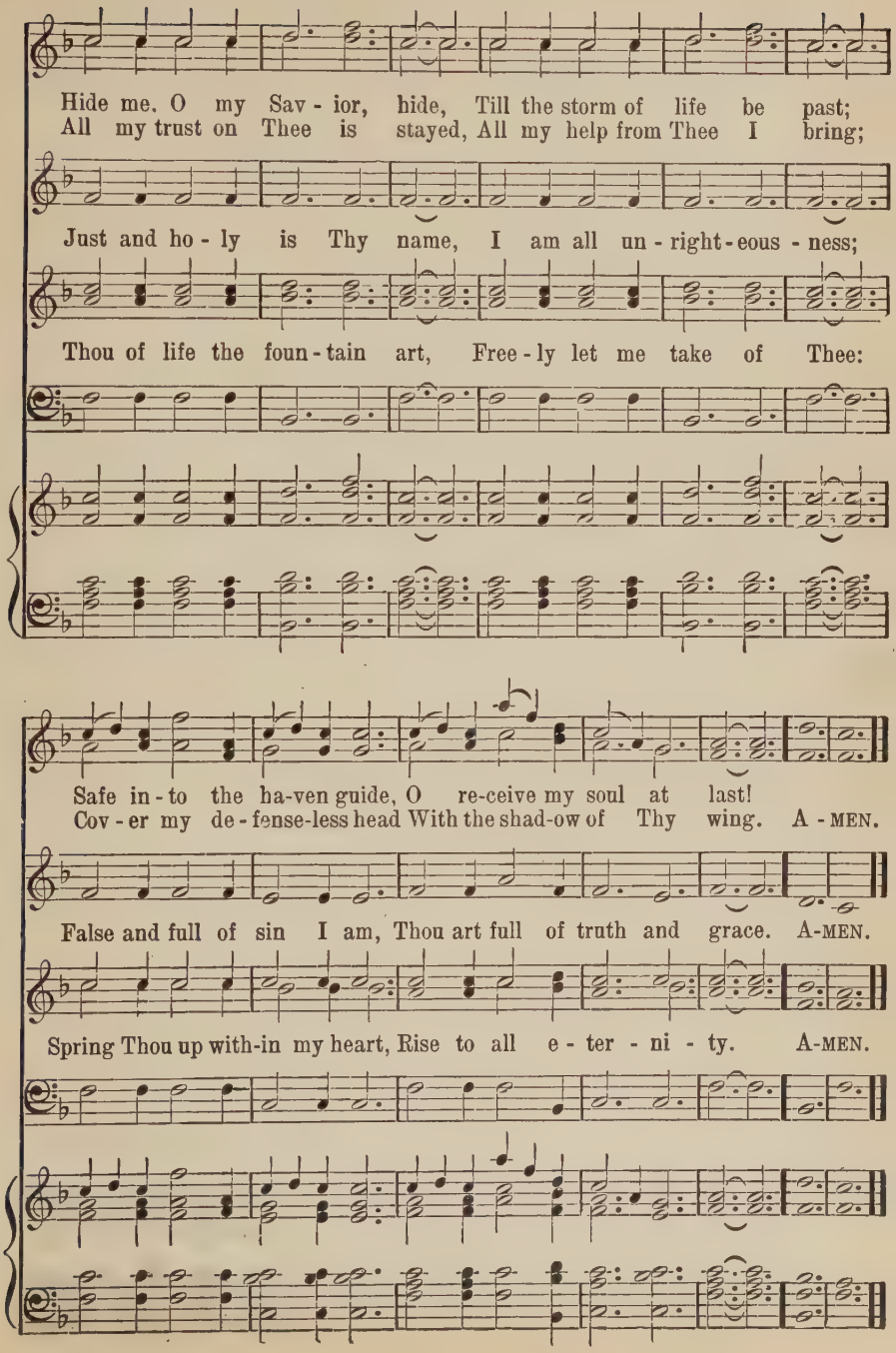
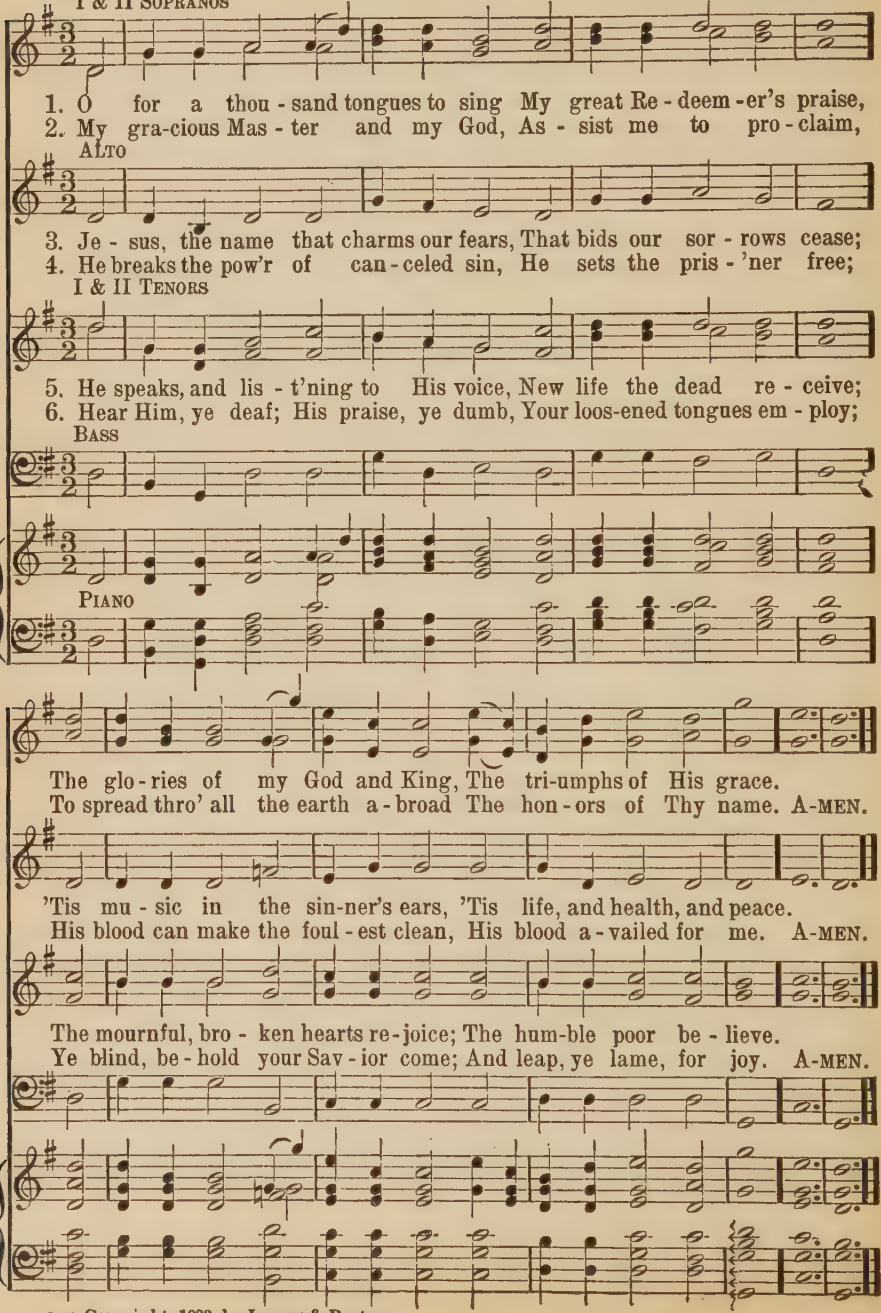
Jesus, Lover of My Soul


Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life be past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right - eous - ness;
Thou of life the foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee:
Safe in - to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!
Cov - er my de - fense-less head With the shad-ow of Thy wing. A - MEN.
False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace. A-MEN.
Spring Thou up with-in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty. A-MEN.

298 O For a Thousand Tongues to Sing

CHARLES WESLEY

CARL G. GLASER
Arr. for Chorus in six parts by
HAROLD HART TODD


I & II SOPRANOS
1. O for a thou - sand tongues to sing My great Re - deem - er's praise,
2. My gra-cious Mas - ter and my God, As - sist me to pro - claim,
ALTO
3. Je - sus, the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor - rows cease;
4. He breaks the pow'r of can - celed sin, He sets the pris - 'ner free;
I & II TENORS
5. He speaks, and lis - t'ning to His voice, New life the dead re - ceive;
6. Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb, Your loos-ened tongues em - ploy;
BASS
PIANO
The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace.
To spread thro' all the earth a - broad The hon - ors of Thy name. A-MEN.
'Tis mu - sic in the sin-ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
His blood can make the foul - est clean, His blood a - vailed for me. A-MEN.
The mournful, bro - ken hearts re - joice; The hum-ble poor be - lieve.
Ye blind, be - hold your Sav - ior come; And leap, ye lame, for joy. A-MEN.

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Love Lifted Me

JAMES ROWE

HOWARD E. SMITH
Arr. for Chorus in six parts by
HAROLD HART TODD

I & II SOPRANOS
1. I was sink - ing deep in sin, Far from the peace - ful shore,
ALTO
2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev - er to Him I'll cling,
I & II TENORS
3. Souls in dan - ger, look a - bove, Je - sus com-plete - ly saves;
BASS
PIANO
Ver - y deep - ly stained with-in, Sink - ing to rise no more;
In His bless - ed pres - ence live, Ev - er His prais - es sing:
He will lift you by His love Out of the an - gry waves;

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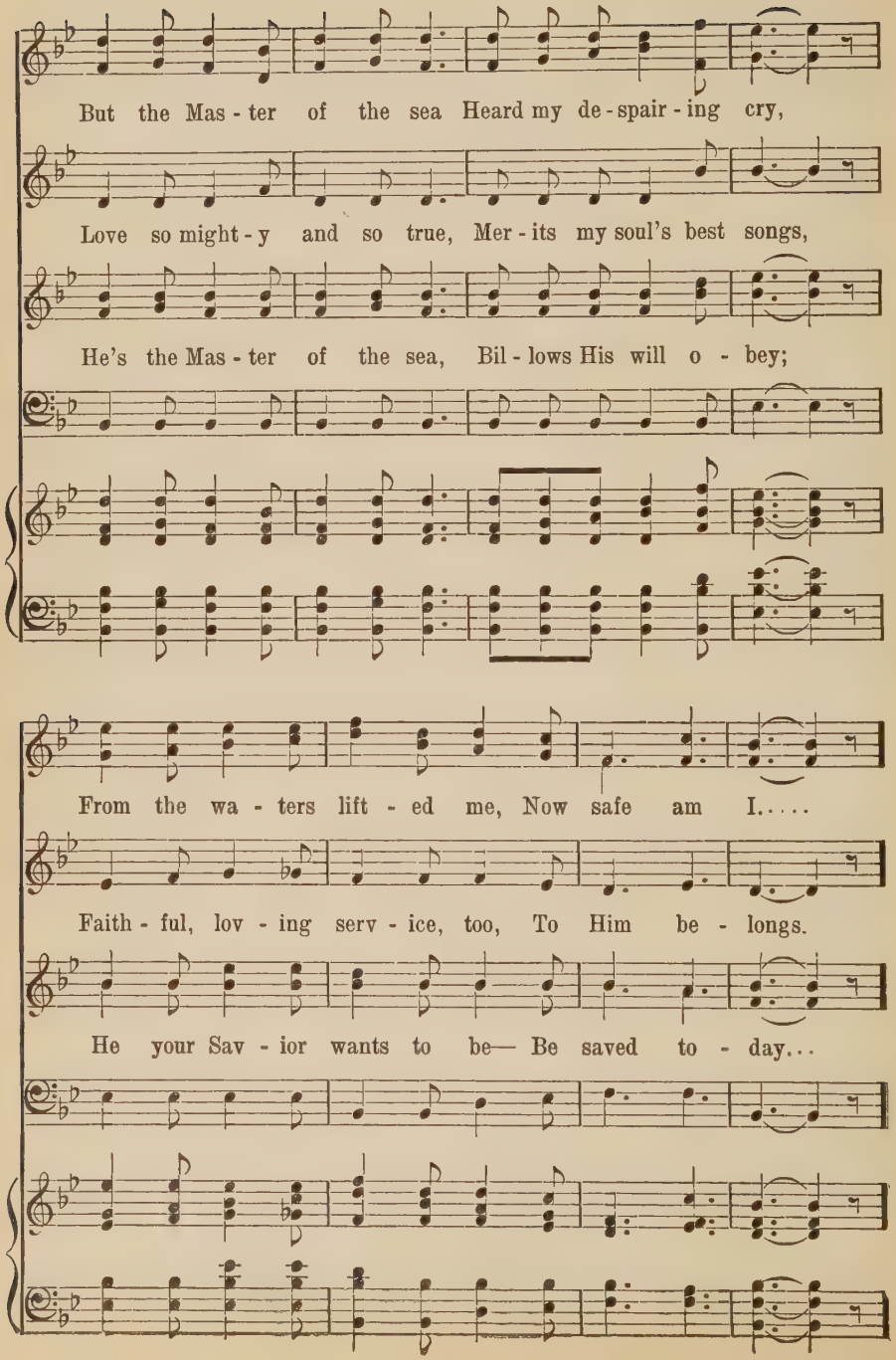
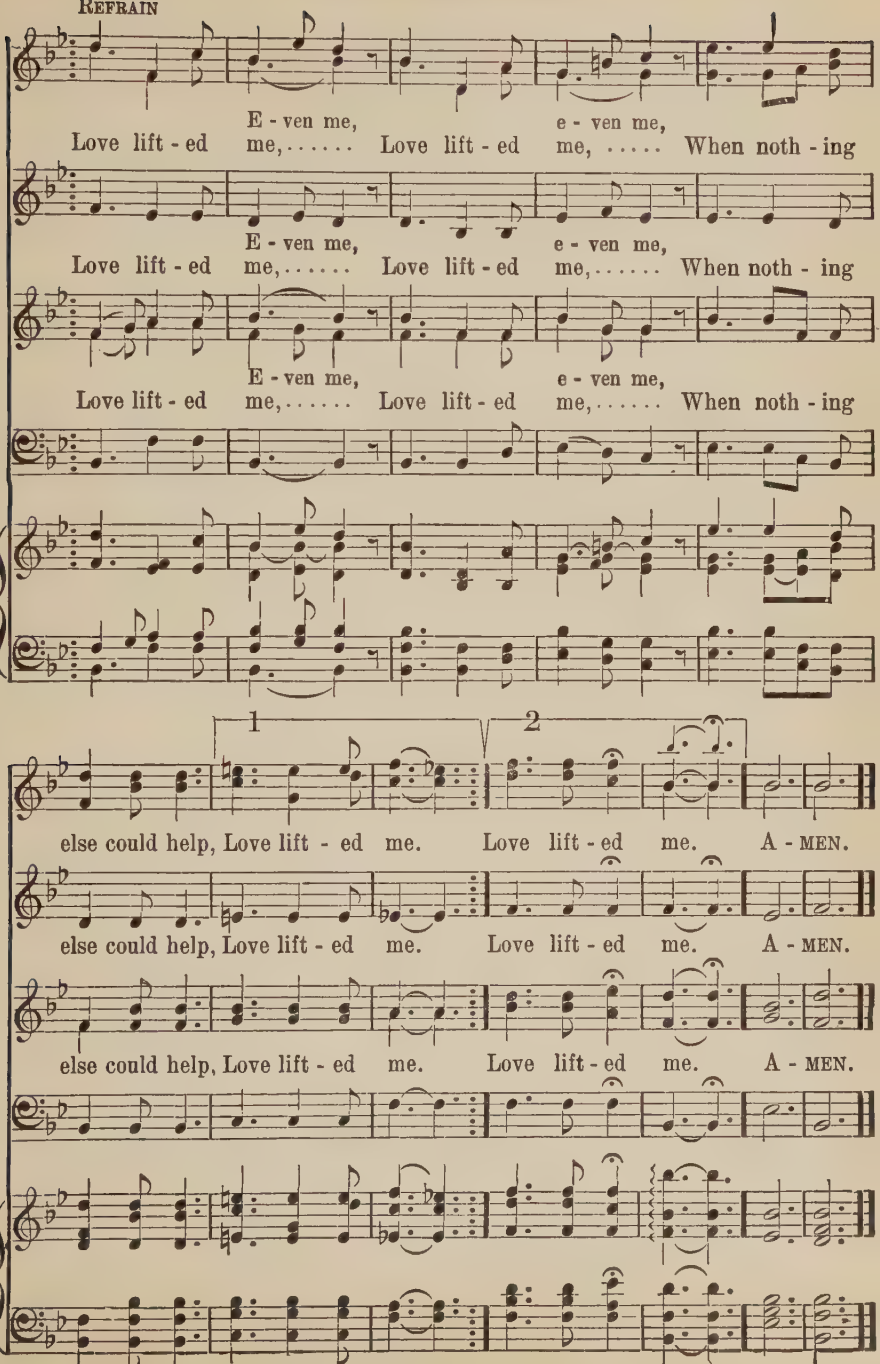
Love Lifted Me


But the Mas - ter of the sea Heard my de - spair - ing cry,
Love so might - y and so true, Mer - its my soul's best songs,
He's the Mas - ter of the sea, Bil - lows His will o - bey;
From the wa - ters lift - ed me, Now safe am I.....
Faith - ful, lov - ing serv - ice, too, To Him be - longs.
He your Sav - ior wants to be— Be saved to - day...

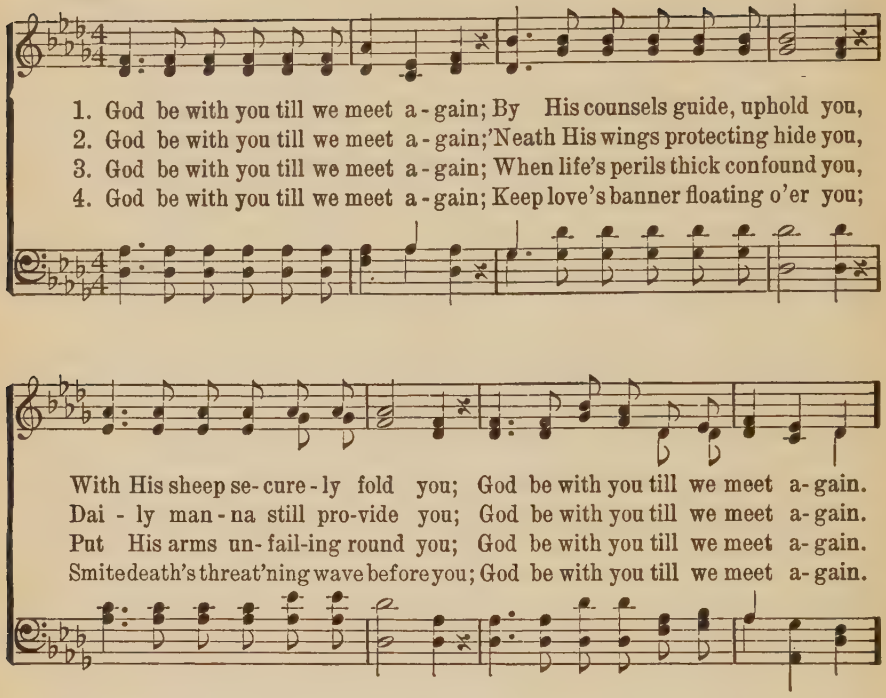
Love Lifted Me

REFRAIN


E - ven me, e - ven me,
Love lift - ed me, ... Love lift - ed me, ... When noth - ing
E - ven me, e - ven me,
Love lift - ed me, ... Love lift - ed me, ... When noth - ing
E - ven me, e - ven me,
Love lift - ed me, ... Love lift - ed me, ... When noth - ing
1
2
else could help, Love lift - ed me. Love lift - ed me. A - MEN.
else could help, Love lift - ed me. Love lift - ed me. A - MEN.
else could help, Love lift - ed me. Love lift - ed me. A - MEN.

300 God Be With You

J. E. RANKIN W. G. TOMER


1. God be with you till we meet a - gain; By His counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain; 'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain; When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain; Keep love's banner floating o'er you;
With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you; God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Dai - ly man - na still pro-vide you; God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Put His arms un - fail-ing round you; God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you; God be with you till we meet a - gain.
CHORUS
Till we meet, ... till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet;
Till we meet, ... till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Till we meet, till we meet,

Scripture Selections

301 The Godly Man
Psalm 1

1 BLESSED is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 *But his delight is in the law of the* LORD; *and in his law doth he meditate day and night.*

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 *The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.*

5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6 *For the* LORD *knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.*

302 The Good Citizen
Psalm 15

1 LORD, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

2 *He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.*

3 He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbour, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbour.

4 *In whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but he honoureth them that fear the* LORD. *He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.*

5 He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

303 God Revealed in Nature
Psalm 19

1 THE heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork.

2 *Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.*

3 There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.

4 *Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,*

5 Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

6 *His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.*

7 The law of the LORD is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the LORD is sure, making wise the simple.

8 *The statutes of the* LORD *are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the* LORD *is pure, enlightening the eyes.*

9 The fear of the LORD is clean, enduring for ever: the judgments of the LORD are true and righteous altogether.

10 *More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.*

11 Moreover by them is thy servant warned; and in keeping of them there is great reward.

12 *Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.*

13 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

14 *Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O* LORD, *my strength, and my redeemer.*

304 Providence

Psalm 23

1 THE LORD is my shepherd; I shall not want.

2 *He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.*

3 He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4 *Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.*

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6 *Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the* LORD *for ever.*

305 Recognition of God's Ownership

Psalm 24

1 THE earth is the LORD's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

2 *For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.*

3 Who shall ascend into the hill of the LORD? or who shall stand in his holy place?

4 *He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.*

5 He shall receive the blessing from the LORD, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

6 *This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob.*

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

8 *Who is this King of glory? The* LORD *strong and mighty, the* LORD *mighty in battle.*

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

10 *Who is this King of glory? The* LORD *of hosts, he is the King of glory.*

306 Exhortation to Praise

Psalm 34

1 I WILL bless the LORD at all times; his praise shall continually be in my mouth.

2 *My soul shall make her boast in the* LORD: *the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.*

3 O magnify the LORD with me, and let us exalt his name together.

4 *I sought the* LORD, *and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.*

5 They looked unto him, and were lightened: and their faces were not ashamed.

6 *This poor man cried, and the* LORD *heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.*

7 The angel of the LORD encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

8 *O taste and see that the* LORD *is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him.*

9 O fear the LORD, ye his saints: for there is no want to them that fear him.

10 *The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger: but they that seek the* LORD *shall not want any good thing.*

11 Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the LORD.

12 *What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good?*

13 Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.

14 *Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace, and pursue it.*

15 The eyes of the LORD are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry.

16 *The face of the* LORD *is against them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.*

17 The righteous cry and the LORD heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles.

18 *The* LORD *is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.*

19 Many are the afflictions of the righteous; but the LORD delivereth him out of them all.

20 *He keepeth all his bones: not one of them is broken.*

21 Evil shall slay the wicked: and they that hate the righteous shall be desolate.

22 *The* LORD *redeemeth the soul of his servants: and none of them that trust in him shall be desolate.*

307 Refuge in God

Psalm 46

1 GOD is our refuge and strength a very present help in trouble.

2 *Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;*

3 Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

4 *There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the most High.*

5 God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early.

6 *The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved: he uttered his voice, the earth melted.*

7 The LORD of hosts *is* with us; the God of Jacob *is* our refuge.

8 *Come, behold the works of the* LORD, *what desolations he hath made in the earth.*

9 He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in the fire.

10 *Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.*

11 The LORD of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

308 Prayer and Praise

Psalm 67

1 GOD be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause his face to shine upon us;

2 *That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations.*

3 Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

4 *O let the nations be glad and sing for joy: for thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.*

5 Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

6 *Then shall the earth yield her increase; and God, even our own God, shall bless us.*

7 God shall bless us; and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

309 Appreciation of the Church

Psalm 84

1 How amiable are thy tabernacles, O LORD of hosts!

2 *My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the* LORD: *my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.*

3 Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O LORD of hosts, my King, and my God.

4 *Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee.*

5 Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose heart are the ways of them.

6 *Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well; the rain also filleth the pools.*

7 They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.

8 *O* LORD *God of hosts, hear my prayer: give ear, O God of Jacob.*

9 Behold, O God our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed.

10 *For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.*

11 For the LORD God is a sun and shield: the LORD will give grace and glory; no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

12 *O* LORD *of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.*

310 Praise

Psalm 100

1 MAKE a joyful noise unto the LORD, all ye lands.

2 *Serve the* LORD *with gladness: come before his presence with singing.*

3 Know ye that the LORD he *is* God; it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

4 *Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name.*

5 For the LORD is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations.

311 Prophecy of Christ's Coming

Psalm 110

1 THE LORD said unto my Lord, Sit thou at my right hand, until I make thine enemies thy footstool.

2 *The* LORD *shall send the rod of thy strength out of Zion: rule thou in the midst of thine enemies.*

3 Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power, in the beauties of holiness from the womb of the morning: thou hast the dew of thy youth.

4 *The* LORD *hath sworn, and will not repent, Thou art a priest for ever after the order of Melchizedek.*

5 The Lord at thy right hand shall strike through kings in the day of his wrath.

6 *He shall judge among the heathen, he shall fill the places with the dead bodies; he shall wound the heads over many countries.*

7 He shall drink of the brook in the way: therefore shall he lift up the head.

312 God's Providence

Psalm 121

1 I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

2 *My help cometh from the* LORD, *which made heaven and earth.*

3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

4 *Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.*

5 The LORD is thy keeper: the LORD is thy shade upon thy right hand.

6 *The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.*

7 The LORD shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

8 *The* LORD *shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.*

313 Prayer for Peace of Zion

Psalm 122

1 I WAS glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the LORD.

2 *Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.*

3 Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together:

4 *Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the* LORD, *unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the* LORD.

5 For there are set thrones of judgment, the thrones of the house of David.

6 *Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.*

7 Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

8 *For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say Peace be within thee.*

9 Because of the house of the LORD our God I will seek thy good.

314 The Beatitudes

Matt. 5:1-12

1 And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him:

2 *And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,*

3 Blessed are the poor in spirit: for their's is the kingdom of heaven.

4 *Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.*

5 Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

6 *Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.*

7 Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

8 *Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.*

9 Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

10 *Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for their's is the kingdom of heaven.*

11 Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, And shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake.

12 *Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: For so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.*

315 Brotherliness

Galatians 6:1-10

1 Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted.

2 *Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.*

3 For if a man think himself to be something, when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself.

4 *But let every man prove his own work, and then shall he have rejoicing in himself alone, and not in another.*

5 For every man shall bear his own burden.

6 *Let him that is taught in the word communicate unto him that teacheth in all good things.*

7 Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

8 *For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.*

9 And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.

10 *As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith.*

316 Gratitude and Its Blessings

Philippians 4:4-13

4 Rejoice in the Lord alway: and again I say, Rejoice.

5 *Let your moderation be known unto all men. The* Lord *is at hand.*

6 Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.

7 *And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.*

8 Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.

9 *Those things, which ye have both learned, and received, and heard, and seen in me, do: and the God of peace shall be with you.*

10 But I rejoiced in the LORD greatly, that now at the last your care of me hath flourished again; wherein ye were also careful, but ye lacked opportunity.

11 *Not that I speak in respect of want: for I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.*

12 I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound: every where and in all things I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need.

13 *I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.*

317 Character and Work of Christ

Isaiah 53

1 WHO hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the LORD revealed?

2 *For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.*

3 He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not.

4 *Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.*

5 But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

6 *All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the* LORD *hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.*

7 He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.

8 *He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation? for he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken.*

9 And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death; because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.

10 *Yet it pleased the* LORD *to bruise him; he hath put him to grief: when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the* LORD *shall prosper in his hand.*

11 He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied: by his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many; for he shall bear their iniquities.

12 *Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong; because he hath poured out his soul unto death: and he was numbered with the transgressors; and he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.*

318 Responsibility of the Preacher

Ezekiel 33:7-20

7 So THOU, O son of man, I have set thee a watchman unto the house of Israel; therefore thou shalt hear the word at my mouth, and warn them from me.

8 *When I say unto the wicked, O wicked man, thou shalt surely die; if thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand.*

9 Nevertheless, if thou warn the wicked of his way to turn from it; if he do not turn from his way, he shall die in his iniquity; but thou hast delivered thy soul.

10 *Therefore, O thou son of man, speak unto the house of Israel; Thus ye speak, saying, If our transgressions and our sins be upon us, and we pine away in them, how should we then live?*

11 Say unto them, As I live saith the LORD God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live: turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?

12 *Therefore, thou son of man, say unto the children of thy people, The righteousness of the righteous shall not deliver him in the day of his transgression: as for the wickedness of the wicked, he shall not fall thereby in the day that he turneth from his wickedness; neither shall the righteous be able to live for his righteousness in the day that he sinneth.*

13 When I shall say to the righteous, that he shall surely live; if he trust to his own righteousness, and commit iniquity, all his righteousness shall not be remembered; but for his iniquity that he hath committed, he shall die for it.

14 *Again, when I say unto the wicked, Thou shalt surely die; if he turn from his sin, and do that which is lawful and right;*

15 If the wicked restore the pledge, give again that he had robbed, walk in the statutes of life, without committing iniquity; he shall surely live, he shall not die.

16 *None of his sins that he hath committed shall be mentioned unto him: he hath done that which is lawful and right; he shall surely live.*

17 Yet the children of thy people say, The way of the LORD is not equal: but as for them, their way is not equal.

18 *When the righteous turneth from his righteousness, and committeth iniquity, he shall even die thereby.*

19 But if the wicked turn from his wickedness, and do that which is lawful and right, he shall live thereby.

20 *Yet ye say, The way of the LORD is not equal. O ye house of Israel, I will judge ye every one after his ways.*

319 Easter

Matt. 28: 1-10

1 In the end of the sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to see the sepulchre.

2 *And, behold, there was a great earthquake: for the angel of the* Lord *descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it.*

3 His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow:

4 *And for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men.*

5 And the angel answered and said unto the women, Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified.

6 *He is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the* Lord *lay.*

7 And go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and, behold, he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him: lo, I have told you.

8 *And they departed quickly from the sepulchre with fear and great joy; and did run to bring his disciples word.*

9 And as they went to tell his disciples, behold, Jesus met them, saying, All hail. And they came and held him by the feet, and worshipped him.

10 *Then said Jesus unto them, Be not afraid: go tell my brethren that they go into Galilee, and there shall they see me.*

320 Thanksgiving

Psalm 103: 1-18

1 Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

2 *Bless the* Lord, *O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:*

3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

4 *Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies:*

5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle.

6 *The* Lord *executeth righteous acts, and judgments for all that are oppressed.*

7 He made known his ways unto Moses, His doings unto the children of Israel.

8 *The* Lord *is full of compassion, and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.*

9 He will not always chide; neither will he keep his anger for ever.

10 *He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us after our iniquities.*

11 For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

12 *As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.*

13 Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

14 *For he knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust.*

15 As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

16 *For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.*

17 But the mercy of the LORD is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children;

18 *To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his precepts to do them.*

321

Psalm 107:1-20

1 O GIVE thanks unto the LORD, for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever.

2 *Let the redeemed of the* LORD *say so, whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy;*

3 And gathered them out of the lands, from the east, and from the west, from the north, and from the south.

4 *They wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way; they found no city to dwell in.*

5 Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them.

6 *Then they cried unto the* LORD *in their trouble, and he delivered them out of their distresses.*

7 And he led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation.

8 *Oh that men would praise the* LORD *for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!*

9 For he satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness.

10 *Such as sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, being bound in affliction and iron;*

11 Because they rebelled against the words of God, and contemned the counsel of the most High:

12 *Therefore he brought down their heart with labour; they fell down, and there was none to help.*

13 Then they cried unto the LORD in their trouble, and he saved them out of their distresses.

14 *He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death, and brake their bands in sunder.*

15 Oh that men would praise the LORD for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

16 *For he hath broken the gates of brass, and cut the bars of iron in sunder.*

17 Fools because of their transgression, and because of their iniquities, are afflicted.

18 *Their soul abhorreth all manner of meat; and they draw near unto the gates of death.*

19 Then they cry unto the LORD in their trouble, and he saveth them out of their distresses.

20 *He sent his word, and healed them, and delivered them from their destructions.*

322 Patriotic

Deuteronomy 8:6-20

6 THEREFORE thou shalt keep the commandments of the LORD thy God, to walk in his ways, and to fear him.

7 *For the* LORD *thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills;*

8 A land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig trees, and pomegranates; a land of oil olive, and honey;

9 *A land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, thou shalt not lack any thing in it; a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass.*

10 When thou hast eaten and art full, then thou shalt bless the LORD thy God for the good land which he hath given thee.

11 *Beware that thou forget not the* LORD *thy God, in not keeping his commandments, and his judgments, and his statutes, which I command thee this day:*

12 Lest when thou hast eaten and art full, and hast built goodly houses, and dwelt therein;

13 *And when thy herds and thy flocks multiply, and thy silver and thy gold is multiplied, and all that thou hast is multiplied;*

14 Then thine heart be lifted up, and thou forget the LORD thy God, which brought thee forth out of the land of Egypt, from the house of bondage;

15 *Who led thee through that great and terrible wilderness, wherein were fiery serpents, and scorpions, and drought, where there was no water; who brought thee forth water out of the rock of flint;*

16 Who fed thee in the wilderness with manna, which thy fathers knew not, that he might humble thee, and that he might prove thee, to do thee good at thy latter end;

17 *And thou say in thine heart, My power and the might of mine hand hath gotten me this wealth.*

18 But thou shalt remember the LORD thy God: for it is he that giveth thee power to get wealth, that he may establish his covenant which he sware unto thy fathers, as it is this day.

19 *And it shall be, if thou do at all forget the* LORD *thy God, and walk after other gods, and serve them, and worship them, I testify against you this day that ye shall surely perish.*

20 As the nations which the LORD destroyed before your face, so shall ye perish; because ye would not be obedient unto the voice of the LORD your God.

323 Christmas

Matt. 2: 1-10

1 Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judæa in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem,

2 *Saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.*

3 When Herod the king had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him.

4 *And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born.*

5 And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judæa: for thus it is written by the prophet,

6 *And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel.*

7 Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, enquired of them diligently what time the star appeared.

8 *And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also.*

9 When they had heard the king, they departed; and, lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was.

10 *When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.*

324 New Year

Philippians 3:1-14

FINALLY, my brethren, rejoice in the LORD. To write the same things to you, to me indeed is not grievous, but for you it is safe.

2 *Beware of dogs, beware of evil workers, beware of the concision.*

3 For we are the circumcision, which worship God in the spirit and rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh.

4 *Though I might also have confidence in the flesh. If any other man thinketh that he hath whereof he might trust in the flesh, I more:*

5 Circumcised the eighth day, of the stock of Israel, of the tribe of Benjamin, an Hebrew of the Hebrews; as touching the law, a Pharisee;

6 *Concerning zeal, persecuting the church; touching the righteousness which is in the law, blameless.*

7 But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ.

8 *Yea doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my* LORD: *for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ.*

9 And be found in him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith:

10 *That I may know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death;*

11 If by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead.

12 *Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect; but I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus.*

13 Brethren I count not myself to have apprehended: But this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before,

14 *I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.*

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